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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS TO HIS SON.

VOL. I.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

LORD CHESTERFIELD

TO HIS SON.

EDITED, WITH OCCASIONAL ELUCIDATORY NOTES, TRANSLATIONS OF ALL THE LATIN, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN QUOTATIONS,

AND

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY CHARLES STOKES CAREY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
WILLIAM REEVES, 185, FLEET STREET, E.C.
OFFICE OF
"*Christian Socialist*," "*English Etchings*," "*Musical Education*."

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD NORTH,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

My Lord,

Presuming on the friendship with which your Lordship honoured me in the earlier part of our lives, the remembrance of which I shall ever retain with the most lively and real sentiments of gratitude, under the sanction of your name, I beg leave to introduce to the world the following Letters.

I hope your Lordship's approbation of a work, written by the late Earl of Chesterfield, on so important a subject as Education, will not fail to secure that of the Public: and I shall then feel myself happy in the assured merit of ushering into the world so useful a performance.

The usual style of Dedications would, I am confident, be unpleasing to your Lordship; and I therefore decline it. Merit so conspicuous as yours requires no panegyric. My only view in dedicating this work to your Lordship, is, that it may be a lasting memorial, how much and how really the character of the Great Minister, united to that of the Virtuous Man, is respected by the disinterested and unprejudiced; and by none more than,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
And most humble Servant,
Eugenia Stanhope.

Golden Square, March the 1st, 1774.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

THE death of the late Earl of Chesterfield is so recent, his Family, his Character, and his Talents so well known, that it would be unnecessary to attempt any account of his Lordship's life. But, as these Letters will probably descend to posterity, it may not be improper to explain the general scope of them, and the reason that induced him to write on the subject of Education.

It is well known, that the late Earl of Chesterfield had a natural Son, whom he loved with the most unbounded affection, and whose Education was, for many years, the chief engagement of his life. After furnishing him with the most valuable treasures of ancient and modern Learning, to those acquisitions he was desirous of adding that knowledge of Men, and Things, which he himself had acquired by long and great experience. With this view were written the following Letters; which, the Reader will observe, begin with those dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a Boy, and rising gradually by precepts and monitions, calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious Youth, finish with the advice and knowledge requisite to form the Man, ambitious to shine as an accomplished Courtier, an Orator in the Senate, or a Minister at foreign Courts.

In order to effect these purposes, his Lordship, ever anxious to fix in his Son a scrupulous adherence to the strictest Morality, appears to have thought it the first and most indispensable object—to lay, in the earliest period of life, a firm foundation in good Principles and sound Religion. His next point was, to give him a perfect knowledge of the dead Languages, and all the different branches of solid Learning, by the study of the best ancient Authors; and also such a general idea of the Sciences as it is a disgrace to a gentleman not to possess. The article of instruction with which he concludes his System of Education, and which he more particularly enforces throughout the whole Work, is the study of that useful and extensive Science, the Knowledge of Mankind: in the course of which appears the nicest investigation of the Human Heart, and the springs of Human Actions. From hence we

find him induced to lay so great a stress on what are generally called Accomplishments, as most indispensably requisite to finish the amiable and brilliant part of a complete character.

It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of such a Work, executed by so great a Master. They cannot but be obvious to every person of sense; the more, as nothing of this sort has (I believe) ever been produced in the English language. The candour of the Public, to which these Letters appeal, will determine the amusement and instruction they afford. I flatter myself, they will be read with general satisfaction; as the principal, and by far the greater part of them, were written when the late Earl of Chesterfield was in the full vigour of his mind, and possessed all those qualifications for which he was so justly admired in England, revered in Ireland, and esteemed wherever known.

Celebrated all over Europe for his superior Talents as an Epistolary writer, for the brilliancy of his Wit, and the solidity of his extensive Knowledge, will it be thought too presumptuous to assert that he exerted all those faculties to their utmost, upon his favourite subject—Education? And that, in order to form the Mind of a darling Son, he even exhausted those powers which he was so universally allowed to possess?

I do not doubt but those who were much connected with the Author, during that series of years in which he wrote the following Letters, will be ready to vouch the truth of the above assertion. What I can and do ascertain is, the Authenticity of this Publication; which comprises not a single line that is not the late Earl of Chesterfield's.

Some, perhaps, may be of opinion, that the first letters in this collection, intended for the instruction of a child, then under seven years of age, were too trifling to merit publication. They are, however, inserted by the advice of several gentlemen of learning, and real judgment, who considered the whole as absolutely necessary to form a complete system of education. And, indeed, the Reader will find his Lordship repeatedly telling his Son, that his affection for him makes him look upon no instruction, which may be of service to him, as too trifling or too low; I therefore did not think myself authorized to suppress what, to so experienced a man, appeared requisite to the completion of his undertaking. And, upon this point, I may appeal more particularly to those, who, being fathers themselves, know how to value instructions, of which their tenderness and anxiety for their children will

undoubtedly make them feel the necessity. The instructions scattered throughout those Letters, are happily calculated,

'To teach the young idea how to shoot;'

to form and enlighten the infant mind, upon its first opening, and prepare it to receive the early impressions of learning, and of morality. Of these, many entire letters, and some parts of others, are lost; which, considering the tender years of Mr Stanhope, at that time, cannot be a matter of surprise, but will always be one of regret. Wherever a complete sense could be made out, I have ventured to give the fragment.

To each of the French letters, throughout the work, an English translation is annexed: in which I have endeavoured to adhere, as much as possible, to the sense of the original: I wish the attempt may have proved successful.

As to those Repetitions, which sometimes occur, that many may esteem Inaccuracies, and think they had been better retrenched: they are so varied, and their significancy thrown into such and so many different lights, that they could not be altered without mutilating the work. In the course of which, the Reader will also observe his Lordship often expressly declaring that such repetitions are purposely intended, to inculcate his instructions more forcibly. So good a reason urged by the author for using them, made me think it indispensably requisite not to deviate from the original.

The Letters written from the time that Mr Stanhope was employed as one of his Majesty's Ministers abroad, although not relative to Education, yet as they continue the series of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, and discover his sentiments on various interesting subjects, of public as well as private concern, it is presumed they cannot fail of being acceptable to the Public. To these are added some few detached pieces, which the Reader will find at the end of the fourth volume.[1] The *Originals* of those, as well as of *all* the Letters, are in my possession, in the late Earl of Chesterfield's handwriting, and sealed with his own seal.

I beg leave to add, that if the following work proves of as much utility to the Youth of these Kingdoms, as the Letters were to the person for whose immediate instruction they were written, my utmost wishes will be gratified; and I shall esteem myself happy in reflecting that, though a Woman, I have had the most real of all satisfactions,—that of being of some use to my Country.

[1] The Letters were originally printed in four volumes.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

The author of the following Letters, Philip Dormer Stanhope, was born in London on the 22nd of September, 1694, when William III. was on the throne, and some three months before the death of Queen Mary.

His father, the third Earl of Chesterfield, had him educated by a private tutor, and he was afterwards sent to Cambridge, and became a member of Trinity College. Here he gave himself, with much diligence, to the study of the Greek and Latin classics which he loved, and to wine and tobacco which he disliked.

At the age of twenty he set out on the grand tour, went to the Hague, where he took up with cards and dice, and to Paris, where—just in the last days of the *Grand Monarque*—brilliant but profligate ladies completed his education. That the torrent of riot and profligacy did not quite sweep him away was owing more to his own good sense and far-sighted prudence than to any external influences. His father treated him with coldness, and, as he says, 'was neither able nor desirous to advise him;' but he had sufficient strength of mind not to allow his pleasures to interfere with his serious studies, and to rise at the same hour in the morning no matter how late he had set up the night before. If he went to bed sometimes at six A.M. he took care to rise at eight.

In 1715 Queen Anne died, and the news of the accession of George I. reached young Stanhope at Venice, when he immediately hastened home in order to secure a place at Court. He was made gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, and continued in his service for thirteen years, vainly trying to hide the boorish nature of his master under a varnish of 'French polish.'

Stanhope was not twenty-one when he entered the House of Commons as member for St Germains in Cornwall. His maiden speech, which occupied all his thoughts for a month, was somewhat of a failure, and, strangely enough, its effect was marred by undue violence of manner. But a political opponent whispered that he had incurred the penalty of expulsion, and a fine of £500, by sitting in Parliament while under age. He took the hint, and prudently withdrew to Paris, where he resided a few months.

The quarrel that broke out between George I. and his son must have been a great nuisance to Stanhope. St Simon says the King never believed that the Prince was really his son, and Thackeray thinks that the sharp wit of the Princess of Wales exasperated her father-in-law. Be this as it may, there was a scene at the christening of the second son of the Prince which ended in his expulsion from Court; even his children were taken from him; and no one who visited the heir-apparent was allowed access to the palace of the sovereign.

The Prince now 'set up for himself' in Leicester Fields, and naturally his Court, consisting of the younger members of the aristocracy, was far livelier than that of his father. Stanhope paid homage to the rising instead of to the setting sun, though his uncle, General, afterwards Earl, Stanhope, who stood high in the King's favour, urged him to change sides, and so secure a most brilliant position.

In 1726, by the death of his father, Stanhope became fourth Earl of Chesterfield, and when in the following year George II. ascended the throne, he expected the highest honours from the master to whom he had adhered in less prosperous times. But an unfortunate mistake, very inexcusable in so acute a man of the world, seriously interfered with his advancement. Believing that the mistress had more influence over the King than his wife, he paid court to Mrs Howard (Lady Suffolk) and neglected Caroline. The result was that George treated him coldly, and at length regarded him as a personal enemy.

In 1728 Chesterfield was sent as ambassador to Holland, and having averted a war from Hanover, was made a Knight of the Garter and High Steward of the Household; but the opposition he offered to Sir Robert Walpole cost him his place, and he soon found that he was no longer welcome at Court.

In 1731 he married. His wife was Melusina Schulemberg, the niece or daughter of the Duchess of Kendal,—irreverently called the Maypole,—a favourite of the late King, who after his decease sedulously kept a raven, which she supposed was His Majesty in that remarkable disguise. It is said that Chesterfield threatened a chancery suit to recover the legacy left his wife by George I., in a will which George II. destroyed, and that he was silenced by a gift of £20,000.

In 1741 he went to France for the benefit of his health, and visited at Avignon the celebrated Jacobite, the Duke of Ormond. Later, in 1744, he was sent on a second embassy to Holland, and having while there been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, proceeded to Dublin in 1745, the year when the Young Pretender and his army penetrated as far as Derby.

In Ireland Chesterfield proved himself an active, just, and conciliatory ruler, and his administration was a breathing-time in the miseries of that hapless country. His beneficent labours, however, were but of short duration, as he was recalled in April, 1746, and made principal Secretary of State. He resigned his office in 1748, and shortly afterwards retired from public life. He resided in London and at Blackheath, but paid frequent visits to Bath. He had no legitimate children, but he lost his natural son in 1768, and having been for some time afflicted with deafness, died on the 24th of March, 1773, in the 79th year of his age.

Chesterfield shone in Parliament as a brilliant debater. He was not an orator in any high sense of the word, as he had neither the faith nor earnestness necessary for rousing the nobler feelings of his hearers. But he was graceful, lucid,

and witty, and could employ irony in a very effective manner. In early life he voted against the repeal of the Schism Acts, but lived to regret having done so. Certainly intolerance was less pardonable in his case, as he had no definite religious belief. His theory that the union of Hanover with England ought not to have been perpetuated would be acquiesced in by most Englishmen at the present day.

Lord Chesterfield was too intellectual not to take pleasure in the society of literary men, and some of his associates were writers who have won an enduring name in English literature as the poets and satirists of an age of sparkling superficiality, artificial refinement, and elegant corruption. Addison, the coldly correct poet, but charming essayist, was his acquaintance. He was a guest of Pope at his Twickenham villa. Swift, the unhappy Titan, the amiable and artless Gay, whose fables are the best in our language, Dr Arbuthnot, that terrible master of sarcasm, were among his friends. To these must be added the celebrated foreigners Voltaire and Montesquieu, as well as the less known Algarotti, the Venetian friend and favourite of Frederick the Great. With Dr Johnson his relations were unfortunate. He neglected the burly sage till he began to be famous, and then made advances which were sternly rejected in the well-known letter to his Lordship prefixed to the first edition of the Dictionary. We do not find that Chesterfield had any intercourse with the great divines Bp Butler and Bp Warburton. The poets Young, Gray, and Thomson; the novelists Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne, seem to have remained outside the circle in which he moved; probably the very names of Nathaniel Lardner, Doddridge, and Wesley scarcely came 'between the wind and his nobility.'

The social life in the midst of which Chesterfield moved has been very minutely portrayed. The *Letters* of Horace Walpole, and the writings of Pope, have embalmed it for all time, and Thackeray has made it familiar to us in *The Virginians*, and the Lectures on *The Four Georges*. The picture

thus painted is varied, curious, and highly-coloured, but not beautiful. 'I am ashamed,' says the last-named writer, 'when I look round on this society, at this king, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops,—at this flaunting vice and levity. Where-abouts in this Court is the honest man? Where is the pure person one may like?'

This state of things is faithfully reflected in the far-famed Letters here once more laid before the English public, which were addressed by Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope, his illegitimate son. They are of high historical value, not only because of frequent references to the men and events of the day, but also because they make us acquainted with the principles and thoughts then current in the highest circles. Few moralists could have a meaner opinion of Court life than Chesterfield, and yet he regards it as the kind of existence every sensible man would soonest choose for himself, and insists without ceasing on the arts and graces needed for shining in such a sphere. His teaching is essentially Epicurean,—the rational worldliness that comes out everywhere in the Odes of Horace. 'Pleasure, not Duty, is the end to be aimed at; but any man not a fool will keep within the limits, beyond which lie satiety and disgust. He will try to secure as much gratification as he can his whole life through, and not by excess in youth destroy too early his capacity for enjoyment. He will distinguish between Wine and Drunkenness, Play and Gambling, Gallantry and Debauchery, and choose to be not a Rake, but a fine Gentleman.' Such sentiments were only too natural when, as Bp Butler tells us, 'it had come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity was not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it was now at length discovered to be fictitious;' when, says the Pictorial History of England, 'it was unfashionable to be religious, and if a lady of *ton* went to church, it was to see company, and to deal courtesies from her pew.' Only in such an atmosphere could Chesterfield, capable as he was of better things, attribute the zeal of Luther to 'disappointed avarice,' and deny the exist-

ence of natural affection, though his every letter shows how dear to him was that ungainly cub whom he attempted, it would seem in vain, to 'lick into shape.'

It would be unfair, however, to regard these volumes as merely a repertory of the maxims of a man of Pleasure. They are more than that. The remarks of the writer on the practice of society, the conditions of success in high life, and the character of ordinary men, are at once just and acute, and his views of the education of a gentleman are exceedingly elevated. We are astonished to find that he insists on a thorough knowledge of French, Italian, and German, on an acquaintance with Latin and Greek authors such as would allow of a man turning to them as a relief from serious business, on the necessity of a tincture of science, and on minute accuracy as to the materials of politics. The fact is, that in these respects he was himself an exceptional personage, and he expressly says he knew of no one who had the training he sought to afford his son.

The Letters were not designed for the press, but were published by the son's widow after Chesterfield's death. No doubt on their first appearance they were highly prized in the fashionable world, but their morality has from the first called forth the severest censures. Not only Johnson the Christian moralist, and Cowper the evangelical poet, but our own Dickens, have joined in its condemnation. Sir John Chester in *Barnaby Rudge* is a sort of later Chesterfield, who reads with delight the letters of his great exemplar, but finds in them a depth of worldliness he had never fathomed. Yet, perhaps, no work, to those who read them aright, enforces more effectually than these Letters the lesson, *Vanitas vanitatum*.

> O vanity of vanities!
> How wayward the decrees of Fate are!
> How very weak the very wise,
> How very small the very great are!

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS TO HIS SON.

LETTER I.[1]

On me dit, Monsieur! que vous vous disposez à voyager, et que vous débutez par la Hollande. De sorte que j'ai crû de mon devoir, de vous souhaiter un bon voyage, et des vents favorables. Vous aurez la bonté, j'espère, de me faire part de votre arrivée à la Haye; et si après cela, dans le cours de vos voyages, vous faites quelques remarques curieuses, vous voudrez bien me les communiquer.

La Hollande, où vous allez, est de beaucoup la plus belle, et la plus riche des Sept Provinces-Unies, qui toutes ensemble, forment la République. Les autres sont celles de Gueldres, Zélande, Frise, Utrecht, Groningue, et Over-Yssel. Les Sept Provinces composent, ce qu'on appelle les Etats Généraux des Provinces-Unies, et font une République très-puissante, et très-considérable.

Une République, au reste, veut dire un gouvernement tout-à-fait libre, où il n'y a point de Roi. La Haye, où vous irez d'abord, est le plus beau village du monde, car ce n'est pas une ville. La ville d'Amsterdam, censée la capitale des Provinces-Unies, est très-belle, et très-riche. Il y a encore plusieurs villes fort considérables en Hollande, comme Dordrecht, Haerlem, Leyde, Delft, Rotterdam, &c. Vous verrez par toute la Hollande, une extrême propreté: les rues mêmes y sont plus propres que nos maisons ne le sont ici. La Hollande fait un très-grand commerce, surtout à la Chine, au Japon, et au reste des Indes Orientales.

[1] Cette Lettre est un pur badinage, Mr Stanhope ayant fait un voyage en Hollande à l'âge d'environ cinq ans.

Voici bien des fêtes de suite, que vous allez avoir, profitez-en, divertissez vous bien, et à votre retour, il faudra regagner le tems perdu, en apprenant mieux que jamais. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.[1]

I AM told, Sir, you are preparing to travel, and that you begin by Holland; I therefore thought it my duty to wish you a prosperous journey, and favourable winds. I hope you will be so good as to acquaint me with your arrival at the Hague; and if, in the course of your travels, you should make any curious observations, be so kind as to communicate them to me.

Holland, where you are going, is, by far, the finest and richest of the Seven United Provinces, which, all together, form the Republic. The other Provinces are, Guelderland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, Groningen, and Overyssel; these seven provinces form what is called the States-General of the United Provinces: this is a very powerful and a very considerable Republic. I must tell you, that a Republic is a free State, without any King.[2] You will go first to the Hague, which is the most beautiful village in the world; for it is not a town. Amsterdam, reckoned the capital of the United Provinces, is a very fine, rich city; there are, besides, in Holland, several considerable towns, such as Dort, Haerlem, Leyden, Delft, and Rotterdam.

You will observe, throughout Holland, the greatest cleanliness; the very streets are cleaner than our houses are here. Holland carries on a very great trade, particularly to China, Japan, and all over the East Indies.

You are going to have a great many holidays all together; make the best use of them, by diverting yourself well. At your return hither, you must regain the lost time, by learning better than ever. Adieu.

LETTER II.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Isleworth.

COMME, avec le tems, vous lirez les anciens Poëtes Grecs et Latins, il est bon d'avoir premièrement quelque teinture

[1] This letter is a mere pleasantry, Mr Stanhope having been carried to Holland when he was about five years of age.

[2] A few years later, however—in 1747—William IV., Prince of Orange, obtained the hereditary dignity of stadtholder in all the provinces, which were thus virtually brought under monarchical government.

des fondemens de la poësie, et de savoir en général les histoires auxquelles les Poëtes font le plus souvent allusion. Vous avez déjà lu l'Histoire Poëtique, et j'espère que vous vous en souvenez: vous y aurez trouvé celle des Dieux, et des Déesses, dont les Poëtes parlent à tous momens. Même les Poëtes modernes, c'est à dire, les Poëtes d'aujourdhui, ont aussi adopté toutes ces histoires des Anciens. Par exemple; un Poëte Anglois ou François invoque, au commencement de son ouvrage, Apollon le Dieu des vers, il invoque aussi les neuf Muses, qui sont les Déesses de la Poësie, il les prie de lui être propices ou favorables, et de lui inspirer leur génie. C'est pourquoi je vous envoie ici l'histoire d'Apollon, et celle des neuf Muses, ou neuf Sœurs, comme on les nomme souvent. Apollon est aussi quelquefois appellé le Dieu du Parnasse, parce que le Parnasse est une montagne, sur laquelle on suppose qu'il est fréquemment.

C'est un beau talent que de bien faire des vers; et j'espère que vous l'aurez, car comme il est bien plus difficile d'exprimer ses pensées en vers qu'en prose, il y a d'autant plus de gloire à le faire. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Isleworth.

As you will, in time, read the ancient Greek and Latin Poets, it is proper that you should first have some notion of the foundation of poetry, and a general knowledge of those stories to which Poets most commonly allude. You have already read the Poetical History, and I hope you remember it. You will have found there the histories of Gods and Goddesses, whom the Poets are continually mentioning.* Even modern Poets (that is to say, those of the present times) have adopted all the histories of the ancient ones.

For example; an English or a French Poet, at the beginning of his work, invokes Apollo, the God of Poetry; he also invokes the nine Muses, who are the Goddesses of Poetry. He entreats them to be propitious, or favourable; and to inspire him with their genius. For this reason, I here send you the history of Apollo, and that of the nine Muses, or nine Sisters, as they are frequently called. Apollo is also often named the God of Parnassus; because he is supposed to be frequently upon a mountain, called Parnassus.

The making verses well is an agreeable talent, which I hope you will be possessed of; for, as it is more difficult to express

one's thoughts in verse than in prose, the being capable of doing it is more glorious. Adieu.

LETTER III.

Apollon étoit fils de Jupiter et de Latone, qui accoucha de lui et de Diane, en même tems, dans l'île de Délos. Il est le Dieu du Jour, et alors il s'appelle ordinairement Phœbus. Il est aussi le Dieu de la Poësie, et de la Musique ; comme tel il est représenté avec une lyre à la main, qui est une espèce de harpe. Il avoit un fameux temple à Delphe, où il rendoit des Oracles, c'est-à-dire, où il prédisoit l'avenir. Les Poëtes l'invoquent souvent pour les animer de son feu, afin de chanter dignement les louanges des Dieux et des Hommes.

Les neuf Muses étoient filles de Jupiter, et de la Déesse Mnemosyne, c'est à dire la Déesse de la Mémoire ; pour marquer que la mémoire est nécessaire aux arts, et aux sçiences.

Elles s'appellent Clio, Enterpe, Polymnie, Thalie, Melpomène, Terpsichore, Uranie, Calliope, Erato. Elles sont les Déesses de la Poësie, de l'Histoire, de la Musique, et de tous les arts, et les sçiences. Les Poëtes ont représenté les neuf Muses fort jeunes, et fort belles, ornées de guirlandes de fleurs.

Les montagnes où elles demeurent sont le Parnasse, l'Hélicon, et le Pinde. Elles ont aussi deux célèbres fontaines, qui s'appellent Hippocrène, et Castalie. Les Poëtes, en les invoquant, les prient de quitter, pour un moment, le Parnasse, et l'Hippocrène, pour venir à leur secours et leur inspirer des vers.

Le Pégase est le cheval poëtique, dont les Poëtes font souvent mention : il a des ailes aux pieds. Il donna un coup de pied contre le mont Hélicon, et en fit sortir la fontaine d'Hippocrène. Quand un Poëte est à faire des vers, on dit, qu'il est monté sur son Pégase.

TRANSLATION.

Apollo was son of Jupiter and Latona, who was delivered of him and Diana in the island of Delos. He is God of the Sun, and thence generally is called Phœbus. He is also the God of Poetry and of Music, in which character he is represented with a lyre in his hand. That instrument is a kind of harp. There was a famous temple at Delphos, dedicated to Apollo ; where he pronounced oracles ; that is to say, foretold what is to happen. He is often invoked by Poets, to animate them with his fire,

that they may be inspired to celebrate the praises of Gods and of Men.

The nine Muses were daughters of Jupiter, and of the Goddess Mnemosyne; that is to say, the Goddess of Memory; to show that Memory is necessary to arts and sciences. They are called Clio, Euterpe, Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore, Erato, Polyhymnia, Urania, Calliope. They are the Goddesses of Poetry, History, Music, and of all arts and sciences. The nine Muses are represented by Poets as very young, very handsome, and adorned with garlands of flowers. The mountains which they inhabit are called Parnassus, Helicon, and Pindus. There are also two celebrated fountains which belong to them, named Hippocrene and Castalia. Poets, in their invocations, desire them to quit for a moment their Parnassus, and Hippocrene, that they may assist them with their inspiration to make verses.

Pegasus, the poetic horse, often mentioned by Poets, has wings to his feet. He gave a kick against Mount Helicon, and the fountain of Hippocrene immediately sprang out. When a Poet is making verses, it is sometimes said, he is mounted upon his Pegasus.[1]

LETTER IV.

A Isleworth, 19 Juin, 1738.

Vous êtes le meilleur garçon du monde, et votre dernière traduction vaut encore mieux que la première. Voilà justement ce qu'il faut, se perfectionner de plus en plus tous les jours; si vous continuez de la sorte, quoique je vous aime déjà beaucoup, je vous en aimerai bien davantage, et même si vous apprenez bien, et devenez savant, vous serez aimé, et recherché de tout le monde: au lieu qu'on méprise, et qu'on évite les ignorans. Pour n'être pas ignorant moi-même, je lis beaucoup, j'ai lu l'autre jour l'histoire de Didon, que je m'en vais vous conter.

Didon etoit fille de Bélus, Roi de Tyr, et fut mariée à Sichée qu'elle aimoit beaucoup; mais comme ce Sichée avoit de grandes richesses, Pygmalion, frère de Didon, le fit tuer, et les lui vola. Didon, qui craignoit que son frère ne la tuât aussi, s'enfuit, et se sauva en Afrique, où elle bâtit la belle ville de Carthage. Or il arriva, que, dans ce tems là, Enée se sauva aussi de la ville de Troye, qui avoit été prise et brulée par les Grecs; et comme il faisoit voile vers l'Italie avec plusieurs

[1] This expression is more a French than an English one.

autres Troyens, il fut jetté, par la tempête, sur les côtes d'Afrique, et aborda à Carthage. Didon le reçut fort honnêtement, et lui permit de rester jusques à ce qu'il eut radoubé sa flotte; mais malheureusement pour elle, elle en devint amoureuse; Enée, comme vous pouvez croire, ne fut pas cruel, de sorte que l'affaire fut bientôt faite. Quand les vaisseaux furent prêts, Enée voulut partir pour l'Italie, où les Dieux l'envoyoient pour être le fondateur de Rome; mais Didon, qui ne vouloit point qu'il s'en allât, lui reprochoit son ingratitude, et les faveurs qu'elle lui avoit accordées. Mais n'importe, il se sauve de nuit, la quitte, et se met en mer. La pauvre Didon, au desespoir d'être ainsi abandonnée par un homme qu'elle aimoit tant, fit allumer un grand feu, s'y jetta, et mourut de la sorte. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez toute cette histoire en Latin, dans Virgile, qui en a fait un fort beau poëme, qui s'appelle l'Enéide.

Si vous abandonniez Miss Pinkerton pour Miss Williams, croyez vous qu'elle feroit la même chose? Adieu, mon cher.

On a fait une jolie Epigramme au sujet de Didon, que je vous envoie, et que vous apprendrez facilement par-cœur.

Pauvre Didon! où t'a réduite
De tes Maris le triste sort?
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.

TRANSLATION.

You are the best boy in the world, and your last translation is still better than the former. This is just as it ought to be, to improve every day more and more. Although I now love you dearly, if you continue to go on so, I shall love you still more tenderly: if you improve and grow learned, every one will be fond of you, and desirous of your company; whereas ignorant people are shunned and despised. In order that I may not be ignorant myself, I read a great deal. The other day I went through the history of Dido, which I will now tell you.

Dido was daughter of Belus, King of Tyre, and was married to Sicheus, whom she dearly loved. But as Sicheus had immense riches, Pygmalion, Dido's brother, had him put to death, and seized his treasures. Dido, fearful lest her brother might kill her too, fled to Africa, where she built the fine city of Carthage. Now it happened, that just about the same time, Enens also fled from the city of Troy, which had been taken and burnt by the Greeks; and as he was going, with many other Trojans, in his ships, to Italy, he was thrown, by a storm, upon the coast of Africa, and landed at Carthage. Dido received

him very kindly, and gave him leave to stay till he had refitted his fleet: but, unfortunately for her, she became in love with him. Eneas (as you may easily believe) was not cruel; so that matters were soon settled. When the ships were ready, Eneas wanted to set sail for Italy, to which the Gods had ordered him, that he might be the founder of Rome; but Dido opposed his departure, and reproached him with ingratitude, and the favours he had received. However he left her, ran off in the night, and put to sea. Poor Dido, in despair at being abandoned by the man she loved, had a great pile of wood set on fire, threw herself into the flames, and was burnt to death. When you are older, you will read all this story in Latin, written by Virgil; who has made a fine poem of it, called the Eneid. If you should abandon Miss Pinkerton, for Miss Williams, do you think she would do the same? Adieu, my dear! I send you a very pretty Epigram upon the subject of Dido; you may easily learn it by heart.

Infelix Dido! nulli benè nupta marito,
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente perís.[1]

LETTER V.

Je vous ai dit, mon cher, que je vous enverrois quelques histoires pour vous amuser: je vous envoie donc à présent celle du Siège de Troye, qui est divertissante, et sur laquelle Homère, un ancien Poëte Grec, a fait le plus beau Poëme Epique qui ait jamais été. Par parenthèse, un Poëme Epique est un long poëme sur quelque grand événement, ou sur les actions de quelque grand homme.

Le siège de Troye est si célèbre pour avoir duré dix ans, et à cause du grand nombre de Héros qui y ont été, qu'il ne faut nullement l'ignorer. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous le lirez dans le Grec d'Homère.

Adieu! vous êtes le meilleur enfant du monde.

Je vous renvoie votre lettre corrigée, car quoiqu'il n'y eut que peu de fautes, il est pourtant bon que vous les sachiez.

TRANSLATION.

I told you, my dear, that I would send you some stories to amuse you; I therefore now give you the History of the Siege

[1] Unfortunate Dido, by two beloved husbands made wretched:
One dieth, thou takest to flight; one taketh to flight and thou diest.

of Troy, which is very entertaining. Homer, an ancient Greek Poet, has wrote upon this subject the finest Epic Poem that ever was. By the way, you are to know, that an Epic Poem is a long poem upon some great event, or upon the actions of some great man.

The siege of Troy is so very famous, for having lasted ten years, and also upon account of the great number of heroes who were there, that one must by no means be ignorant of such an event. When you are older, you will read it all in the Greek of Homer.

Adieu! you are the best child in the world.

I return you your letter corrected; for though it had but few faults, it is however proper that you should know them.

LETTER VI.

LA CAUSE DE LA GUERRE ENTRE LES GRECS ET LES TROYENS, ET DU SIEGE ET DE LA PRISE DE TROYE.

La paix régnoit dans le ciel, et les Dieux et les Déesses jouissoient d'une parfaite tranquillité; ce qui donnoit du chagrin à la Déesse Discorde, qui n'aime que le trouble, et les querelles. Elle résolut donc de les brouiller, et pour parvenir à son but, elle jetta parmi les Déesses une Pomme d'or, sur laquelle ces paroles étoient écrites, *à la plus belle*. Voilà d'abord chacune des Déesses qui se disoit la plus belle, et qui vouloit avoir la Pomme, car la beauté est une affaire bien sensible aux Déesses, aussi bien qu'aux Dames. La dispute fut principalement entre Junon femme de Jupiter, Vénus la Déesse de l'Amour, et Pallas Déesse des Arts et des Sciences. A-la-fin elles convinrent de s'en rapporter à un berger nommé Paris, qui paissoit des troupeaux sur le Mont *Ida*; mais qui étoit véritablement le fils de Priam Roi de Troye. Elles parurent donc toutes trois nues devant Paris, car pour bien juger, il faut tout voir. Junon lui offrit les grandeurs du monde, s'il vouloit décider en sa faveur; Pallas lui offrit les arts et les sciences; mais Vénus, qui lui promit la plus belle femme du monde, l'emporta, et il lui donna la Pomme.

Vous pouvez bien croire à quel point Vénus étoit contente, et combien Junon et Pallas étoient courroucées. Vénus, donc, pour lui tenir parole, lui dit d'aller en Grèce chez Ménélas, dont la femme qui s'appelloit Hélène deviendroit amoureuse de lui. Il y alla, et Ménélas le reçut chez lui fort honnêtement; mais

peu de tems après, Hélène s'enfuit avec Paris, qui la mena à Troye. Ménélas, irrité de cet outrage, s'en plaignit à son frère Agamemnon Roi de Mycènes, qui engagea les Grecs à venger cet affront. On envoya donc des Ambassadeurs à Troye, pour demander qu'on rendit Hélène à son mari, et en cas de refus, pour déclarer la guerre. Paris refusa de la rendre, sur quoi la guerre fut déclarée, qui dura dix ans, et dont je vous enverrai bientôt l'histoire.

TRANSLATION.

CAUSE OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND TROJANS, AND OF THE BESIEGING AND TAKING OF TROY.

HEAVEN and Earth were at peace, and the Gods and Goddesses enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity: when the Goddess Discord, who delights in confusion and quarrels, displeased at this universal calm, resolved to excite dissension. In order to effect this, she threw among the Goddesses a golden Apple, upon which these words were written, "To the fairest." Immediately each of the Goddesses wanted to have the Apple, and each said she was the handsomest; for Goddesses are as anxious about their beauty, as mere mortal ladies. The strife was, however, more particularly between Juno, the wife of Jupiter; Venus, the Goddess of Love; and Pallas, the Goddess of Arts and Sciences. At length they agreed to be judged by a shepherd named Paris, who fed his flocks upon Mount Ida, and was, however, son to Priam, King of Troy. They appeared all three before Paris, and quite naked; for, in order to judge critically, and to determine equitably, it is requisite that all should be seen. Juno offered him the grandeur of the world, if he would decide in her favour; Pallas promised him arts and sciences; but Venus, who tempted him with the most beautiful woman in the universe, prevailed, and he gave her the Apple.

You may easily imagine how glad Venus was, and how angry Juno and Pallas were. Venus, in order to perform her promise, ordered him to go to Menelaüs's, in Greece, whose wife, named Helena, would fall in love with him: accordingly he went, and was kindly entertained by Menelaüs; but, soon after, Paris ran away with Helena, and carried her off to Troy. Menelaüs, irritated at this injurious breach of hospitality, complained to his brother Agamemnon, King of Mycenæ, who engaged the Greeks to avenge the affront. Ambassadors were sent to Troy, to demand the restitution of Helena, and, in case of a denial, to declare war. Paris refused to restore her; upon

which war was proclaimed. It lasted ten years. I shall very soon send you the history of it.

LETTER VII.

A Isleworth, ce 30 Juin, 1738.

Je vous envoie à cette heure, mon Cher! une histoire fort en abrégé, du siège de Troye, où vous verrez que les Troyens étoient justement punis de l'injustice de Paris, qu'ils soutenoient.

Je vous enverrai, bientôt aussi, les histoires de plusieurs des Rois et des Héros, qui étoient dans l'armée des Grecs, et qui méritent d'être sues. J'aurois dû vous avoir dit que la ville de Troye étoit en Asie, et que la Grèce étoit un pays de l'Europe, qui est à présent sous le Turc, et fait partie de ce qu'on appelle Turquie en Europe.

De la manière que vous y allez, vous serez bien savant avec le tems, et je crains même que bientôt vous n'en sachiez plus que moi. Je vous le pardonnerai pourtant, et je serai fort content de passer pour un ignorant en comparaison de vous. Adieu.

Histoire du Siège de Troye.—Les Troyens ayant donc refusé de rendre Hélène à son Mari; les Grecs leur declarèrent la guerre. Or il y avoit en Grèce un grand nombre de Rois, qui fournirent leurs troupes, et qui allèrent en personne à cette guerre; mais comme il falloit que quelqu'un commandât en Chef, ils convinrent tous, de donner le commandement à Agamemnon, Roi de Mycènes, et frère de Ménélas le mari d'Hélène.

Ils s'embarquèrent donc pour Troye, mais les vents étant contraires, ils furent arrêtés à Aulis, et n'en pouvoient pas sortir. Sur quoi le Prêtre Calchas déclara que c'étoit la Déesse. Diane qui envoyoit ces vents contraires et qui les continueroit jusqu'à ce qu'Iphigénie la fille d'Agamemnon lui eut été immolée. Agamemnon obéit, et envoya chercher Iphigénie, mais dans l'instant qu'on alloit la sacrifier, Diane mit une Biche à sa place, et enleva Iphigénie à Tauros, où elle la fit sa Prêtresse.

Après ceci le vent devint favorable, et ils allèrent à Troye, où ils débarquèrent, et en firent le siège. Mais les Troyens se défendirent si bien, que le siège dura dix ans, et les Grecs voyant qu'ils ne pouvoient pas prendre la ville par force, eurent recours à la ruse. Ils firent, donc, faire un grand Cheval de

bois, et mirent dans le ventre de ce Cheval bon nombre de soldats bien armés, et après cela firent semblant de se retirer à leurs vaisseaux, et d'abandonner le siège. Les Troyens donnèrent dans le panneau, et firent entrer ce Cheval dans la ville ; ce qui leur couta cher, car au milieu de la nuit ces hommes sortirent du Cheval, mirent le feu à la ville, en ouvrirent les portes, et firent entrer l'armée des Grecs, qui revinrent, saccagèrent la ville, et tuèrent tous les habitans, excepté un fort petit nombre qui échappèrent par la fuite, parmi lesquels étoit Enée dont je vous ai déjà parlé, qui se sauva avec son père Anchise, qu'il portoit sur ses épaules parce qu'il étoit vieux, et son fils Ascagne qu'il menoit par la main, parce qu'il étoit jeune.

Histoire d'Ajax.—Ajax, un des plus vaillans Grecs qui furent au siège de Troye, étoit fils de Télamon, Prince de Salamine. Après qu'Achille fut tué, il prétendit que ses armes lui appartenoient comme son plus proche parent. Mais Ulysse les lui disputa, les emporta ; sur quoi Ajax devint fou, et tuoit tous les moutons qu'il trouvoit, croyant que c'étoient des Grecs. A la fin il se tua lui même.

Histoire de Nestor.—Nestor étoit le plus vieux et le plus sage de tous les Grecs qui se trouvoient au siège de Troye. Il avoit plus de trois cents ans, de sorte que tant à cause de son expérience, que de sa sagesse, l'armée Grecque étoit gouvernée par ses Conseils. On dit même aujourdhui d'un homme qui est fort vieux et fort sage, c'est un Nestor.

L'Histoire d'Ulysse.—Ulysse, autre Prince qui alla au siège de Troye, étoit Roi d'Ithaque, et fils de Laërte. Sa femme se nommoit Pénélope, dont il étoit si amoureux, qu'il ne vouloit pas la quitter, pour aller au siège de Troye ; de sorte qu'il contrefit l'insensé pour en être dispensé, mais il fut découvert et obligé d'y aller. C'étoit le plus fin et le plus adroit de tous les Grecs. Pendant les dix années qu'il fut au siège de Troye, sa femme Pénélope eut plusieurs amans, mais elle n'en écouta aucun, si bien qu'à présent même, quand on veut louer une femme pour sa chasteté on dit *c'est une Pénélope.*

Il fut plusieurs années, après que Troye fut brulée, avant que d'arriver chez lui, à cause des tempêtes, et autres accidens qui lui survinrent dans son voyage. Les voyages d'Ulysse sont le sujet d'un beau poëme, qu'Homère a fait en Grec, et qui s'appelle l'Odyssée. Ulysse avoit un fils nommé Télémaque.

Du côté des Troyens il y avoit aussi des personnages très-illustres : Leur Roi Priam qui étoit fort vieux avoit eu cinquante enfans de sa femme Hécube. Quand Troye fut prise,

well as his wisdom, the Grecian army was directed by his counsels. Even at this present time, it is said of a man, who is very old and very wise, he is a Nestor.

Story of Ulysses.—Ulysses was another Prince who went to the siege of Troy; he was King of Ithaca, and son of Laertes. His wife's name was Penelope, with whom he was so much in love, that, unwilling to leave her, he feigned himself mad, in order to be excused going to the siege of Troy; but this device being discovered, he was compelled to embark for Ilion. He was the most artful and subtle of all the Greeks. During those ten years of his absence at Troy, Penelope had several lovers, but she gave encouragement to none; so that even now, when a woman is commended for chastity, she is called a Penelope.

After the destruction of Troy, Ulysses was several years before he reached his kingdom, being tossed about by tempests and various accidents. The voyages of Ulysses have been the subject of a very fine poem, written by Homer, in Greek, and called The Odyssey. Ulysses had one son, whose name was Telemachus.

There were also many illustrious persons on the Trojan side. Priam was their King. He was very old, and had fifty children by his wife Hecuba. After the taking of Troy, he was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, and Hecuba made captive to Ulysses.

Story of Hector.—Hector was son to Priam, and the bravest of the Trojans; Andromache was his wife, and his son's name Astyanax. He resolved to engage Achilles; who killed him, and then brutally fastened his dead body to his car, and dragged it in triumph round the walls of Troy.

After that city was taken, his wife, Andromache, became captive to Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. He afterwards fell in love with, and married her.

Story of Cassandra.—Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was so beautiful, that the God Apollo fell in love with her; and gave her the power of foretelling future events, upon condition of her compliance with his desires. But as she deceived the God, by not gratifying his wishes, he ordered matters in such a manner, that, although she always foretold truth, nobody believed her. It is even now said of a person who foretells the consequences of an affair, and is not believed, she is a Cassandra.

Story of Eneas.—Eneas was a Trojan Prince, son of Anchises, and of the Goddess Venus, who protected him in all

the dangers he underwent. His wife's name was Creusa, by whom he had a son called Ascanius, or Iulus. When Troy was burnt, he made his escape, and carried his father Anchises upon his back; for which reason he was surnamed The Pious Eneas.

You already know what happened to him, with Dido, at Carthage. After that he went to Italy, where, having killed his rival, Turnus, he married Lavinia, daughter to King Latinus.

From Eneas and Lavinia was descended Romulus, the founder of Rome.

LETTER VIII

MON CHER ENFANT, A Isleworth, ce 29me Juillet.

JE vous ai envoyé, dans ma dernière, l'histoire d'Atalante, qui succomba à la tentation de l'Or; je vous envoie à cette heure, l'histoire d'une femme, qui tint bon contre toutes les tentations; c'est Daphné fille du fleuve Penée. Apollon en fut éperdument amoureux; et Apollon étoit comme vous savez un Dieu fort accompli; car il étoit jeune et bien fait, d'ailleurs c'étoit le Dieu du Jour, de la Musique, et de la Poësie. Voici bien du brillant; mais n'importe, il la poursuivit inutilement, et elle ne voulut jamais l'écouter.

Un jour donc l'ayant rencontrée dans les champs, il la poursuivit, dans le dessein de la forcer. Daphné courût de son mieux pour l'éviter; mais à la fin, n'en pouvant plus, Apollon étoit sur le point de la prendre dans ses bras; quand les Dieux qui approuvoient sa vertu, et plaignoient son sort, la changèrent en Laurier; de sorte qu'Apollon, qui croyoit embrasser sa chère Daphné, fut bien surpris de trouver un arbre entre ses bras. Mais pour lui marquer son amour, il ordonna que le Laurier seroit le plus honorable de tous les arbres, et qu'on en couronneroit les Guerriers victorieux, et les plus célèbres Poëtes: ce qui s'est toujours fait depuis chez les anciens. Et vous trouverez même souvent dans les Poëtes modernes, *Lauriers* pour *Victoires*. Un tel est chargé de Lauriers, un tel a cueilli des Lauriers, dans le champ de battaille. C'est à dire, il a remporté des victoires; il s'est distingué par sa bravoure. J'espère qu'avec le tems vous vous distinguerez aussi par votre

[1] Qui ne se trouve pas.

courage. C'est une qualité très-nécessaire à un honnête homme, et qui d'ailleurs donne beaucoup d'éclat. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I SENT you, in my last, the story of Atalanta,[1] who could not resist the temptation of Gold. I will now give you the story of a woman, with whom no temptation whatever had any power; this was Daphne, daughter to the river Peneus. Apollo was violently in love with her; and Apollo was, as you know, a very accomplished God; for he was young and handsome; besides which, he was God of the Sun, of Music, and of Poetry. These are brilliant qualities; but, notwithstanding, the nymph was coy, and the lover unsuccessful.

One day, having met with her in the fields, he pursued, in order to have forced her. Daphne, to avoid him, ran as long as she was able; but at last, being quite spent, Apollo was just going to catch her in his arms, when the Gods, who pitied her fate, and approved her virtue, changed her into a Laurel; so that Apollo, instead of his dear Daphne, was surprised to find a tree in his arms. But, as a testimony of his love, he decreed the Laurel to be the most honourable of all trees; and ordained victorious Warriors and celebrated Poets to be crowned with it: an injunction which was ever afterwards observed by the ancients. You will even often find, among the modern Poets, Laurels for victories. Such-a-one is loaded with Laurels; such-a-one has gathered Laurels in the field of battle. This means, he has been victorious, and has distinguished himself by his bravery. I hope that, in time, you too will be famous for your courage. Valour is essential to a gentleman; besides that it adds brilliancy to his character. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce 30me Sept. 1738.

JE suis bien-aise d'apprendre que vous êtes revenu gai et gaillard de vos voyages. La danse de trois jours que vous avez faite ne vous aura pas tant plû, que celle que vous allez recommencer avec votre maître à danser.

[1] Which cannot be found.

Comme je sais que vous aimez à apprendre ; je présuppose que vous avez repris votre école ; car le tems étant precieux, et la vie courte, il n'en faut pas perdre. Un homme d'esprit tire parti du tems, et le met tout à profit, ou à plaisir ; il n'est jamais sans faire quelque chose, et il est toujours occupé ou au plaisir, ou à l'étude. L'oisiveté, dit-on, est la mère de tous les vices ; mais au moins est-il sûr qu'elle est l'appanage des sots, et qu'il n'y a rien de plus méprisable qu'un fainéant. Caton le Censeur, un vieux Romain, d'une grande vertu, et d'une grande sagesse, disoit qu'il n'y avoit que trois choses dans sa vie dont il se repentoit ; la première étoit, d'avoir dit un secret à sa femme ; la seconde, d'être allé une fois par mer, là où il pouvoit aller par terre ; et la dernière, d'avoir passé un jour sans rien faire. De la manière que vous employez votre tems, j'avoue que je suis envieux du plaisir que vous aurez, de vous voir bien plus savant, que les autres garçons plus âgés que vous. Quel honneur cela vous fera ; quelle distinction ; quels applaudissemens vous trouverez par tout ! Avouez que cela sera bien flatteur. Aussi c'est une ambition très-louable, que de les vouloir surpasser en mérite et en savoir. Au lieu que de vouloir surpasser les autres seulement en rang, en dépense, en habits, et en équipage, n'est qu'une sotte vanité, qui rend un homme fort ridicule.

Reprenons un peu nôtre Géographie, pour vous amuser avec les cartes, car à cette heure, que les jours sont courts, vous ne pourrez pas aller à la promenade les après-dîners, il faut pourtant se divertir ; rien ne vous divertira plus que de regarder les cartes. Adieu ! vous êtes un excellent petit garçon.

Faites mes complimens à votre Maman.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Bath, September the 30th, 1738.

I am very glad to hear that you are returned from your travels well, and in good humour. The three days' dance which you have borne, has not, I believe, been quite so agreeable as that which you are now going to renew with your dancing-master.

As I know you have a pleasure in learning, I take it for granted that you have resumed your studies ; for time is precious, life short, and consequently one must not lose a single moment. A man of sense knows how to make the most of time, and puts out his whole sum, either to interest or to pleasure ; he

is never idle, but constantly employed either in amusements or in study. It is a saying, that idleness is the mother of all vice. At least, it is certain, that laziness is the inheritance of fools; and nothing so despicable as a sluggard. Cato the Censor, an old Roman of great virtue and much wisdom, used to say, there were but three actions of his life which he regretted. The first was, the having told a secret to his wife; the second, that he had once gone by sea when he might have gone by land; and the third, the having passed one day without doing anything. Considering the manner in which you employ your time, I own that I am envious of the pleasure you will have in finding yourself more learned than other boys, even those who are older than yourself. What honour this will do you! What distinctions, what applauses will follow, wherever you go! You must confess that this cannot but give you pleasure. The being desirous of surpassing them in merit and learning is a very laudable ambition; whereas the wishing to outshine others in rank, in expense, in clothes, and in equipage, is a silly vanity, that makes a man appear ridiculous.

Let us return to our Geography, in order to amuse ourselves with maps. Now the days are short, you cannot walk out in the evening; yet one must amuse one's self; and there is nothing so entertaining as maps. Adieu! you are an excellent little boy.

Make my compliments to your Mamma.

LETTER X.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce 4me d'Oct. 1738.

VOUS voyez bien, qu'en vous écrivant si souvent, et de la manière dont je le fais, je ne vous traite pas en petit enfant, mais en garçon qui a de l'ambition, et qui aime à apprendre, et à s'instruire. De sorte que je suis persuadé qu'en lisant mes lettres, vous faites attention, non seulement à la matière qu'elles traitent, mais aussi à l'orthographe, et au style. Car il est très-important de savoir bien écrire des lettres; on en a besoin tous les jours dans le commerce de la vie, soit pour les affaires, soit pour les plaisirs, et l'on ne pardonne qu'aux Dames des fautes d'orthographe et de style. Quand vous serez plus grand, vous lirez les Epîtres (c'est à dire les lettres) de Cicéron, qui sont le modèle le plus parfait de la manière de bien écrire. A propos de Cicéron, il faut vous dire un peu, qui il étoit; c'étoit

un vieux Romain, qui vivoit il y a dix-huit cents ans : homme d'un grand génie, et le plus célèbre Orateur qui ait jamais été. Ne faut-il pas, par parenthèse, vous expliquer ce que c'est qu'un Orateur? Je crois bien qu'oui. Un Orateur donc, c'est un homme qui harangue dans une assemblée publique, et qui parle avec eloquence, c'est à dire, qui raisonne bien, qui a un beau style, et qui choisit bien ses paroles. Or jamais homme n'a mieux fait ces choses que Cicéron ; il parloit quelquefois à tout le peuple Romain, et par son éloquence il leur persuadoit tout ce qu'il vouloit. Quelquefois aussi il entreprenoit les procès de ses amis, plaidoit pour eux devant des Juges, et il manquoit rarement d'emporter leurs suffrages, c'est à dire, leurs voix, leurs décisions en sa faveur. Il avoit rendu de grands services à la République Romaine, pendant qu'elle jouissoit de sa liberté ; mais quand elle fut assujettie par Jules César, le premier Empereur Romain, il devint suspect aux Tyrans, et fut à la fin égorgé par les ordres de Marc Antoine, qui le haissoit, parce qu'il avoit harangué si fortement contre lui, quand il vouloit se rendre maître de Rome.

Souvenez vous toujours, s'il y a quelques mots dans mes lettres, que vous n'entendez pas parfaitement, d'en demander l'explication à votre Maman, ou de les chercher dans le Dictionnaire. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Bath, October the 4th, 1738.

By my writing so often, and by the manner in which I write, you will easily see, that I do not treat you as a little child, but as a boy who loves to learn, and is ambitious of receiving instruction. I am even persuaded, that in reading my letters, you are attentive, not only to the subject of which they treat, but likewise to the orthography, and to the style. It is of the greatest importance to write letters well ; as this is a talent which unavoidably occurs every day of one's life, as well in business as in pleasure ; and inaccuracies in orthography, or in style, are never pardoned but in ladies. When you are older, you will read the Epistles (that is to say letters) of Cicero ; which are the most perfect models of good writing. *A propos* of Cicero ; I must give you some account of him. He was an old Roman, who lived eighteen hundred years ago ; a man of great genius, and the most celebrated Orator that ever was. Will it not be necessary to explain to you what an Orator is? I believe I must. An Orator is a man who harangues in a public assembly, and who speaks with eloquence ; that is to say,

who reasons well, has a fine style, and chooses his words properly Now, never man succeeded better than Cicero, in all those different points: he used sometimes to speak to the whole people of Rome assembled; and by the force of his eloquence, persuade them to whatever he pleased. At other times, he used to undertake causes, and plead for his clients in courts of judicature: and in those causes he generally had all the suffrages, that is to say, all the opinions, all the decisions, in his favour. While the Roman Republic enjoyed its freedom, he did very signal services to his country; but after it was enslaved by Julius Cæsar, the first Emperor of the Romans, Cicero became suspected by the tyrants; and was at last [illegible] death by order of Marc Antony, who hated him for the [illegible] of his orations against him, at the time that he endeavoured to obtain the sovereignty of Rome.

In case there should be any words in [illegible] letters which you do not perfectly understand, remember always to inquire the explanation from your Mamma, or else to look for them in the Dictionary. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce [illegible] Oct. 1738.

VOUS ayant parlé dans ma dernière de Cicéron le plus grand Orateur que Rome ait jamais produit (quoiqu'elle en ait produit plusieurs), je vous présente aujourd'hui Démosthènes le plus célèbre des Orateurs Grecs. J'aurois dû à la vérité avoir commencé par Démosthènes, comme l'aîné, car il vivoit à peu près trois cents ans avant Cicéron; et Cicéron même a beaucoup profité de la lecture de ses Harangues; comme j'espère qu'avec le tems vous profiterez de tous les deux. Revenons à Démosthènes. Il étoit de la célèbre ville d'Athènes dans la Grèce, et il avoit tant d'éloquence, que pendant un certain tems il gouvernoit absolument la ville, et persuadoit aux Athéniens ce qu'il vouloit. Il n'avoit pas naturellement le don de la parole, car il bégayoit, mais il s'en corrigea en mettant, quand il parloit, de petits cailloux dans sa bouche. Il se distingua particulièrement par les Harangues qu'il fit contre Philippe, Roi de Macédoine, qui vouloit se rendre maître de la Grèce. C'est pourquoi ces Harangues-là sont intitulées, *Les Philippiques*. Vous voyez de quel usage c'est que de savoir bien parler, de s'exprimer bien, et de s'énoncer avec grâce. Il n'y a point de talent, par lequel on se rend plus agréable ou plus considérable que par celui de bien parler.

A propos de la ville d'Athènes; je crois que vous ne la connoissez guères encore; et pourtant il est bien-nécessaire de faire connoissance avec elle, car si elle n'a pas été la mère, du moins elle a été la nourrice des Arts et des Sciences, c'est à dire, que si elle ne les a point inventés, du moins elle les a portés à la perfection. Il est vrai que l'Egypte a été la première où les Arts et les Sciences ont commencés, mais il est vrai aussi que c'est Athènes qui les a perfectionnés. Les plus grands Philosophes, c'est à dire, les gens qui aimoient, et qui étudioient la sagesse, étoient d'Athènes, comme aussi les meilleurs Poëtes, et les meilleurs Orateurs. Les Arts y ont été portés aussi à la dernière perfection; comme la Sculpture, c'est à dire, l'art de tailler des figures en pierre et en marbre; l'Architecture, c'est à dire, l'art de bien bâtir des maisons, des temples, des théâtres. La Peinture, la Musique, enfin tout fleurissoit à Athènes. Les Athéniens avoient l'esprit delicat, et le goût juste; ils étoient polis et agréables, et l'on appelloit cet esprit vif, juste, et enjoué, qu'ils avoient, le Sel Attique, parce que, comme vous savez, le sel a, en même tems, quelque chose de piquant et d'agréable. On dit même aujourd'hui, d'un homme qui a cette sorte d'esprit, qu'il a du Sel Attique, c'est à dire Athénien. J'espère que vous serez bien salé de ce Sel-là, mais pour l'être il faut apprendre bien des choses, les concevoir, et les dire promptement; car les meilleures choses perdent leur grâce si elles paroissent trop travaillées. Adieu, mon petit ami; en voilà assez pour aujourd'hui.

TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR CHILD, Bath, October the 11th, 1738.

HAVING mentioned Cicero to you in my last; Cicero, the greatest Orator that Rome ever produced, although it produced several; I this day introduce to your acquaintance Demosthenes, the most celebrated of the Grecian Orators. To say the truth, I ought to have begun with Demosthenes, as the elder; for he lived about three hundred years before the other. Cicero, even, improved by reading his Orations, as I hope you will in time profit by reading those of both. Let us return to Demosthenes. He was born at Athens, a celebrated city in Greece; and so commanding was his eloquence, that for a considerable time he absolutely governed the city, and persuaded the people to whatever he pleased. His elocution was not naturally good, for he stammered; but got the better of that impediment by speaking with small pebbles in his mouth. He distinguished himself

more particularly by his Orations against Philip King of Macedonia, who had designed the conquest of Greece. Those Orations, being against Philip, were from thence called Philippics. You see how useful it is to be able to speak well, to express one's self clearly, and to pronounce gracefully. The talent of speaking well is more essentially necessary than any other, to make us both agreeable and considerable.

A propos of the city of Athens; I believe you at present know but little of it; and yet it would be requisite to be well informed upon that subject; for, if Athens was not the mother, at least she was nurse to all the Arts and Sciences; that is to say, though she did not invent, yet she improved them to the highest degree of perfection. It is true, that Arts and Sciences first began in Egypt; but it is as certain, that they were brought to perfection at Athens. The greatest Philosophers (that is to say, *men who loved and studied wisdom*) were *Athenians*, as also the best *Poets*, and the best *Orators*. Arts likewise were there brought to the utmost perfection; such as Sculpture, which means the art of cutting figures in stone and in marble; Architecture, or the art of building houses, temples, and theatres, well. Painting, Music, in short, every art flourished at Athens. The Athenians had great delicacy of wit, and justness of taste; they were polite and agreeable. That sort of lively, just, and pleasing wit, which they possessed, was called Attic Salt, because salt has, as you know, something sharp and yet agreeable. Even now, it is said of a man, who has that turn of wit, he has Attic Salt; which means Athenian. I hope you will have a good deal of that Salt; but this requires the learning many things; the comprehending and expressing them without hesitation: for the best things lose much of their merit, if they appear too studied. Adieu, my dear boy; here is enough for this day.

LETTER XII.

Je suis bien-aise que vous étudiez l'Histoire Romaine, car de toutes les anciennes histoires, il n'y en a pas de si instructive, ni qui fournisse tant d'exemples de vertu, de sagesse, et de courage. Les autres grands Empires, savoir, celui des Assyriens, celui des Perses, et celui des Macédoniens, se sont élevés presque tout d'un coup, par des accidens favorables, et par le succès rapide de leurs armes; mais l'Empire Romain s'est aggrandi par degrès, et a surmonté les difficultés qui s'oppo-

soient à son aggrandissement, autant par sa vertu, et par sa sagesse, que par ses armes.

Rome, qui fut dans la suite la maitresse du monde, n'étoit d'abord, comme vous le savez, qu'une petite ville fondée par Romulus, son premier Roi, à la tête d'un petit nombre de bergers et d'aventuriers, qui se rangèrent sous lui, et dans le premier dénombrement que Romulus fit du peuple, c'est à dire, la première fois qu'il fit compter le nombre des habitants, ils ne montoient qu'à trois mille hommes de pied, et trois cents chevaux, au lieu qu'à la fin de son règne, qui dura trente sept ans, il y avoit quarante six mille hommes de pied, et mille chevaux.

Pendant les deux cents cinquante premières années de Rome, c'est à dire, tout le tems qu'elle fut gouvernée par des Rois, ses voisins lui firent la guerre, et tachèrent d'étouffer dans sa naissance, un peuple, dont ils craignoient l'*aggrandissement*, consequence *naturelle* de sa *vertu*, de *son courage*, et de sa *sagesse*.

Rome donc employa ses deux cents cinquante premières années à lutter contre ses plus proches voisins, qu'elle surmonta ; et deux cents cinquante autres, à se rendre maitresse de l'Italie ; de sorte qu'il y avoit cinq cents ans, depuis la fondation de Rome, jusqu'à ce qu'elle devint maitresse de l'Italie. Ce fut seulement dans les deux cents années suivantes qu'elle se rendit la maitresse du monde, c'est à dire sept cents ans après sa fondation.

TRANSLATION.

I AM glad to hear you study the Roman history ; for, of all ancient histories, it is the most instructive, and furnishes most examples of virtue, wisdom, and courage. The other great Empires, as the Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian, sprung up almost of a sudden, by favourable accidents, and the rapidity of their conquests ; but the Roman Empire extended itself gradually, and surmounted the obstacles that opposed its aggrandizement, not less by virtue and wisdom, than by force of arms.

Rome, which at length became the mistress of the world, was (as you know) in the beginning but a small city, founded by Romulus, her first King, at the head of an inconsiderable number of herdsmen and vagabonds, who had made him their Chief. At the first survey Romulus made of his people, that is, the first time he took an account of the inhabitants, they amounted only to three thousand foot and three hundred horse ; whereas, towards the end of his reign, which lasted thirty-seven years, he reckoned forty-six thousand foot and one thousand horse.

During the first two hundred and fifty years of Rome, as long as it was governed by Kings, the Romans were engaged in frequent wars with their neighbours; who endeavoured to crush in its infancy a state whose future greatness they dreaded, as the natural consequence of its virtue, courage, and wisdom.

Thus Rome employed its first two hundred and fifty years in struggling with the neighbouring States, who were in that period entirely subdued; and two hundred and fifty more in conquering the rest of Italy: so that we reckon five hundred years from the foundation of Rome to the entire conquest of Italy. And in the following two hundred years she attained to the Empire of the World; that is, in seven hundred years from the foundation of the city.

LETTER XIII.

Romulus, qui (comme je vous l'ai déjà dit) étoit le Fondateur, et le premier Roi de Rome, n'ayant pas d'abord beaucoup d'habitans pour sa nouvelle ville, songea à tous les moyens d'en augmenter le nombre, et pour cet effet, il publia qu'elle serviroit d'asyle, c'est à dire, de refuge et de lieu de sûreté pour ceux qui seroient bannis des autres villes d'Italie. Cela lui attira bien des gens qui sortirent de ces villes, soit à cause de leurs dettes, soit à cause des crimes qu'ils y avoient commis: car un asyle est un endroit qui sert de protection à tous ceux qui y viennent, quelque crime qu'ils aient commis, et on ne put les y prendre ni les punir. Avouez qu'il est assez surprenant que d'un pareil amas de vauriens et de coquins, il en soit sorti la nation la plus sage et la plus vertueuse qui fut jamais. Mais c'est que Romulus y fit de si bonnes loix, inspira à tout le peuple un tel amour de la patrie, et de la gloire, y établit si bien la religion, et le culte des Dieux, que pendant quelques centaines d'années ce fut un peuple de Héros, et de gens vertueux.

TRANSLATION.

Romulus, who (as I have already told you) was the founder and first King of Rome, not having sufficient inhabitants for his new city, considered every method by which he might augment their number; and to that end, he issued out a proclamation, declaring, that it should be an *asylum*, or, in other words, a sanctuary and place of safety, for such as were banished from the different cities of Italy. This device brought to him many

people, who quitted their respective towns, whether for debt, or on account of crimes which they had committed: an asylum being a place of protection for all who fly to it; where, let their offences be what they will, they cannot be apprehended nor punished. Pray, is it not very astonishing, that, from such a vile assemblage of vagrants and rogues, the wisest and most virtuous nation, that ever existed, should deduce its origin? The reason is this; Romulus enacted such wholesome laws, inspired his people with so great a love of glory and their country, and so firmly established religion, and the worship of the Gods, that, for some succeeding ages, they continued a nation of Heroes and virtuous men.

LETTER XIV.

Je vous ai déjà souvent parlé de la nécessité qu'il y a de savoir l'histoire à fond; mais je ne peux pas vous le redire trop souvent. Cicéron l'appelle avec raison; *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis.* Par le secours de l'histoire un jeune homme peut, en quelque façon, acquérir l'expérience de la vieillesse; en lisant ce qui a été fait, il apprend ce qu'il a à faire, et plus il est instruit du passé, mieux il saura se conduire à l'avenir.

De toutes les Histoires anciennes, la plus intéressante, et la plus instructive, c'est l'histoire Romaine. Elle est la plus fertile en grands hommes, et en grands événemens. Elle nous anime, plus que toute autre, à la vertu; en nous montrant, comment une petite ville, comme Rome, fondée par une poignée de Pâtres et d'Aventuriers, s'est rendue dans l'espace de sept cents ans maîtresse du monde, par le moyen de sa vertu et de son courage.

C'est pourquoi j'en ai fait un abrégé fort en raccourci. Pour vous en faciliter la connoîssance, et l'imprimer d'autant mieux dans votre esprit, vous le traduirez, peu à peu, dans un livre que vous m'apporterez tous les Dimanches.

Tout le tems de l'histoire Romaine, depuis Romulus jusqu'à Auguste, qui est de sept cents vingt trois ans, peut se diviser en trois parties.

La première est sous les sept Rois de Rome, et dure deux cents quarante quatre ans.

La seconde depuis l'établissement des Consuls et l'expulsion des Rois, jusqu'à la première Guerre Punique, est aussi de deux cents quarante quatre ans.

La troisième s'étend, depuis la première Guerre Punique jusqu'au règne d'Auguste, et elle dure deux cents trente cinq ans ; ce qui fait en tout, les sept cents vingt trois ans, ci-dessus mentionnés, depuis sa fondation, jusqu'au règne d'Auguste.

Sous le règne d'Auguste, Rome étoit au plus haut point de sa grandeur, car elle étoit la Maîtresse *du Monde ;* mais elle ne l'étoit plus d'elle-même ; ayant perdu son ancienne liberté, et son ancienne vertu. Auguste y établit le Pouvoir absolu des Empereurs, qui devint bien-tôt une tyrannie horrible et cruelle sous autres Empereurs ses successeurs, moyennant quoi, Rome déchût de sa grandeur en moins de tems qu'elle n'en avoit pris pour y monter.

Le premier gouvernement de Rome fut Monarchique, mais une Monarchie bornée, et pas absolue, car le Sénat partageoit l'autorité avec le Roi. Le Royaume étoit électif, et non pas héréditaire, c'est-à-dire, quand un Roi mouroit, on en choisissoit un autre, et le fils ne succédoit pas au père. Romulus, qui fut le fondateur de Rome, en fut aussi le premier Roi. Il fut élu par le peuple, et forma le premier plan du gouvernement. Il établit le Sénat, qui consistoit en cent membres ; et partagea le peuple en trois ordres. Les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire les gens du premier rang ; les Chevaliers, c'est-à-dire ceux du second rang ; tout le reste étoit peuple, qu'il appella Plébéiens.

Traduisez ceci en Anglois, et apportez-le-moi Dimanche, écrit sur ces lignes que je vous envoie.

TRANSLATION.

I HAVE often told you how necessary it was to have a perfect knowledge of History ; but cannot repeat it often enough. Cicero properly calls it, *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis.*[1] By the help of History, a young man may, in some measure, acquire the experience of old age. In reading what has been done, he is apprized of what he has to do ; and, the more he is informed of what is past, the better he will know how to conduct himself for the future.

Of all ancient histories, the Roman is the most interesting and instructive. It abounds most with accounts of illustrious men, and presents us with the greatest number of important events. It likewise spurs us on, more than any other, to virtuous actions, by showing how a small city, like Rome,

[1] The witness of the ages, the light of truth, the life of the memory, the directress of life, the reporter of antiquity.

founded by a handful of shepherds and vagabonds, could, in the space of seven hundred years, render herself mistress of the world by courage and virtue.

Hence it is, that I have resolved to form a small abridgment of that history, in order to facilitate your acquiring the knowledge of it; and, for the better imprinting it in your mind, I desire that, by little and little, you would translate, and copy it fair into a book, which you must not fail to bring to me every Sunday.

The whole time of the Roman history, from Romulus down to Augustus Cæsar, being seven hundred and twenty-three years, may be divided into three periods.

The first, under the seven Kings, is of two hundred and forty-four years.

The second, from the expulsion of the Kings, and establishment of the Consuls, to the first Punic War, is likewise two hundred and forty-four years.

The third is, from the first Punic War down to the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and lasts two hundred and thirty-five years: which three periods, added together, make up the seven hundred and twenty-three years above mentioned, from the foundation of Rome to the reign of Augustus Cæsar.

In the reign of Augustus Rome was at the summit of her greatness; for she was mistress of the world, though no longer mistress of herself, having lost both her ancient liberty and her ancient virtue. Augustus established the Imperial power, which soon degenerated into the most detestable and cruel tyranny, under the succeeding Emperors; in consequence of which, Rome fell from her former greatness, in a shorter space of time than she had taken to ascend it.

The first form of government established at Rome was *Monarchical;* but a limited, not an absolute Monarchy, as the power was divided between the King and the Senate. The Kingdom was elective, and not hereditary; that is, when one King died, another was chosen in his room, and the son of the deceased King did not succeed him. Romulus, who was founder of Rome, was also her first King; he was elected by the people, and he formed the first system of government. He appointed the Senate, which consisted of one hundred; and divided the people into three orders; namely, *Patricians*, who were of the first rank or order; *Knights*, of the second; and the third was the common people, whom he called *Plebeians*.

Translate this into English, and bring it me next Sunday, written upon the lines which I now send you.

LETTER XV.

Romulus et Rémus étoient jumeaux, et fils de Rhéa Sylvia, fille de Numitor Roi d'Albe. Rhéa Sylvia fut enfermée et mise au nombre des Vestales, par son oncle Amulius, afin qu'elle n'eût point d'enfans, car les Vestales étoient obligées à la chasteté. Elle devint pourtant grosse, et prétendit que le Dieu Mars l'avoit forcée. Quand elle accoucha de Romulus et de Rémus, Amulius ordonna qu'ils fussent jettés dans le Tibre. Ils y furent effectivement portés dans leur berceau ; mais l'eau s'étant retirée, le berceau resta à sec. Une Louve, qui étoit venue là pour boire, les allaita, jusqu'à ce que Faustulus, un berger, les emporta chez lui, et les éleva comme les siens. Etant devenus grands, ils allèrent avec nombre de Latins, d'Albains, et de bergers, et ils fondèrent Rome. Romulus pour régner seul, tua son frère Rémus, et fut déclaré Roi par tous ces gens-là. Etant devenu Souverain, il partagea le peuple en trois tribus et trente Curies, en Patriciens, Plébéiens, Sénat, Patrons, Cliens, et Chevaliers. Les Patriciens étoient les plus accrédités, et les plus considérables. Les Plébéiens étoient le petit peuple. Les Patrons étoient les gens les plus respectables qui protégeoient un certain nombre du petit peuple, qu'on appelloit leurs Cliens. Le Sénat consistoit de cent personnes choisies d'entre les Patriciens; et les Chevaliers étoient une troupe de trois cents hommes à cheval, qui servoient de garde du corps à Romulus, et qu'il appella *Celeres*.

Mais Romulus ne se contenta pas de ces réglemens civils, il institua aussi le culte des Dieux, et établit les Aruspices et les Augures, qui étoient des Prêtres, dont les premiers consultoient les entrailles des victimes qu'on sacrifioit, et les derniers observoient le vol, et le chant des oiseaux, et déclaroient si les présages étoient favorables ou non, avant qu'on entreprit quelque chose que ce pût être.

Romulus, pour attirer des habitants à sa nouvelle ville, la déclara un asyle à tous ceux qui viendroient s'y établir; ce qui attira un nombre infini de gens, qui y accoururent des autres villes, et campagnes voisines. Un Asyle veut dire, un lieu de sûreté, et de protection, pour ceux qui sont endettés, ou qui, ayant commis des crimes, se sauvent de la justice. Dans les pays Catholiques, les églises sont actuellement des asyles pour toute sorte de criminels qui s'y réfugient.

Mais on manquoit de femmes à Rome : pour suppléer à ce défaut, Romulus envoya faire des propositions de mariage à ses

voisins les Sabins, mais les Sabins rejettèrent ces propositions, avec hauteur ; sur quoi Romulus fit publier dans les lieux circonvoisins qu'un tel jour, il célébreroit la fête du Dieu *Consus*,[1] et qu'il invitoit tout le monde à y assister. On y accourut de toutes parts, et principalement les Sabins, quand tout d'un coup, à un signal donné, les Romains, l'épée à la main, se saisissent de toutes les femmes qui y étoient : et les épousèrent après. Cet événement remarquable s'appelle l'Enlèvement des Sabines. Les Sabins, irrités de cet affront et de cette injustice, déclarèrent la guerre aux Romains, qui fut terminée et une paix conclue, par l'entremise des femmes Sabines, qui étoient établies à Rome. Les Romains et les Sabins s'unirent parfaitement, ne firent qu'un peuple ; et Tatius Roi des Sabins régna conjointement avec Romulus. Tatius mourut bientôt après, et Romulus régna encore seul.

Il faut remarquer que l'Enlèvement des Sabines fut une action plus utile que juste : mais l'utilité ne doit pas autoriser l'injustice, car l'on doit tout souffrir, et même mourir, plutôt que de commettre une injustice. Aussi ce fut la seule que les Romains firent pendant plusieurs siècles : Un Siècle veut dire, cent ans.

Les voisins de Rome devinrent bientôt jaloux de cette Puissance naissante ; de sorte que Romulus eut encore plusieurs guerres à soutenir, dans lesquelles il remporta toujours la victoire ; mais comme il commençoit à devenir tyrannique chez lui, et qu'il vouloit ôter au Sénat leurs privilèges, pour régner plus despotiquement ; tout d'un coup il disparut et l'on ne le vit plus. La vérité est que les Sénateurs l'avoient tué ; mais comme ils craignoient la colère du peuple, un Sénateur des plus accrédités nommé Proculus Julius, protesta au peuple, que Romulus lui avoit apparu comme Dieu, et l'avoit assuré qu'il avoit été transporté au Ciel, et placé parmi les Dieux ; qu'il vouloit même que les Romains l'adorassent sous le nom de *Quirinus*, ce qu'ils firent.

Remarquez bien que le gouvernement de Rome sous Romulus étoit un gouvernement mixte et libre ; et que le Roi n'étoit rien moins qu'absolu ; au contraire il partageoit l'autorité avec le Sénat, et le peuple, à peu près comme le Roi, ici, avec la Chambre Haute, et la Chambre Basse. De sorte que Romulus voulant faire une injustice si criante, que de violer les droits du Sénat et la liberté du peuple, fut justement puni, comme tout tyran mérite de l'être. Tout homme a un droit naturel à sa liberté, et quiconque veut la lui ravir, mérite la mort, plus que celui qui ne cherche qu'à lui voler son argent sur le grand chemin.

[1] Selon Plutarque c'étoit le Dieu des Conseils.

La plupart des loix et des arrangemens de Romulus avoient égard principalement à la guerre, et étoient formés dans le dessein de rendre le peuple belliqueux : comme en effet il le fut, plus que tout autre. Mais c'étoit aussi un bonheur pour Rome, que son successeur, Numa Pompilius, étoit d'un naturel pacifique, qu'il s'appliqua à établir le bon ordre dans la ville, et à faire des loix pour encourager la vertu, et la religion.

Après la mort de Romulus, il y eut un Interrègne d'un an ; un Interrègne est l'intervalle entre la mort d'un Roi et l'élection d'un autre ; ce qui peut seulement arriver dans les Royaumes Electifs ; car dans les Monarchies Héréditaires, dès l'instant qu'un Roi meurt, son fils ou son plus proche parent devient immédiatement Roi. Pendant cet interrègne, les Sénateurs faisoient alternativement les fonctions de Roi. Mais le peuple se lassa de cette sorte de gouvernement, et voulut un Roi. Le choix étoit difficile ; les Sabins d'un côté, et les Romains de l'autre, voulant chacun un Roi d'entre eux. Il y avoit alors dans la petite ville de Cures, pas loin de Rome, un homme d'une grande réputation de probité, et de justice, appellé Numa Pompilius, qui menoit une vie retirée et champêtre, et jouissoit d'un doux repos, dans la solitude de la campagne. On convint donc, unanimement, de le choisir pour Roi, et l'on envoya des Ambassadeurs le lui notifier. Mais bien loin d'être ébloui par une élévation si subite, et si imprévue, il refusa ; et ne se laissa fléchir qu'avec peine, par les instances réitérées des Romains et de ses plus proches parens : méritant d'autant plus cette dignité, qu'il ne la recherchoit pas. Remarquez, par cet exemple de Numa Pompilius, comment la vertu se fait jour, au travers même de l'obscurité d'une vie retirée et champêtre, et comment tôt ou tard elle est toujours récompensée.

Numa placé sur le trône, entreprit d'adoucir les mœurs des Romains, et de leur inspirer un esprit pacifique par les exercices, de la religion. Il bâtit un temple en l'honneur du Dieu *Janus*, qui devoit être un indice public de la guerre, ou de la paix ; étant ouvert en tems de guerre, et fermé en tems de paix. Il fut fermé pendant tout son règne ; mais depuis lors jusqu'au règne de César Auguste, il ne fut fermé que deux fois : la première après la première Guerre Punique, et la seconde après la bataille d'*Actium*, où Auguste défit Antoine. Le Dieu *Janus* est toujours représenté avec deux visages, l'un qui regarde le passé et l'autre l'avenir ; à cause de quoi, vous le verrez souvent dans les Poëtes Latins appellé *Janus Bifrons*, c'est à dire qui a deux fronts. Mais pour revenir à Numa : il prétendit avoir des entretiens secrets avec la Nymphe Egérie pour disposer le

peuple, qui aime toujours le merveilleux, à mieux recevoir ses loix et ses réglemens, comme lui étant inspirés par la divinité même. Enfin il établit le bon ordre, à la ville et à la campagne; il inspira à ses sujets l'amour du travail, de la frugalité, et même de la pauvreté. Après avoir régné quarante trois ans, il mourut regretté de tout son peuple.

On peut dire, que Rome étoit redevable de toute sa grandeur à ses deux premiers Rois, Romulus et Numa, qui en jettèrent les fondemens. Romulus ne forma ses sujets qu'à la guerre; Numa qu'à la paix et à la justice. Sans Numa, ils auroient été féroces et barbares; sans Romulus, ils auroient peut-être restés dans le repos, et l'obscurité. Mais c'étoit cet heureux assemblage de vertus religieuses, civiles et militaires, qui les rendit à la fin les maîtres du monde.

Tullus Hostilius fut élu Roi, bientôt après la mort de Numa Pompilius. Il avoit l'esprit aussi guerrier, que Numa l'avoit eu pacifique, et il eut bientôt occasion de l'exercer; car la ville d'Albe, jalouse déjà de la puissance de Rome, chercha un prétexte pour lui faire la guerre. La guerre étant déclarée de part et d'autre, et les deux armées sur le point d'en venir aux mains; un Albain propose, que pour épargner le sang de tant de gens, on choisiroit dans les deux armées, un certain nombre, dont la victoire décideroit du sort des deux villes: Tullus Hostilius accepta la proposition.

Il se trouvoit dans l'armée des Albains trois frères, qui s'appelloient les Curiaces, et dans l'armée des Romains trois frères aussi qu'on nommoit les Horaces: Ils étoient de part et d'autre à peu près de même âge et de même force. Ils furent choisis, et acceptèrent avec joie un choix qui leur faisoit tant d'honneur. Ils s'avancent entre les deux armées, et l'on donne le signal du combat. D'abord deux des Horaces sont tués par les Curiaces qui tous trois furent blessés. Le troisième Horace étoit sans blessure, mais ne se sentant pas assez fort pour résister aux trois Curiaces, au défaut de force il usa de stratagème. Il fit donc semblant de fuir, et ayant fait quelque chemin, il regarda en arrière et vit les trois Curiaces, qui le poursuivoient, à quelque distance l'un de l'autre, selon que leurs blessures leur permettoient de marcher, alors il retourne sur ses pas, et les tue l'un après l'autre.

Les Romains le reçurent avec joie dans leur camp; mais sa sœur, qui étoit promise à un des Curiaces, vient à sa rencontre, et versant un torrent de larmes, lui reproche d'avoir tué son amant. Sur quoi ce jeune vainqueur dans les transports de son emportement, lui passe l'épée au travers du corps. La justice

le condamna à la mort, mais il en appella au peuple qui lui pardonna, en considération du service qu'il venoit de leur rendre.

Tullus Hostilius régna trente deux ans, et fit d'autres guerres contre les Sabins et les Latins. C'étoit un Prince qui avoit de grandes qualités, mais qui aimoit trop la guerre.

TRANSLATION.

Romulus and Remus were twins, and sons of Rhea Sylvia, daughter of Numitor, King of Alba. Rhea Sylvia was, by her uncle Amulius, shut up among the Vestals, and constrained by him to become one of their number, to prevent her having any children: for the Vestals were obliged to inviolable chastity. She, nevertheless, proved with child, and pretended she had been forced by the God Mars. When she was delivered of Romulus and Remus, Amulius commanded the infants to be thrown into the Tiber. They were in fact brought to the river, and exposed in their cradle: but the water retiring, it remained on the dry ground. A she wolf coming there to drink, suckled them, till they were taken home by Faustulus, a shepherd, who educated them as his own. When they were grown up, they associated with a number of Latins, Albans, and shepherds, and founded Rome. Romulus, desirous of reigning alone, killed his brother Remus, and was declared King by his followers. On his advancement to the throne, he divided the people into three Tribes, and thirty *Curiæ*; into *Patricians, Plebeians, Senate, Patrons, Clients, and Knights.* The Patricians were the most considerable of all. The common people were called Plebeians. The Patrons were of the most reputable sort, and protected a certain number of the lower class, who went under the denomination of their Clients. The Senate consisted of one hundred persons, chosen from among the Patricians; and the Knights were a select body of three hundred horsemen, who served as *Life Guards* to Romulus, to whom he gave the name of *Celeres.*

But Romulus, not satisfied with these regulations, instituted a form of religious worship; establishing the *Auruspices* and *Augurs.* These were Priests; and the business of the former was to inspect the entrails of the victim offered in sacrifice; that of the latter, to observe the flying, chattering, or singing of birds, declaring whether the omens were favourable or not, before the undertaking of an enterprise.

Romulus, with a view of attracting people to his new city, declared it an asylum, or sanctuary, for all who were willing to establish their abode in it. This expedient brought an infinite

number of people, who flocked to him from the neighbouring towns and country. An Asylum, signifies a place of safety and protection, for all such as are loaded with debts, or who have been guilty of crimes, and fly from justice. In Catholic countries, their churches are, at this very time, Asylums for all sorts of criminals, who take shelter in them.

But Rome, at this time, had few or no women: to remedy which want, Romulus sent proposals of marriage to his neighbours, the Sabines; who rejected them with disdain: whereupon Romulus published throughout all the country, that, on a certain day, he intended to celebrate the festival of the God *Consus*,[1] and invited the neighbouring cities to assist at it. There was a great concourse from all parts on that occasion, particularly of the Sabines; when, on a sudden, the Romans, at a signal given, seized, sword in hand, all the young women they could meet: and afterwards married them. This remarkable event is called, the Rape of the Sabines. Enraged at this affront and injustice, the Sabines declared war against the Romans; which was put an end to, and peace concluded, by the mediation of the Sabine women living at Rome. A strict union was made between the Romans and Sabines, who became one and the same people; and Tatius, King of the Sabines, reigned jointly with Romulus; but dying soon after, Romulus reigned again alone.

Pray observe, that the Rape of the Sabines was more an advantageous than a just measure; yet the utility of it should not warrant its injustice; for we ought to endure every misfortune, even death, rather than be guilty of an injustice; and indeed this is the only one that can be imputed to the Romans for many succeeding ages: an Age, or Century, means one hundred years.

Rome's growing power soon raised jealousy in her neighbours, so that Romulus was obliged to engage in several wars, from which he always came off victorious; but as he began to behave himself tyrannically at home, and attacked the privileges of the Senate, with a view of reigning with more *despotism*, he suddenly disappeared. The truth is, the Senators killed him; but, as they apprehended the indignation of the people, Proculus Julius, a Senator of great repute, protested before the people, that Romulus had appeared to him as a God; assuring him that he had been taken up to Heaven, and placed among the Deities. and desired that the Romans should worship him, under the name of *Quirinus*; which they accordingly did.

[1] According to Plutarch, the God of Counsel.

Take notice, that the Roman government, under Romulus, was a *mixed* and *free* government; and the King so far from being absolute, that the power was divided between him, the Senate, and the people, much the same as it is between our King, the House of Lords, and House of Commons; so that Romulus, attempting so horrible a piece of injustice, as to violate the privileges of the Senate, and the liberties of the People, was deservedly punished, as all tyrants ought to be. Every man has a natural right to his liberty; and whoever endeavours to ravish it from him deserves death more than the robber who attacks us for our money on the highway.

Romulus directed the greatest part of his laws and regulations to war; and formed them with the view of rendering his subjects a warlike people, as indeed they were, above all others. Yet it likewise proved fortunate for Rome, that his successor, Numa Pompilius, was a Prince of a pacific disposition, who applied himself to the establishing good order in the city, and enacting laws for the encouragement of virtue and religion.

After the death of Romulus, there was a year's *Interregnum*. An *Interregnum* is the interval between the death of one King and the election of another, which can happen only in elective kingdoms; for, in hereditary monarchies, the moment a King dies, his son, or his nearest relation, immediately ascends the throne.

During the above *Interregnum*, the Senators alternately executed the functions of a Sovereign; but the people soon became tired of that sort of government, and demanded a King. The choice was difficult; as the Sabines on one side, and the Romans on the other, were desirous of a King's being chosen from among themselves. However, there happened, at that time, to live in the little town of *Cures*, not far from Rome, a man in great reputation for his probity and justice, called *Numa Pompilius*, who led a retired life, enjoying the sweets of repose, in a country solitude. It was unanimously agreed to choose him King: and Ambassadors were despatched to notify to him his election; but he, far from being dazzled by so sudden and unexpected an elevation, refused the offer, and could scarce be prevailed on to accept it, by the repeated entreaties of the Romans, and of his nearest relations; proving himself the more worthy of that high dignity, as he the less sought it. Remark from that example of Numa Pompilius; how virtue forces her way, and shines through the obscurity of a retired life; and that sooner or later it is always rewarded.

Numa, being now seated on the throne, applied himself to

soften the manners of the Romans, and to inspire them with a love of peace, by exercising them in religious duties. He built a temple in honour of the God Janus, which was to be a public mark of war and peace, by keeping it open in time of war, and shut in time of peace. It remained closed during his whole long reign; but from that time, down to the reign of Augustus Cæsar, it was shut but twice; once at the end of the first Punic War, and the second time, in the reign of Augustus, after the fight of Actium, where he vanquished Marc Antony. The God Janus is always represented with two faces, one looking on the time past, and the other on the future; for which reason you will often find him, in the Latin Poets, called *Janus bifrons, two-fronted Janus.* But, to return to Numa; he pretended to have secret conferences with the Nymph Egeria, the better to prepare the people (who are ever fond of what is marvellous) to receive his laws and ordinances as divine inspirations. In short, he inspired his subjects with the love of industry, frugality, and even of poverty. He died, universally regretted by his people, after a reign of forty-three years.

We may venture to say, that Rome was indebted for all her grandeur to these two Kings, Romulus and Numa, who laid the foundations of it. Romulus took pains to form the Romans to war; Numa, to peace and justice. Had it not been for Numa, they would have continued fierce and uncivilized; had it not been for Romulus, they would, perhaps, have fallen into indolence and obscurity: but it was the happy union of religious, civil, and military virtues, that rendered them masters of the world.

Tullus Hostilius was elected King immediately after the death of Numa Pompilius. This Prince had as great talents for war, as his predecessor had for peace, and he soon found an opportunity to exercise them; for the city of Alba, already jealous of the power of Rome, sought a pretext of coming to a rupture with her. War, in fact, was declared on both sides, and the two armies were ready to engage, when an Alban proposed, in order to spare so great an effusion of blood, that a certain number of warriors should be chosen out of each army, on whose victory the fortune of both nations should depend.

Tullus Hostilius accepted the proposal; and there happening to be, in the Alban army, three brothers, named Curiatii; and in the Roman army, three brothers, called Horatii; who were all much of the same age and strength: they were pitched upon for the champions, and joyfully accepted a choice which reflected so much honour on them. Then, advancing in pre-

sence of both armies, the signal for combat was given. Two of the Horatii were soon killed by the Curiatii, who were themselves all three wounded. The third of the Horatii remained yet unhurt; but, not capable of encountering the three Curiatii all together, what he wanted in strength he supplied by stratagem. He pretended to run away, and, having gained some ground, looked back, and saw the three Curiatii pursuing him, at some distance from each other, hastening with as much speed as their wounds permitted them; he then returning, killed all three, one after another.

The Romans received him joyfully in their camp; but his sister, who was promised in marriage to one of the Curiatii, meeting him, poured forth a deluge of tears, reproaching him with the death of her lover; whereupon the young conqueror, transported with rage, plunged his sword into her bosom. Justice condemned him to death; but having appealed to the People, he received his pardon, in consideration of the service he had rendered to his country.

Tullus Hostilius reigned thirty-two years, and conducted other wars against the Sabines and Latins. He was a Prince possessed of great qualities, but too much addicted to war.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

I SEND you, here enclosed, your historical exercise for this week; and thank you for correcting some faults I had been guilty of in former papers. I shall be very glad to be taught by you; and, I assure you, I would rather have you able to instruct me, than any other body in the world. I was very well pleased with your objection to my calling the brothers, that fought for the Romans and the Albans, the *Horatii* and the *Curiatii*; for which I can give you no better reason than usage and custom, which determine all languages. As to ancient proper names, there is no settled rule, and we must be guided by custom: for example, we say Ovid and Virgil, and not Ovidius and Virgilius, as they are in Latin; but then, we say Augustus Cæsar, as in the Latin, and not August Cæsar, which would be the true English. We say Scipio Africanus, as in Latin, and not Scipio the African. We say Tacitus, and not Tacit: so that, in short, custom is the only rule to be observed in this case. But, wherever custom and usage will allow it, I

would rather choose not to alter the ancient proper names. They have more dignity, I think, in their own, than in our language. The French change most of the ancient proper names, and give them a French termination or ending, which sometimes sounds even ridiculous; as, for instance, they call the Emperor Titus, *Tite;* and the historian, Titus Livius, whom we commonly call in English Livy, they call *Tite Live.* I am very glad you started this objection; for the only way to get knowledge is to inquire and object. Pray remember to ask questions, and to make your objections, whenever you do not understand, or have any doubts about anything.

LETTER XVII.

Bientôt après la mort de Tullus Hostilius, le peuple choisit pour Roi Ancus Marcius, petit-fils de Numa. Il rétablit d'abord le culte divin qui avoit été un peu négligé pendant le règne guerrier de Tullus Hostilius. Il essuya quelques guerres, malgré lui, et y remporta toujours l'avantage. Il aggrandit la ville de Rome, et mourut après avoir règné vingt quatre ans. Il ne se céda en mérite, soit pour la guerre, soit pour la paix, à aucun de ses prédécesseurs.

Un certain Lucumon, Grec de naissance, qui s'étoit établi à Rome sous le règne d'Ancus Marcius, fut élu Roi à sa place, et prit le nom de Tarquin. Il créa cent nouveaux Sénateurs, et soutint plusieurs guerres contre les peuples voisins, dont il sortit toujours avec avantage. Il augmenta, embellit, et fortifia la ville. Il fit des Aqueducs et des Egouts. Il bâtit aussi le Cirque, et jetta les fondemens du Capitole: le Cirque étoit un lieu célèbre, à Rome, où l'on faisoit les courses de chariots.

Tarquin avoit destiné pour son successeur Servius Tullius, qui avoit été prisonnier de guerre, et par conséquent esclave; ce que les fils d'Ancus Marcius, qui étoient à cette heure devenus grands, ayant trouvé mauvais, ils firent assassiner Tarquin qui avoit régné trente huit ans. L'attentat, et le crime des fils d'Ancus Marcius leur furent inutiles, car Servius Tullius fut déclaré Roi par le peuple, sans demander le consentement du Sénat. Il soutint plusieurs guerres qu'il termina heureusement. Il partagea le peuple en dix neuf Tribus; il établit le *Cens,* ou le dénombrement du peuple, et il introduisit la coutume d'affranchir les esclaves. Servius songeoit à abdiquer la couronne, et à établir à Rome une parfaite République, quand il fut assassiné

par son gendre Tarquin le Superbe. Il regna quarante quatre ans, et fut, sans contredit, le meilleur de tous les Rois de Rome.

Tarquin étant monté sur le trône, sans que ni le Peuple, ni le Sénat, lui eussent conféré la Royauté; la conduite qu'il y garda répondit à de tels commencemens, et lui fit donner le surnom de *Superbe*. Il renversa les sages établissemens des Rois ses prédécesseurs, foula aux pieds les droits du peuple, et gouverna en Prince arbitraire et despotique. Il bâtit un temple magnifique à Jupiter, qui fut appellé le Capitole, à cause qu'en creusant les fondemens, on y avoit trouvé la tête d'un homme, qui s'appelle en Latin *Caput*:, le Capitole étoit le bâtiment le plus célèbre de Rome.

La tyrannie de Tarquin étoit déjà devenue odieuse et insupportable aux Romains, quand l'action de son fils Sextus leur fournit une occasion de s'en affranchir. Sextus étant devenu amoureux de Lucrèce femme de Collatin, et celle-ci ne voulant pas consentir à ses desirs, il la força. Elle découvrit le tout à son Mari et à Brutus, et après leur avoir fait promettre de venger l'affront qu'on lui avoit fait, elle se poignarda. Là dessus ils soulevèrent le peuple, et Tarquin avec toute sa famille fut banni de Rome, par un décret solennel, après y avoir règné vingt cinq ans. Telle est la fin que mériteut tous les tyrans, et tous ceux qui ne se servent du pouvoir que le sort leur a donné, que pour faire du mal, et opprimer le genre humain.

Du tems de Tarquin, les livres des Sybilles furent apportés à Rome, conservés toujours après avec un grand soin, et consultés comme des oracles.

Tarquin, chassé de Rome, fit plusieurs tentatives pour y rentrer, et causa quelques guerres aux Romains. Il éngagea Porsenna, Roi d'Hétrurie, à appuyer ses intérêts, et à faire la guerre aux Romains pour le rétablir. Porsenna marcha donc contre les Romains, défit leur armée, et auroit pris Rome même, s'il n'eut été arrêté par la valeur d'Horatius Coclès, qui défendit seul contre toute l'armée un pont, par où il falloit passer. Porsenna intimidé par les prodiges de valeur et de courage, qu'il voyoit faire tous les jours, aux Romains, jugea à propos de conclure la paix avec eux, et de se retirer.

Ils eurent plusieurs autres guerres avec leurs voisins, dont je ne ferai point mention, ne voulant m'arrêter qu'aux événemens les plus importans. En voici un qui arriva bientôt, seize ans après l'établissement des Consuls. Le peuple étoit extrêmement endetté, et refusa de s'enroller pour la guerre, à moins que ses dettes ne fussent abolies. L'occasion étoit pressante, et la

difficulté grande, mais le Sénat s'avisa d'un expédient pour y remédier; ce fut de créer un Dictateur, qui auroit un pouvoir absolu, et au dessus de toutes les loix, mais qui ne dureroit que pour un peu de tems seulement. Titus Largius, qui fut nommé à cette Dignité, appaisa le desordre, rétablit la tranquillité, et puis se démit de sa charge.

On eut souvent, dans la suite, recours à cet expédient d'un Dictateur, dans les grandes occasions; et il est à remarquer, que quoique cette charge fut revêtue d'un pouvoir absolu et despotique, pas un seul Dictateur n'en abusa, pour plus de cent ans.

TRANSLATION.

Soon after the death of Tullus Hostilius, the people placed upon the throne Ancus Marcius, grandson to Numa Pompilius. His first care was to re-establish divine worship, which had been somewhat neglected during the warlike reign of his predecessor. He engaged in some wars against his will, and always came off with advantage. He enlarged the city; and died after a reign of twenty-four years: a Prince not inferior, whether in peace or war, to any of his predecessors.

One Lucumon, a Greek by birth, who had established himself at Rome in the reign of Ancus Marcius, was chosen King in his place, and took the name of Tarquin. He added a hundred Senators to the former number; carried on, with success, several wars against the neighbouring States; and enlarged, beautified, and strengthened the city. He made the Aqueducts and Common Sewers, built the Circus, and laid the foundation of the Capitol: the Circus was a celebrated place at Rome, set apart for chariot-races, and other games.

Tarquin had destined for his successor Servius Tullius, one who, having been taken prisoner of war, was consequently a slave; which the sons of Ancus Marcius, now grown up, highly resenting, caused Tarquin to be assassinated, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign: but that criminal deed of the sons of Ancus Marcius was attended with no success; for the people elected Servius Tullius King, without asking the concurrence of the Senate. This Prince was engaged in various wars, which he happily concluded. He divided the people into nineteen Tribes; established the *Census*, or general survey of the citizens; and introduced the custom of giving liberty to slaves, called otherwise, *manumission*. Servius intended to abdicate the crown, and form a perfect Republic at Rome, when he was assassinated by his son-in-law, Tarquin the Proud. He reigned forty-four years, and was, without dispute, the best of all the Kings of Rome.

Tarquin, having ascended the throne, invited to Royalty neither by the people nor the Senate, his conduct was suitable to such a beginning, and caused him to be surnamed the *Proud*. He overturned the wise establishments of the Kings his predecessors, trampled upon the rights of the people, and governed as an arbitrary and despotic Prince. He built a magnificent temple to Jupiter, called the Capitol, because, in digging its foundation, the head of a man had been found there, which in Latin is called *Caput*: the Capitol was the most celebrated edifice in Rome.

The tyranny of Tarquin was already become odious and insupportable to the Romans; when an atrocious act of his son Sextus administered to them an opportunity of asserting their liberty. This Sextus, falling in love with Lucretia, wife to Collatinus, who would not consent to his desires, ravished her. The Lady discovered the whole matter to her husband, and to Brutus, and then stabbed herself; having first made them promise to revenge the outrage done to her honour. Whereupon they raised the people; and Tarquin, with all his family, was expelled by a solemn decree, after having reigned twenty-five years. Such is the fate that tyrants deserve, and all those who, in doing evil, and oppressing mankind, abuse that power which Providence has given.

In the reign of Tarquin, the books of the Sibyls were brought to Rome, and ever after preserved and consulted as oracles.

Tarquin, after his expulsion, made several attempts to reinstate himself, and raised some wars against the Romans. He engaged Porsenna, King of Hetruria, to espouse his interest, and make war upon them, in order to his restoration. Porsenna marched against the Romans, defeated their forces, and most probably would have taken the city, had it not been for the extraordinary courage of Horatius Cocles, who alone defended the pass of a bridge against the whole Tuscan army. Porsenna, struck with admiration and awe of so many prodigies of valour as he remarked every day in the Romans, thought proper to make peace with them and draw off his army.

They had many other wars with their neighbours, which I omit mentioning, as my purpose is to dwell only upon the most important events. Such is the following one, which happened about sixteen years after the establishing of Consuls. The people were loaded with debts, and refused to enlist themselves in military service, unless those debts were cancelled. This was a very pressing and critical juncture; but the Senate found an expedient, which was to create a Dictator, with a power so absolute as to be above all law; which, however, was

to last but a short time. Titus Largius was the personage named for the purpose; who, having appeased the tumult, and restored tranquillity, laid down his high employment.

The Romans had often, in succeeding times, and on pressing occasions, recourse to this expedient. It is remarkable, that, though that office was invested with an absolute and despotic power, not one Dictator abused it, for upwards of a hundred years.

LETTER XVIII.

Nous voici parvenus à une importante *Epoque* de l'Histoire Romaine, c'est-à-dire, à l'établissement d'un gouvernement libre.

Les Rois et la Royauté étant bannis de Rome, on résolut de créer à la place d'un Roi, deux Consuls, dont l'autorité ne seroit qu'annuelle, c'est-à-dire, qu'elle ne dureroit qu'un an. On laissa au peuple le droit d'élire les Consuls, mais il ne pouvoit les choisir que parmi les Patriciens, c'est-à-dire les gens de qualité. Les deux Consuls avoient le même pouvoir qu'avoient auparavant les Rois, mais avec cette différence essentielle, qu'ils n'avoient ce pouvoir que pour un an, et qu'à la fin de ce terme, ils en devoient rendre compte au peuple: moyen assuré d'en prévenir l'abus. Ils étoient appellés Consuls du verbe Latin *consulere*, qui signifie Conseiller, comme qui diroit, les Conseillers de la République.

Les deux premiers Consuls qu'on élut furent L. Junius Brutus, et L. Collatinus, le mari de Lucrèce. Les Consuls avoient les mêmes marques de dignité que les Rois, excepté la couronne et le sceptre. Mais ils avoient la robe de pourpre, et la *Chaire Curule*, qui étoit une Chaise d'ivoire, sur des roues. Les Consuls, le Sénat, et le Peuple, firent tous serment, de ne pas rappeller Tarquin, et de ne jamais souffrir de Roi à Rome.

Remarquez bien la forme du gouvernement de Rome. L'autorité étoit partagée entre les Consuls, le Sénat, le Peuple; chacun avoit ses droits: et depuis ce sage établissement, Rome s'éleva, par un progrès rapide, à une perfection, à une excellence qu'on a peine à concevoir.

Souvenez-vous que le gouvernement monarchique avoit duré deux cents quarante quatre ans.

TRANSLATION.

We are now come to an important *epocha* of the Roman History; I mean the establishment of a free government.

Royalty being banished Rome, it was resolved to create, instead of a King, two Consuls, whose authority should be annual; or, in other words, was to last no longer than one year. The right of electing the Consuls was left to the people; but they could choose them only from among the Patricians; that is, from among men of the first rank. The two Consuls were jointly invested with the same power the Kings had before, with this essential difference, that their power ended with the year; and, at the expiration of that term, they were obliged to give an account of their regency to the people: a sure means to prevent the abuse of it. They were called Consuls, from the Latin verb *consulere*, to counsel; which intimated their being Counsellors to the Republic.

The first Consuls elected were L. Junius Brutus, and P. Collatinus, Lucretia's husband. The Consuls held the same badges of dignity as the Kings, excepting the crown and sceptre. They had the purple robe, and the Curule chair, being a chair of ivory, set upon wheels. The Consuls, Senate, and People, took a solemn oath, never to recall Tarquin, or suffer a King in Rome.

Take notice of the form of the Roman government. The power was divided between the Consuls, Senate, and People; each had their rights and privileges: and, from the time of that wise establishment, Rome exalted herself, with a rapid progress, to such a high point of perfection and excellency, as is scarce to be conceived.

Remember that the monarchical government lasted two hundred and forty-four years.

LETTER XIX.

Cependant les Patriciens en agissoient assez mal avec le peuple, et abusoient du pouvoir que leur rang et leurs richesses leur donnoient. Ils imprisonnoient ceux des Plébéiens qui leur devoient de l'argent, et les chargeoient de chaînes. Ce qui causa tant de mécontentement, que le peuple quitta Rome, et se retira en corps, sur le *Mont Sacré*, à trois milles de Rome. Une désertion si générale donna l'alarme au Sénat et aux Patriciens, qui leur envoyèrent des députations pour les persuader de revenir; mais inutilement. A la fin on choisit dix des plus sages et des plus modérés du Sénat, qu'on envoya au peuple avec un plein pouvoir de conclure la paix, aux meilleures con-

ditions qu'ils pourroient. Menénius Agrippa, qui portoit la parole, termina son discours au peuple par un apologue qui les frappa extrêmement. 'Autrefois,' dit il, 'les membres du corps humain, indignés de ce qu'ils travailloient tous pour l'estomac, pendant que lui, oisif et paresseux, jouissoit tranquillement des plaisirs, qu'on lui préparoit, convinrent de ne plus rien faire: mais voulant dompter ainsi l'estomac, par la famine, tous les membres et tout le corps tombèrent dans une foiblesse, et une inanition extrême.' Il comparoit ainsi cette division intestine des parties du corps, avec la division qui séparoit le peuple d'avec le Sénat. Cette application plut tant au peuple que la paix fut conclue à certaines conditions, dont la principale étoit, que le peuple choisiroit, parmi eux, cinq nouveaux magistrats, qui furent appellez Tribuns du peuple. Ils étoient élus tous les ans, et rien ne pouvoit se faire sans leur consentement. Si l'on proposoit quelque loi, et que les Tribuns du peuple s'y opposassent, la loi ne pouvoit passer; ils n'étoient pas même obligés d'alléguer de raison pour leur opposition, il suffisoit qu'ils dissent simplement *Veto*, qui veut dire, je défends. Remarquez bien cette époque intéressante de l'histoire Romaine, et ce changement considérable dans la forme du gouvernement, qui assura au peuple, pendant quelques Siècles, leurs droits et leurs privilèges, que les Grands sont toujours trop portés à envahir injustement. Ce changement arriva l'an de Rome 261. c'est-à-dire, vingt et un an après le bannissement des Rois, et l'établissement des Consuls.

Outre les Tribuns, le peuple obtint aussi deux nouveaux Magistrats annuels appellés les *Ediles* du peuple, qui étoient soumis aux Tribuns du peuple, faisoient éxécuter leurs ordres, rendoient la justice sous eux, veilloient à l'entretien des temples et des bâtimens publics, et prenoient soin des vivres.

Remarquez quels étoient les principaux Magistrats de Rome. Premièrement c'étoient les deux Consuls, qui étoient annuels, et qui avoient entre eux le pouvoir des Rois. Après cela, dans les grands besoins, on créa la charge de Dictateur, qui ne duroit ordinairement que six mois, mais qui étoit revêtue d'un pouvoir absolu.

Les Tribuns du Peuple étoient des Magistrats annuels, qui veilloient aux intérêts du peuple, et les protégeoient contre les injustices des Patriciens. Pour les Ediles, je viens de décrire leurs fonctions.

Quelques années après on créa encore deux nouveaux Magistrats, qui s'appelloient les *Censeurs*. Ils étoient d'abord pour cinq ans; mais ils furent bientôt réduits à un an et demi. Ils

avoient un très-grand pouvoir, ils faisoient le dénombrement du peuple ; ils imposoient les taxes, ils avoient soin des mœurs, et pouvoient chasser du Sénat ceux qu'ils en jugeoient indignes ; ils pouvoient aussi dégrader les Chevaliers Romains, en leur ôtant leur cheval.

Pas fort long tems après, on créa encore deux autres nouveaux Magistrats, appellés les *Préteurs ;* qui étoient les principaux Officiers de la justice, et jugeoient tous les procès. Voici donc les grands Magistrats de la République Romaine, selon l'ordre de leur établissement : les Consuls, le Dictateur, les Tribuns du Peuple, les Ediles, les Censeurs, les Préteurs.

TRANSLATION.

The Patricians, however, treated the people ungenerously, and abused the power which their rank and riches gave them. They threw into prison such of the Plebeians as owed them money, and loaded them with irons. These harsh measures caused so great a discontent, that the people in a body abandoned Rome, and retired to a rising ground, three miles distant from the city, called *Mons Sacer*. Such a general defection alarmed the Senate and Patricians ; who sent a deputation to persuade them to return, but to no purpose. At length some of the wisest and most moderate of the Senators were sent on that business, with full powers to conclude a peace on the best conditions they could obtain. Agrippa, who spoke in behalf of the Senate, finished his discourse with a fable, which made great impression on the minds of the people. 'Formerly,' said he, 'the members of the human body, enraged that they should labour for the stomach, while that, remaining idle and indolent, quietly enjoyed those pleasures which were prepared for it, agreed to do nothing : but, intending to reduce the stomach by famine, they found that all the members grew weak, and the whole body fell into an extreme inanition.'

Thus he compared this intestine division of the parts of the human body, with the division that separated the people from the Senate. This application pleased them so much, that a reconciliation was effected on certain conditions ; the principal of which was, that the people should choose among themselves five new Magistrates, who were called *Tribunes of the People*. They were chosen every year, and nothing could be done without their consent. If a motion was made for preferring any law, and the Tribunes of the People opposed it, the law could not pass ; and they were not even obliged to allege any reason for

their opposition; their merely pronouncing *Veto*, was enough; which signifies *I forbid*. Take proper notice of this interesting epocha of the Roman History, this important alteration in the form of government, that secured, for some ages, the rights and privileges of the people, which the Great are but too apt to infringe. This alteration happened in the year of Rome 261; twenty-one years after the expulsion of Kings and the establishment of Consuls.

Besides the Tribunes, the people obtained two other new annual magistrates, called *Ædiles*, who were subject to the authority of the Tribunes, administered justice under them, took care of the building and reparation of temples and other public structures, and inspected provisions of all kinds.

Remember who were the principal Magistrates of Rome. First, the Consuls, whose office was annual, and who, between them, had the power of Kings: next, the Dictator, created on extraordinary emergencies, and whose office usually lasted but six months.

The Tribunes of the People were annual Magistrates, who acted as guardians of the rights of the Commons, and protected them from the oppression of the Patricians. With regard to the Ædiles, I have already mentioned their functions.

Some years after, two other new Magistrates were created, called Censors. This office, at first, was to continue five years; but it was soon confined to a year and a half. The authority of the Censors was very great; their duty was the survey of the people, the laying on of taxes, and the censure of manners. They were empowered to expel any person from the Senate, whom they deemed unworthy of that Assembly; and degrade a Roman Knight, by depriving him of his horse.

Not very long after, two Prætors were instituted. These Magistrates were the chief Officers of justice, and decided all law-suits. Here you have a list of the great Magistrates of the Roman Commonwealth, according to their order and institution: the Consuls, the Dictator, the Tribunes of the People, the Ædiles, the Censors, the Prætors.

LETTER XX.

L'an 300 de Rome, les Romains n'avoient pas encore de loix fixes et certaines, de sorte que les Consuls et les Sénateurs, qu'ils commettoient pour juger, étoient les Arbitres absolus du sort des citoyens. Le peuple voulut, donc, qu'au lieu de ces

jugemens arbitraires, on établit des loix qui servissent de règles sûres, tant à l'égard du gouvernement et des affaires publiques, que par rapport aux différens entre les particuliers. Sur quoi, le Sénat ordonna qu'on enverroit des Ambassadeurs à Athènes, en Grec, pour étudier les loix de ce pays, et en rapporter celles qu'ils jugeroient les plus convenables à la République. Ces Ambassadeurs étant de retour, on elut dix personnes (qui furent appellées les Décemvirs) pour établir ces nouvelles loix. On leur donna un pouvoir absolu pour un an, et pendant ce tems-là, il n'y avoit point d'autre Magistrat à Rome. Les Décemvirs firent graver leurs loix sur des tables d'airain posées dans l'endroit le plus apparent de la place publique; et ces loix furent toujours après appellées les Loix des Dix Tables.[1] Mais lorsque le terme du gouvernement des Décemvirs fut expiré, ils ne voulurent point se démettre de leur pouvoir, mais se rendirent par force les Tyrans de la République: ce qui causa de grands tumultes. A la fin ils furent obligés de céder, et Rome reprit son ancienne forme de gouvernement.

L'année 365 de Rome, les Gaulois (c'est-à-dire les François) entrèrent en Italie, et marchèrent vers Rome, avec une armée de plus de soixante mille hommes. Les Romains envoyèrent à leur rencontre une armée, levée à la hâte, de quarante mille hommes. On se battit, et les Romains furent entièrement défaits. A cette triste nouvelle, tous ceux qui étoient restés à Rome se retirèrent dans le Capitole, qui étoit la Citadelle, et s'y fortifièrent aussi bien que le tems le permettoit. Trois jours après, Brennus, le Général des Gaulois, s'avança jusqu'à Rome avec son armée, et trouvant la ville abandonnée, et sans défense, il assiégea la citadelle, qui se défendit avec une bravoure incroyable. Une nuit que les Gaulois vouloient la prendre par surprise, et qu'ils étoient montés jusqu'aux portes, sans qu'on s'en apperçût: M. Manlius, éveillé par les cris et battement d'ailes des oies, donna l'alarme, et sauva la citadelle. Bientôt après, Camille, un illustre Romain, qui avoit été banni de Rome, ayant appris le danger auquel sa Patrie se trouvoit exposée, survint avec ce qu'il put trouver de troupes dans les pays voisins, défit entièrement les Gaulois, et sauva Rome. Admirez ce bel exemple de grandeur d'âme! Camille, banni injustement de Rome, oublie l'injure qu'on lui a faite, son amour pour sa Patrie l'emporte sur le desir de se venger, et il vient sauver ceux qui avoient voulu le perdre.

[1] Plus communément nommées Les Loix des Douze Tables, parce que depuis il y en eut deux d'ajoutées aux dix premières.

TRANSLATION.

In the year of the city 300, the Romans had no written or fixed statutes, insomuch that the Consuls and Senators, who were appointed Judges, were absolute Arbiters of the fate of the citizens. The people therefore demanded, that, instead of such arbitrary decisions, certain stated laws should be enacted, as directions for the administration of public affairs, and also with regard to private litigations. Whereupon the Senators sent Ambassadors to Athens in Greece, to study the laws of that country, and to collect such as they should find most suitable to the Republic. When the Ambassadors returned, ten persons (who were styled Decemviri) were elected for the institution of these new laws. They were invested with absolute power for a whole year; during which time all other magistracies were suspended. The Decemviri caused their laws to be engraved on brazen tables; which ever after were called the Laws of the Ten Tables.[1] These were placed in the most conspicuous part of the principal square in the city. When the time of the Decemviri was expired, they refused to lay down their power; but maintained it by force, and became the tyrants of the Republic. This caused great tumults; however, they were at length constrained to yield; and Rome returned to its ancient form of government.

About the year of Rome 365, the Gauls (that is to say, the French) entered Italy, and marched towards Rome with an army of above sixty thousand men. The Romans levied in haste an army of forty thousand men, and sent it to encounter them, The two armies came to an engagement, in which the Romans received a total defeat. On the arrival of this bad news, all who had remained at Rome fled into the Capitol, or Citadel, and there fortified themselves, as well as the shortness of time would permit. Three days after, Brennus, General of the Gauls, advanced to Rome with his army, and found the city abandoned; whereupon he laid siege to the Capitol, which was defended with incredible bravery. One night when the Gauls determined to surprise the Capitol, and had climbed up to the very ramparts, without being perceived, M. Manlius, awakened by the cackling of geese, alarmed the garrison, and saved the Capitol. At the same time Camillus, an illustrious Roman, who, some time before, had been banished from the city, having had in-

[1] More generally called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, Two having been added since, to the original Ten.

formation of the danger to which his country was exposed, came upon the Gauls in the rear, with as many troops as he could muster up about the country, and gave them a total overthrow. Admire, in Camillus, this fine example, this greatness of soul; he who, having been unjustly banished, forgetful of the wrongs he had received, and actuated by the love of his country, more than the desire of revenge, comes to save those who had sought his ruin.

LETTER XXI.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce 28me Mars, 1739.

J'AI reçu une lettre de Monsieur Maittaire, dans laquelle il me dit beaucoup de bien de vous, et m'assure que vous apprenez bien; sur quoi j'ai d'abord acheté quelque chose de fort joli pour vous apporter d'ici. Voyez un peu si vous n'avez pas sujet d'aimer Monsieur Maittaire, et de faire tout ce que vous pouvez; à fin qu'il soit content de vous. Il me dit que vous allez à présent recommencer ce que vous avez déjà appris; il faut y bien faire attention, au moins, et ne pas répéter comme un perroquet, sans savoir ce que cela veut dire.

Je vous ai dit dans ma dernière, que pour être parfaitement honnête homme, il ne suffisoit pas simplement d'être juste; mais que la générosité, et la grandeur d'âme, alloient bien plus loin. Vous le comprendrez mieux, peut-être, par des exemples: en voici.

Alexandre le grand, Roi de Macédoine, ayant vaincu Darius Roi de Perse, prit un nombre infini de prisonniers, et entre autres la femme et la mère de Darius; or selon les droits de la guerre il auroit pu avec justice en faire ses esclaves; mais il avoit trop de grandeur d'âme pour abuser de sa victoire. Il les traita toujours en Reines, et leur témoigna les mêmes égards, et le même respect, que s'il eut été leur sujet. Ce que Darius ayant entendu, dit qu'Alexandre méritoit sa victoire, et qu'il étoit seul digne de regner à sa place. Remarquez par là comment des ennemis mêmes sont forcés de donner des louanges à la vertu, et à la grandeur d'âme.

Jules César, aussi, le premier Empereur Romain, avoit de l'humanité, et de la grandeur d'âme; car après avoir vaincu le grand Pompée, à la bataille de Pharsale, il pardonna à ceux, que selon les loix de la guerre, il auroit pu faire mourir: et non seulement il leur donna la vie, mais il leur rendit leurs biens et leurs honneurs. Sur quoi, Cicéron dans une de ses Harangues, lui

dit ce beau mot; *Nihil enim potest fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, aut Natura tua melius, quam ut velis, conservare quamplurimos:* ce qui veut dire; 'Votre fortune ne pouvoit rien faire de plus grand, pour vous, que de vous donner le pouvoir de sauver tant de gens; et la nature ne pouvoit rien faire de meilleur, pour vous, que de vous en donner la volonté.' Vous voyez encore par là, la gloire, et les éloges, qu'on gagne à faire du bien; outre le plaisir qu'on ressent en soi-même, et qui surpasse tous les autres plaisirs.

Adieu, je finirai cette lettre comme Cicéron finissoit souvent les siennes. *Jubeo te bene valere;* c'est-à-dire: je vous ordonne de vous bien porter.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Bath, March the 28th, 1739.

I have received a letter from Mr Maittaire, in which he gives a very good account of you; and assures me, that you improve in learning; upon which I immediately bought something very pretty, to bring you from hence. Consider, now, whether you ought not to love Mr Maittaire; and to do everything in your power to please him. He tells me, you are going to begin again what you have already learned: you ought to be very attentive, and not repeat your lessons like a parrot, without knowing what they mean.

In my last I told you, that, in order to be a perfectly virtuous man, justice was not sufficient; for that generosity and greatness of soul implied much more. You will understand this better by examples: here are some.

Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, having conquered Darius, King of Persia, took an infinite number of prisoners; and, among others, the wife and mother of Darius. Now, according to the laws of war, he might with justice have made slaves of them: but he had too much greatness of soul to make a bad use of his victory; he therefore treated them as Queens, and showed them the same attentions and respect, as if he had been their subject; which Darius hearing of, said, that Alexander deserved to be victorious, and was alone worthy to reign in his stead. Observe by this, how virtue, and greatness of soul, compel even enemies to bestow praises.

Julius Cæsar too, the first Emperor of the Romans, was in an eminent degree possessed of humanity, and this greatness of soul. After having vanquished Pompey the Great at the battle of Pharsalia, he pardoned those whom, according to the laws of war, he might have put to death; and not only gave them their

lives, but also restored them their fortunes and their honours. Upon which Cicero, in one of his Orations, makes this beautiful remark, speaking to Julius Cæsar: *Nihil enim potest fortuna tua majus, quam ut possis, aut Natura tua melius, quam ut velis, conservare quamplurimos:* which means, 'Fortune could not do more for you, than give you the power of saving so many people; nor Nature serve you better, than in giving you the will to do it.' You see by that, what glory and praise are gained by doing good; besides the pleasure which is felt inwardly, and exceeds all others.

Adieu! I shall conclude this letter, as Cicero often does his; *Jubeo te bene valere:* that is to say, I order you to be in good health.

LETTER XXII.

DEAR BOY, Tunbridge, July the 15th, 1739.

I THANK you for your concern about my health; which I would have given you an account of sooner, but that writing does not agree with these waters. I am better since I have been here; and shall therefore stay a month longer.

Signor Zamboni compliments me, through you, much more than I deserve; but pray do you take care to deserve what he says of you; and remember, that praise, when it is not deserved, is the severest satire and abuse: and the most effectual way of exposing people's vices and follies. This is a figure of speech called Irony; which is saying directly the contrary of what you mean; but yet it is not a lie, because you plainly show, that you mean directly the contrary of what you say; so that you deceive nobody. For example; if one were to compliment a notorious knave for his singular honesty and probity, and an eminent fool for his wit and parts, the irony is plain, and every body would discover the satire. Or, suppose that I were to commend you for your great attention to your book, and for your retaining and remembering what you have once learned; would not you plainly perceive the irony, and see that I laughed at you? Therefore, whenever you are commended for anything, consider fairly, with yourself, whether you deserve it or not; and if you do not deserve it, remember that you are only abused and laughed at; and endeavour to deserve better for the future, and to prevent the irony.

Make my compliments to Mr Maittaire, and return him my thanks for his letter. He tells me, that you are again to go over your Latin and Greek Grammar; so that when I return, I

expect to find you very perfect in it; but if I do not, I shall compliment you upon your application and memory. Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

My dear Boy, July the 24th, 1739.

I was pleased with your asking me, the last time I saw you, why I had left off writing; for I looked upon it as a sign that you liked and minded my letters: if that be the case, you shall hear from me often enough; and my letters may be of use, if you will give attention to them; otherwise it is only giving myself trouble to no purpose; for it signifies nothing to read a thing once, if one does not mind and remember it. It is a sure sign of a little mind, to be doing one thing, and at the same time to be either thinking of another, or not thinking at all. One should always think of what one is about: when one is learning, one should not think of play; and when one is at play, one should not think of one's learning. Besides that, if you do not mind your book while you are at it, it will be a double trouble to you, for you must learn it all over again. One of the most important points of life is Decency; which is to do what is proper, and where it is proper; for many things are proper at one time, and in one place, that are extremely improper in another: for example; it is very proper and decent, that you should play some part of the day; but you must feel that it would be very improper and indecent, if you were to fly your kite, or play at nine pins, while you are with Mr Maittaire. It is very proper and decent to dance well; but then you must dance only at balls, and places of entertainment; for you would be reckoned a fool, if you were to dance at church or at a funeral. I hope, by these examples, you understand the meaning of the word *Decency;* which in French is *Bienséance;* in Latin, *Decorum;* and in Greek, Πρεπον. Cicero says of it, *Sic hoc Decorum quod elucet in vitâ, movet approbationem eorum quibuscum vivitur, ordine et constantiâ, et moderatione dictorum omnium atque factorum:*[1] by which you see how necessary Decency is, to gain the approbation of mankind. And, as I am sure you desire to gain Mr Maittaire's approbation, without which you will never have mine, I dare say you will mind and give attention to whatever he says to you, and behave yourself seriously and decently,

[1] That is Decency which in a man's life elicits the approval of those about him, and shines forth in regularity and consistency, and in unfailing soberness both of speech and action.

while you are with him; afterwards play, run, and jump, much as ever you please.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR BOY, Friday.

I WAS very glad when Mr Maittaire told me, that you had more attention now than you used to have; for it is the only way to reap any benefit by what you learn. Without attention it is impossible to remember, and without remembering it is but time and labour lost to learn. I hope, too, that your attention is not only employed upon words, but upon the sense and meaning of those words; that is, that when you read, or get anything by heart, you observe the thoughts and reflections of the author, as well as his words. This attention will furnish you with materials, when you come to compose and invent upon any subject yourself: for example, when you read of anger, envy, hatred, love, pity, or any of the passions, observe what the author says of them, and what good or ill effects he ascribes to them. Observe, too, the great differences between prose and verse, in treating the same subjects. In verse, the figures are stronger and bolder, and the diction or expression loftier or higher, than in prose; nay, the words in verse are seldom put in the same order as in prose. Verse is full of metaphors, similes, and epithets. Epithets (by the way) are adjectives, which mark some particular quality of the thing or person to which they are added; as for example, *Pius Æneas*, the pious Æneas; *Pius* is the epithet: *Fama Mendax*, Fame that lies; *Mendax* is the epithet: Ποδας-ωκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς; Achilles swift of foot; Ποδας-ωκὺς is the epithet. This is the same in all languages; as for instance; they say in French, *l'Envie pâle et blême, l'Amour aveugle;* in English, pale, livid Envy, blind Love: these adjectives are the epithets. Envy is always represented by the Poets, as pale, meagre, and pining away at other people's happiness. Ovid says of Envy,

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quod nil lacrymabile cernit:

which means, that Envy can scarce help crying, when she sees nothing to cry at; that is, she cries when she sees others happy. Envy is certainly one of the meanest and most tormenting of all passions, since there is hardly anybody that has not something for an envious man to envy; so that he can never be happy while he sees anybody else so. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR BOY, Isleworth, September the 10th, 1739.

SINCE you promise to give attention, and to mind what you learn, I shall give myself the trouble of writing to you again, and shall endeavour to instruct you in several things, that do not fall under Mr Maittaire's province; and which if they did, he could teach you much better than I can. I neither pretend nor propose to teach them you thoroughly; you are not yet of an age fit for it: I only mean to give you a general notion, at present, of some things that you must learn more particularly hereafter, and that will then be the easier to you for having had a general idea of them now. For example, to give you some notion of History.

History is an account of whatever has been done by any country in general, or by any number of people, or by any one man: thus, the Roman History is an account of what the Romans did, as a nation; the History of Catiline's conspiracy, is an account of what was done by a particular number of people; and the History of Alexander the Great, written by Quintus Curtius, is the account of the life and actions of one single man. History is, in short, an account or relation of anything that has been done.

History is divided into sacred and profane, ancient and modern.

Sacred History is the Bible, that is, the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament is the History of the Jews, who were God's chosen people; and the New Testament is the History of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Profane History is the account of the Heathen Gods, such as you read in Ovid's Metamorphoses, and which you will know a great deal more of, when you come to read Homer, Virgil, and the other ancient Poets.

Ancient History is the account of all the kingdoms and countries in the world, down to the end of the Roman Empire.

Modern History is the account of the kingdoms and countries of the world, since the destruction of the Roman Empire.

The perfect knowledge of History is extremely necessary; because, as it informs us of what was done by other people, in former ages, it instructs us what to do in the like cases. Besides, as it is the common subject of conversation, it is a shame to be ignorant of it.

Geography must necessarily accompany History; for it would not be enough to know what things were done formerly, but we must know where they were done; and Geography, you know, is the description of the earth, and shows us the situations of towns, countries, and rivers. For example; Geography shows you that England is in the North of Europe, that London is the chief town of England, and that it is situated upon the river Thames, in the county of Middlesex: and the same of other towns and countries. Geography is likewise divided into ancient and modern; many countries and towns having, now, very different names from what they had formerly; and many towns, which made a great figure in ancient times, being now utterly destroyed, and not existing: as the two famous towns of Troy in Asia and Carthage in Africa; of both which there are not now the least remains.

Read this with attention, and then go to play with as much attention; and so farewell.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR BOY, Isleworth, September the 15th, 1739.

HISTORY must be accompanied with Chronology, as well as Geography, or else one has but a very confused notion of it; for it is not sufficient to know what things have been done, which History teaches us; and where they have been done, which we learn by Geography; but one must know when they have been done, and that is the particular business of Chronology. I will therefore give you a general notion of it.

Chronology (in French *la Chronologie*) fixes the dates of facts; that is, it informs us when such and such things were done; reckoning from certain periods of time, which are called Æras, or Epochs: for example, in Europe, the two principal æras or epochs, by which we reckon, are, from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, which was four thousand years; and from the birth of Christ to this time, which is one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine years: so that, when one speaks of a thing that was done before the birth of Christ, one says, it was done in such a year of the world; as, for instance, Rome was founded in the three thousand two hundred and twenty-fifth year of the world; which was about seven hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. And one says, that Charlemain was made the first Emperor of Germany

in the year eight hundred; that is to say, eight hundred years after the birth of Christ. So that you see, the two great periods, æras, or epochs, from whence we date everything, are the creation of the world, and the birth of Jesus Christ.

There is another term in Chronology, called Centuries, which is only used in reckoning after the birth of Christ. A century means one hundred years; consequently, there have been seventeen centuries since the birth of Christ, and we are now in the eighteenth century. When anybody says, then, for example, that such a thing was done in the tenth century, they mean, after the year nine hundred, and before the year one thousand, after the birth of Christ. When anybody makes a mistake in Chronology, and says, that a thing was done some years sooner, or some years later, than it really was, that error is called an Anachronism. Chronology requires memory and attention; both which you can have if you please: and I shall try them both, by asking you questions about this letter, the next time I see you.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR BOY, Isleworth, September the 17th, 1739.

IN my two last letters I explained to you the meaning and use of History, Geography, and Chronology, and showed you the connection they had with one another; that is, how they were joined together, and depended each upon the other. We will now consider History more particularly by itself.

The most ancient Histories of all are so mixed with fables, that is, with falsehoods and invention, that little credit is to be given to them. All the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, that you read of in the Poets, were only men and women; but, as they had either found out some useful invention, or had done a great deal of good in the countries where they lived, the people, who had a great veneration for them, made them Gods and Goddesses when they died, addressed their prayers and raised altars to them. Thus Bacchus, the God of Wine, was only the first man who invented the making of wine; which pleased the people so much, that they made a God of him: and may be they were drunk when they made him so. So Ceres, the Goddess of Plenty, who is always represented, in pictures, with wheat-sheaves about her head, was only some good woman, who invented ploughing, and sowing, and raising corn; and the people, who owed their bread to her, deified her, that is, made

a Goddess of her. The case is the same of all the other Pagan Gods and Goddesses, which you read of in profane and fabulous history.

The authentic, that is, the true, ancient history is divided into five remarkable periods or æras, of the five great Empires of the world. The first Empire of the world was the Assyrian, which was destroyed by the Medes. The Empire of the Medes was overturned by the Persians; and the Empire of the Persians was demolished by the Macedonians, under Alexander the Great. The Empire of Alexander the Great lasted no longer than his life; for at his death, his Generals divided the world among them, and went to war with one another; till, at last, the Roman Empire arose, swallowed them all up, and Rome became the mistress of the world. Remember, then, that the five great Empires, that succeeded each other, were these:—1. The Assyrian Empire, first established. 2. The Empire of the Medes. 3. The Persian Empire. 4. The Macedonian Empire. 5. The Roman Empire.

If ever you find a word you do not understand, either in my letters or anywhere else, I hope you remember to ask your Mamma the meaning of it. Here are but three in this letter, which you are likely not to understand; these are,

CONNECTION, which is a noun substantive, that signifies a joining, or tying together; it comes from the verb to connect, which signifies to join. For example; one says of any two people that are intimate friends, and much together, there is a great connection between them, or, they are mightily connected. One says so also of two things that have a resemblance, or a likeness to one another, there is a connection between them: as for example; there is a great connection between Poetry and Painting, because they both express nature, and a strong and lively imagination is necessary for both.

DEIFY is a verb, which signifies to make a God; it comes from the Latin word *Deus*, God, and *Fio*, I become. The Roman Emperors were always deified after their death, though most of them were rather devils when alive.

AUTHENTIC means *true;* something that may be depended upon, as coming from good authority. For example; one says, such a history is authentic, such a piece of news is authentic; that is, one may depend upon the truth of it.

I have just now received your letter, which is very well written.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR BOY, Thursday, Isleworth.

As I shall come to town next Saturday, I would have you come to me on Sunday morning, about ten o'clock: and I would have you likewise tell Mr Maittaire, that if it be not troublesome to him, I should be extremely glad to see him at the same time. I would not have given him this trouble, but that it is uncertain when I can wait upon him in town: I do not doubt but he will give me a good account of you, for I think you are now sensible of the advantages, the pleasure, and the necessity of learning well; I think, too, you have an ambition to excel in whatever you do, and therefore will apply yourself. I must also tell you, that you are now talked of as an eminent scholar, for your age; and therefore your shame will be the greater, if you should not answer the expectations people have of you. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

IT was a great pleasure to me, when Mr Maittaire told me, yesterday, in your presence, that you began to mind your learning, and to give more attention. If you continue to do so, you will find two advantages in it: the one your own improvement, the other, my kindness; which you must never expect, but when Mr Maittaire tells me you deserve it. There is no doing anything well without application and industry. Industry (in Latin *Industria*, and in Greek αγχινοια) is defined (that is, described) to be *frequens exercitium circa rem honestam, unde aliquis industrius dicitur, hoc est studiosus, vigilans.*[1] This I expect so much from you, that I do not doubt, in a little time, but that I shall hear you called Philip the industrious, or, if you like it better in Greek, Φιλιππος αγχινους. Most of the great men of antiquity had some epithet added to their names, describing some particular merit they had; and why should not you endeavour to be distinguished by some honourable appellation? Parts and quickness, though very necessary, are not alone sufficient; atten-

[1] Frequent occupation in an honourable pursuit causes a man to be called *industrious*, that is, diligent and vigilant.

tion and application must complete the business: and both together will go a great way.

Accipito ergo animis, atque hæc mea figite dicta.[1]

Adieu.

We were talking yesterday of America, which I told you was first discovered by Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, through the encouragement of Ferdinando and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain, in 1491, that is, at the latter end of the fifteenth century; but I forgot to tell you, that it took its name of America from one Vespusius Americus, of Florence, who discovered South America in 1497. The Spaniards began their conquests in America by the islands of St Domingo and Cuba; and soon afterwards Ferdinando Cortez, with a small army, landed upon the continent, took Mexico, and beat Montezuma, the Indian Emperor. This encouraged other nations to go and try what they could get in this new-discovered world. The English have got there, New York, New England, Jamaica, Barbadoes, Carolina, Pensylvania, and Maryland, and some of the Leeward islands. The Portuguese have got the Brazils; the Dutch, Curaçoa and Surinam; and the French, Martinico and New France.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

I HAVE lately mentioned Chronology to you, though slightly; but, as it is very necessary you should know something of it, I will repeat it now a little more fully, in order to give you a better notion of it.

Chronology is the art of measuring and distinguishing time, or the doctrine of epochs, which, you know, are particular and remarkable periods of time. The word Chronology is compounded of the Greek word χρονος, which signifies *Time*, and λογος, which signifies *Discourse*. Chronology and Geography are called the two eyes of History, because History can never be clear and well understood without them. History relates facts; Chronology tells us at what time, or when those facts were done; and Geography shows us in what place or country they were done. The Greeks measured their time by Olympiads, which was a space of four years, called in Greek Ολυμπιας. This

[1] Take these my counsels, in thy mind infix them.

method of computation had its rise from the Olympic Games, which were celebrated the beginning of every fifth year, on the banks of the river Alpheus, near Olympia, a city in Greece. The Greeks, for example, would say, that such a thing happened in such a year of such an Olympiad: as, for instance, that Alexander the Great died in the first year of the 114th Olympiad. The first Olympiad was seven hundred and seventy-four years before Christ; so, consequently, Christ was born in the first year of the 195th Olympiad.

The period, or æra, from whence the Romans reckoned their time, was from the building of Rome; which they marked thus, *ab U. C.* that is, *ab Urbe Conditâ*. Thus, the Kings were expelled, and the Consular Government established, the 244th *ab U. C.* that is, of Rome.

All Europe now reckons from the great epocha of the birth of Jesus Christ, which was one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight years ago; so that, when anybody asks, in what year did such or such a thing happen, they mean in what year since the birth of Christ.

For example; Charlemain, in French Charlemagne, was made Emperor of the West in the year 800; that is, eight hundred years after the birth of Christ; but, if we speak of any event or historical fact that happened before that time, we then say, it happened so many years before Christ. For instance; we say Rome was built seven hundred and fifty years before Christ.

The Turks date from their Hegira, which was the year of the flight of their false prophet Mahomet, from Mecca; and, as we say that such a thing was done in such a year of Christ, they say, such a thing was done in such a year of the Hegira. Their Hegira begins in the 622nd year of Christ, that is, above eleven hundred years ago.

There are two great periods in Chronology, from which the nations of Europe date events. The first is the Creation of the world; the second, the Birth of Jesus Christ.

Those events that happened before the Birth of Christ, are dated from the Creation of the World. Those events which have happened since the Birth of Christ, are dated from that time; as the present year 1739. For example;

	A.M.
Noah's Flood happened in the year of the world . . .	1656
Babylon was built by Semiramis in the year	1800
Moses was born in the year	2400
Troy was taken by the Greeks in the year	2800

Rome founded by Romulus, in the year 3225
Alexander the Great conquered Persia 3674
Jesus Christ born in the year of the world 4000

The meaning of *A. M.* at the top of these figures is *Anno Mundi*, the year of the world.

From the birth of Christ, all Christians date the events that have happened since that time; and this is called *the Christian æra*. Sometimes we say, that such a thing happened in such a year of Christ, and sometimes we say, in such a century. Now, a century is one hundred years from the birth of Christ; so that at the end of every hundred years a new century begins; and we are, consequently, now in the eighteenth century.

For example, as to the Christian æra, or since the birth of Christ:

Mahomet, the false prophet of the Turks, who established the Mahometan religion, and writ the Alcoran, which is the Turkish book of religion, died in the seventh century; that is, in the year of Christ 632
Charlemain was crowned Emperor in the last year of the eighth century, that is, in the year 800

Here the old Roman Empire ended.

William the Conqueror was crowned king of England in the eleventh century, in the year 1066
The Reformation, that is, the Protestant Religion, begun by Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, in the year 1530
Gunpowder invented, by one Bertholdus, a German Monk, in the fourteenth century, in the year 1380
Printing invented, at Haerlem in Holland, or at Strasbourg, or at Mentz in Germany, in the fifteenth century, about the year 1440

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce 17me d'Oct. 1739.

EN vérité je crois que vous êtes le premier garçon à qui, avant l'âge de huit ans, on ait jamais parlé des figures de la rhétorique, comme j'ai fait dans ma dernière :[1] mais aussi il me semble qu'on ne peut pas commencer trop jeune à y penser un-

[1] Qui ne se trouve pas.

peu; et l'art de persuader à l'esprit, et de toucher le cœur, mérite bien qu'on y fasse attention de bonne heure.

Vous concevez bien qu'un homme qui parle et qui écrit élégamment et avec grâce; qui choisit bien ses paroles, et qui orne et embellit la matière sur laquelle il parle ou écrit, persuadera mieux, et obtiendra plus facilement ce qu'il souhaite, qu'un homme qui s'explique mal, qui parle mal sa langue, qui se sert de mots bas et vulgaires, et qui enfin n'a ni grâce, ni élégance en tout ce qu'il dit. Or c'est cet art de bien parler, que la Rhétorique enseigne; et quoique je ne songe pas à vous y enfoncer encore; je voudrois pourtant bien vous en donner quelque Idée, convenable à votre âge.

La première chose à laquelle vous devez faire attention, c'est de parler la langue que vous parlez, dans sa dernière pureté, et selon les règles de la Grammaire. Car il n'est pas permis, de faire des fautes contre la Grammaire, ou de se servir de mots, qui ne sont pas véritablement des mots. Mais ce n'est pas encore tout, car il ne suffit point de ne pas parler mal; mais il faut parler bien, et le meilleur moyen d'y parvenir est de lire avec attention les meilleurs livres, et de remarquer comment les honnêtes gens et ceux qui parlent le mieux s'expriment; car les Bourgeois, le petit peuple, les laquais, et les servantes, tout cela parle mal. Ils ont des expressions basses et vulgaires, dont les honnêtes gens ne doivent jamais se servir. Dans les Nombres, ils joignent le singulier et le pluriel ensemble; dans les Genres, ils confondent le masculin avec le féminin; et dans les Tems, ils prennent souvent l'un pour l'autre. Pour éviter toutes ces fautes, il faut lire avec soin; remarquer le tour et les expressions des meilleurs auteurs; et ne jamais passer un seul mot qu'on n'entend pas, ou sur lequel on a la moindre difficulté, sans en demander exactement la signification. Par exemple; quand vous lisez les Métamorphoses d'Ovide, avec Monsieur Martin; il faut lui demander le sens de chaque mot que vous ne savez pas, et même si c'est un mot, dont on peut se servir en prose aussi bien qu'en vers: car, comme je vous ai dit autrefois, le langage poëtique est différent du langage ordinaire, et il y a bien des mots dont on se sert dans la poësie, qu'on feroit fort mal d'employer dans la prose. De même quand vous lisez le François, avec Monsieur Pelnote, demandez-lui le sens de chaque nouveau mot que vous rencontrez chemin faisant; et priez-le de vous donner des exemples de la manière dont il faut s'en servir. Tout ceci ne demande qu'un peu d'attention, et pourtant il n'y a rien de plus utile. Il faut (dit-on) qu'un homme soit né Poëte; mais il peut se faire Orateur. *Nascitur Poeta, fit Orator.* C'est-

à-dire, qu'il faut être né avec une certaine force et vivacité d'esprit pour être Poëte; mais que l'attention, la lecture, et le travail suffisent pour faire un Orateur. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR CHILD, Bath, October the 17th, 1739.

INDEED, I believe you are the first boy, to whom (under the age of eight years) one has ever ventured to mention the figures of rhetoric, as I did in my last.[1] But I am of opinion, that we cannot begin to think too young; and that the art which teaches us how to persuade the mind, and touch the heart, must surely deserve the earliest attention.

You cannot but be convinced, that a man who speaks and writes with elegance and grace; who makes choice of good words; and adorns and embellishes the subject, upon which he either speaks or writes, will persuade better, and succeed more easily in obtaining what he wishes, than a man who does not explain himself clearly; speaks his language ill; or makes use of low and vulgar expressions; and who has neither grace nor elegance in anything that he says. Now it is by Rhetoric that the art of speaking eloquently is taught: and, though I cannot think of grounding you in it as yet, I would wish however to give you an idea of it suitable to your age.

The first thing you should attend to is, to speak whatever language you do speak, in its greatest purity, and according to the rules of Grammar; for we must never offend against Grammar; nor make use of words, which are not really words. This is not all; for not to speak ill, is not sufficient; we must speak well; and the best method of attaining to that, is to read the best authors with attention; and to observe how people of fashion speak, and those who express themselves best; for shop-keepers, common people, footmen, and maid-servants, all speak ill. They make use of low and vulgar expressions, which people of rank never use. In Numbers, they join the singular and the plural together; in Genders, they confound masculine with feminine; and in Tenses, they often take the one for the other. In order to avoid all these faults, we must read with care, observe the turn and expressions of the best authors; and not pass a word which we do not understand, or concerning which we have the least doubt, without exactly inquiring the meaning of it. For example; when you read Ovid's Metamorphoses with Mr Martin, you should ask him the meaning of

[1] Not to be found.

every word you do not know; and also, whether it is a word that may be made use of in prose, as well as in verse: for as I formerly told you, the language of poetry is different from that which is proper for common discourse; and a man would be to blame, to make use of some words in prose, which are very happily applied in poetry. In the same manner, when you read French with Mr Pelnote, ask him the meaning of every word you meet with, that is new to you; and desire him to give you examples of the various ways in which it may be used. All this requires only a little attention; and yet there is nothing more useful. It is said, that a man must be born a Poet; but that he can make himself an Orator. *Nascitur Poeta, fit Orator.* This means, that, to be a Poet, one must be born with a certain degree of strength and vivacity of mind; but that attention, reading, and labour, are sufficient to form an Orator. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 26th, 1739.

THOUGH Poetry differs much from Oratory in many things, yet it makes use of the same figures of Rhetoric; nay, it abounds in metaphors, similes, and allegories; and you may learn the purity of the language, and the ornaments of eloquence, as well by reading verse as prose. Poetical diction, that is, poetical language, is more sublime and lofty than prose, and takes liberties which are not allowed in prose, and are called Poetical Licences. This difference between verse and prose you will easily observe, if you read them both with attention. In verse, things are seldom said plainly and simply, as one would say them in prose; but they are described and embellished: as for example; what you hear the watchman say often in three words, *a cloudy morning*, is said thus in verse, in the tragedy of Cato:

'The dawn is overcast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day.'

This is poetical diction; which would be improper in prose, though each word separately may be used in prose.

I will give you, here, a very pretty copy of verses of Mr Waller's, which is extremely poetical, and full of images. It is to a Lady who played upon the lute. The lute, by the way, is an instrument with many strings, which are played upon by the fingers.

'Such moving sounds from such a careless touch,
So little she concern'd, and we so much.
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy, for every kiss, aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so,
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not one arrow can resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome: and as it burnt, he play'd.'

Mind all the poetical beauties of these verses. He supposes the sounds of the strings, when she touches them, to be the expression of their joy for kissing her fingers. Then, he compares the trembling of the strings to the trembling of a lover, who is supposed to tremble with joy and awe, when touched by the person he loves. He represents Love (who, you know, is described as a little boy, with a bow, arrows, and a quiver) as standing by her, and shooting his arrows at people's hearts, while her music softens and disarms them. Then he concludes with that fine simile of Nero, a very cruel Roman Emperor, who set Rome on fire, and played on the harp all the while it was burning: for, as Love is represented by the Poets as fire and flames; so she, while people were burning for love of her, played, as Nero did while Rome, which he had set on fire, was burning. Pray get these verses by heart against I see you. Adieu.

You will observe, that these verses are all long, or heroic verses, that is, of ten syllables, or five feet, for a foot is two syllables.

LETTER XXXIII.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Bath, ce 29me d'Octobre, 1789.

Si l'on peut être trop modeste, vous l'êtes, et vous méritez plus que vous ne demandez. Une canne à pomme d'ambre, et une paire de boucles, sont des récompenses très-modiques pour ce que vous faites, et j'y ajouterai bien quelque autre chose. La modestie est une très-bonne qualité, qui accompagne ordinairement le vrai mérite. Rien ne gagne et ne prévient plus les esprits que la modestie; comme, au contraire, rien ne choque et ne rebute plus que la présomption et l'effronterie. On n'aime pas un homme, qui veut toujours se faire valoir, qui

parle avantageusement de lui-même, et qui est toujours le héros de son propre Roman. Au contraire, un homme qui cache, pour ainsi dire, son propre mérite, qui relève celui des autres, et qui parle peu et modestement de lui-même, gagne les esprits et se fait estimer et aimer.

Mais il y a, aussi, bien de la différence entre la modestie et la mauvaise honte ; autant la modestie est louable, autant la mauvaise honte est ridicule. Il ne faut non plus être un nigaud, qu'un effronté ; et il faut savoir se présenter, parler aux gens, et leur répondre sans être décontenancé ou embarrassé. Les Anglois sont pour l'ordinaire nigauds, et n'ont pas ces manières aisées, et libres, mais en même tems polies, qu'ont les François. Remarquez donc les François, et imitez-les, dans leur manière de se présenter, et d'aborder les gens. Un bourgeois ou un campaguard a honte quand il se présente dans une compagnie ; il est embarrassé, ne sait que faire de ses mains, se démonte quand on lui parle, et ne répond qu'avec embarras, et presqu'en bégayant ; au lieu qu'un honnête homme, qui sait vivre, se présente avec assurance et de bonne grâce, parle même aux gens qu'il ne connoit pas, sans s'embarrasser, et d'une manière tout à fait naturelle et aisée. Voilà ce qui s'appelle avoir du monde, et savoir vivre, qui est un article très-important dans le commerce du monde. Il arrive souvent, qu'un homme, qui a beaucoup d'esprit et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçû, qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit, mais qui a du monde.

Cet objet mérite bien votre attention ; pensez-y donc, et oignez la modestie à une assurance polie et aisée. Adieu.

Je reçois dans le moment votre lettre du 27, qui est très-bien écrite.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Bath, October the 29th, 1739.

If it is possible to be too modest, you are ; and you deserve more than you require. An amber-headed cane, and a pair of buckles, are a recompense so far from being adequate to your deserts, that I shall add something more. Modesty is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true merit : it engages and captivates the minds of the people ; as, on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgustful, than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavours to conceal his own merit ; who sets that of other people in its

true light; who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty; such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

There is, however, a great difference between modesty and an awkward bashfulness, which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton, as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. The English are generally apt to be bashful; and have not those easy, free, and at the same time polite manners, which the French have. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company: he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks, even to people he does not know, without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good breeding: a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentlemanlike behaviour.

These are matters worthy your attention; reflect on them, and unite modesty to a polite and easy assurance. Adieu.

I this instant receive your letter of the 27th, which is very well written.

LETTER XXXIV.

DEAR BOY, Bath, November the 1st, 1739.

LET us return to Oratory, or the art of speaking well; which should never be entirely out of your thoughts, since it is so useful in every part of life, and so absolutely necessary in most. A man can make no figure without it, in Parliament, in the Church, or in the Law; and even in common conversation, a man that has acquired an easy and habitual eloquence, who speaks properly and accurately, will have a great advantage over those who speak incorrectly and inelegantly.

The business of Oratory, as I have told you before, is to persuade people; and you easily feel, that to please people is

a great step towards persuading them. You must then, consequently, be sensible how advantageous it is for a man, who speaks in public, whether it be in Parliament, in the Pulpit, or at the Bar (that is, in the Courts of Law), to please his hearers so much as to gain their attention: which he can never do, without the help of Oratory. It is not enough to speak the language, he speaks in, in its utmost purity, and according to the rules of Grammar; but he must speak it elegantly; that is, he must choose the best and most expressive words, and put them in the best order. He should likewise adorn what he says by proper metaphors, similes, and other figures of Rhetoric; and he should enliven it, if he can, by quick and sprightly turns of wit. For example; suppose you had a mind to persuade Mr Maittaire to give you a holiday, would you bluntly say to him, Give me a holiday? That would certainly not be the way to persuade him to it. But you should endeavour first to please him, and gain his attention, by telling him, that your experience of his goodness and indulgence encouraged you to ask a favour of him; that, if he should not think proper to grant it, at least you hoped he would not take it ill that you asked it. Then you should tell him what it was that you wanted; that it was a holiday; for which you should give your reasons; as that you had such or such a thing to do, or such a place to go to. Then you might urge some arguments why he should not refuse you; as, that you have seldom asked that favour, and that you seldom will; and that the mind may sometimes require a little rest from labour, as well as the body. This you may illustrate by a simile, and say, that as the bow is the stronger, for being sometimes unstrung and unbent; so the mind will be capable of more attention, for being now and then easy and relaxed.

This is a little oration, fit for such a little orator as you; but, however, it will make you understand what is meant by oratory and eloquence: which is to persuade. I hope you will have that talent hereafter in greater matters.

LETTER XXXV.

DEAR BOY, November the 20th, 1739.

As you are now reading the Roman History, I hope you do it with that care and attention which it deserves. The utility of History consists principally in the examples it gives us of the

virtues and vices of those who have gone before us: upon which we ought to make the proper observations. History animates and excites us to the love and the practice of virtue; by showing us the regard and veneration that was always paid to great and virtuous men, in the times in which they lived, and the praise and glory with which their names are perpetuated, and transmitted down to our times. The Roman History furnishes more examples of virtue and magnanimity, or greatness of mind, than any other. It was a common thing to see their Consuls and Dictators (who, you know, were their chief Magistrates) taken from the plough, to lead their armies against their enemies; and, after victory, returning to their plough again, and passing the rest of their lives in modest retirement: a retirement more glorious, if possible, than the victories that preceded it! Many of their greatest men died so poor, that they were buried at the expense of the public. Curius, who had no money of his own, refused a great sum that the Samnites offered him, saying, that he saw no glory in having money himself, but in commanding those that had. Cicero relates it thus: '*Curio ad focum sedenti magnum auri pondus Samnites cum attulissent, repudiati ab eo sunt. Non enim aurum habere præclarum sibi videri, sed iis, qui haberent aurum, imperare.*' And Fabricius, who had often commanded the Roman armies, and as often triumphed over their enemies, was found by his fireside, eating those roots and herbs which he had planted and cultivated himself in his own field. Seneca tells it thus: *Fabricius ad focum coenat illas ipsas radices, quas, in agro repurgando, triumphalis Senex vulsit.*[1] Scipio, after a victory he had obtained in Spain, found among the prisoners a young Princess of extreme beauty, who, he was informed, was soon to have been married to a man of quality of that country. He ordered her to be entertained and attended with the same care and respect, as if she had been in her father's house; and, as soon as he could find her lover, he gave her to him, and added to her portion the money that her father had brought for her ransom. Valerius Maximus says, *Eximiæ formæ virginem accersitis parentibus, et sponso inviolatam* tradidit, *et Juvenis, et Calebs, et Victor.*[2] This was a most glorious example of moderation, continence, and generosity, which gained him the hearts of all the people of Spain; and made them say, as Livy

[1] Fabricius dined at his fireside off the roots, which he—an old man who had celebrated a triumph—had taken up while clearing his land.

[2] A maiden of transcendent beauty he returned unharmed to her parents, whom he had summoned, and to her betrothed husband, though not only a young man, but also a bachelor and a conqueror.

tells us, *Venisse Diis similimum juvenem, vincentem omnia, cum armis, tum benignitate, ac beneficiis.*[1]

Such are the rewards that always crown virtue; and such the characters that you should imitate, if you would be a great and a good man, which is the only way to be a happy one! Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

I WAS very sorry that Mr Maittaire did not give me such an account of you, yesterday, as I wished and expected. He takes so much pains to teach you, that he well deserves from you the returns of care and attention. Besides, pray consider, now that you have justly got the reputation of knowing much more than other boys of your age do, how shameful it would be for you to lose it; and to let other boys, that are now behind you, get before you. If you would but have attention, you have quickness enough to conceive, and memory enough to retain; but, without attention, while you are learning, all the time you employ at your book is thrown away; and your shame will be the greater, if you should be ignorant, when you had such opportunities of learning. An ignorant man is insignificant and contemptible; nobody cares for his company, and he can just be said to live, and that is all. There is a very pretty French Epigram, upon the death of such an ignorant, insignificant fellow, the sting of which is, that all that can be said of him is, that he was once alive, and that he is now dead. This is the Epigram, which you may get by heart:

Colas est mort de maladie,
Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort,
Que diable veux-tu que j'en die?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.[2]

Take care not to deserve the name of Colas; which I shall certainly give you, if you do not learn well: and then that name will get about, and everybody will call you Colas; which will be much worse than Frisky.

You are now reading Mr Rollin's Ancient History: pray re-

[1] That he came a young man closely resembling the gods, and conquered all things, first by arms, and then by kindliness and good deeds.

[2] Death has for poor Colas sent,
Wouldst thou I his fate lament?
Colas lived, but now is dead,—
Nothing more can well be said.

member to have your maps by you, when you read it, and desire Monsieur Pelnote to show you, in the maps, all the places you read of. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

DEAR BOY, Saturday.

SINCE you choose the name of Polyglot, I hope you will take care to deserve it; which you can only do by care and application. I confess the names of Frisky, and Colas, are not quite so honourable; but then, remember too, that there cannot be a stronger ridicule, than to call a man by an honourable name, when he is known not to deserve it. For example; it would be a manifest irony to call a very ugly fellow an Adonis (who, you know, was so handsome, that Venus herself fell in love with him), or to call a cowardly fellow an Alexander, or an ignorant fellow, Polyglot; for everybody would discover the sneer: and Mr Pope observes very truly, that

'Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.'

Next to the doing of things that deserve to be written, there is nothing that gets a man more credit, or gives him more pleasure, than to write things that deserve to be read. The younger Pliny (for there were two Plinys, the uncle and the nephew) expresses it thus: '*Equidem beatos puto, quibus Deorum munere datum est, aut facere scribenda, aut legenda scribere; beatissimos verò quibus utrumque.*'[1]

Pray mind your Greek particularly; for to know Greek very well is to be really learned: there is no great credit in knowing Latin, for everybody knows it; and it is only a shame not to know it. Besides that, you will understand Latin a great deal the better for understanding Greek very well; a great number of Latin words, especially the technical words, being derived from the Greek. Technical words mean such particular words as relate to any art or science; from the Greek word τεχνη, which signifies Art, and τεχνικος, which signifies Artificial. Thus, a Dictionary, that explains the terms of Art, is called a Lexicon Technicum, or a Technical Dictionary. Adieu.

[1] For my part, I think those men happy who, enabled by the gods, either do deeds worthy of being written, or write works worthy of being read; but they who excel in both ways are the happiest of all.

LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR BOY, Longford, June the 9th, 1740.

I WRITE to you now, in the supposition that you continue to deserve my attention, as much as you did when I left London; and that Mr Maittaire would commend you as much now, as he did the last time he was with me; for otherwise you know very well, that I should not concern myself about you. Take care, therefore, that, when I come to town, I may not find myself mistaken in the good opinion I entertained of you in my absence.

I hope you have got the linnets and bullfinches you so much wanted; and I recommend the bullfinches to your imitation. Bullfinches, you must know, have no natural note of their own, and never sing, unless taught; but will learn tunes better than any other birds. This they do by attention and memory; and you may observe, that, while they are taught, they listen with great care, and never jump about and kick their heels. Now I really think it would be a great shame for you to be outdone by your own bullfinch.

I take it for granted, that, by your late care and attention, you are now perfect in Latin verses; and that you may at present be called, what Horace desired to be called, *Romanæ fidicen Lyræ*. Your Greek too, I dare say, keeps pace with your Latin; and you have all your paradigms *ad unguem*.

You cannot imagine what alterations and improvements I expect to find every day, now that you are more than *Octennis*. And, at this age, *non progredi* would be *regredi*, which would be very shameful.

Adieu! Do not write to me; for I shall be in no settled place to receive letters, while I am in the country.

LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, June the 25th, 1740.

As I know you love reading, I send you this book for your amusement, and not by way of task or study. It is an Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Dictionary; in which you may find almost everything you can desire to know, whether ancient or modern. As Historical, it gives you the history of

all remarkable persons and things; as Chronological, it tells you the time when those persons lived, and when those things were done; and as Geographical, it describes the situation of countries and cities. For example; would you know who Aristides the Just was, you will find there, that he was of Athens; that his distinguished honesty and integrity acquired him the name of Just, the most glorious appellation a man can have. You will likewise find, that he commanded the Athenian army, at the battle of Platæa, where Mardonius, the Persian General, was defeated, and his army, of three hundred thousand men, utterly destroyed; and that, for all these virtues, he was banished Athens by the Ostracism. You will then (it may be) be curious to know what the Ostracism is. If you look for it, you will find that the Athenians, being very jealous of their liberties, which they thought were the most in danger from those whose virtue and merit made them the most popular (that is, recommended them most to the favour of the people), contrived this Ostracism; by which, if six hundred people gave in the name of any one man, written upon a shell, that person was immediately banished for ten years.

As to Chronology, would you know when Charlemain was made Emperor of the West; look for the article of Charlemagne; and you will find, that, being already master of all Germany, France, and great part of Spain and Italy, he was declared Emperor, in the year 800.

As to the Geographical part, if you would know the situation of any town, or country, that you read of; as, for instance, Persepolis; you will find where it was situated, by whom founded, and that it was burnt by Alexander the Great, at the instigation of his mistress, Thais, in a drunken riot. In short, you will find a thousand entertaining stories to divert you, when you have leisure from your studies, or your play: for one must always be doing something, and never lavish away so valuable a thing as time; which, if once lost, can never be regained. Adieu.

LETTER XL.

Philippus Chesterfield parvulo suo Philippo Stanhope, S.P.D.

PERGRATA mihi fuit epistola tua, quam nuper accepi, elegantor enim scripta erat, et polliceris te summam operam daturum, ut veras laudes meritò adipisci possis. Sed, ut planè dicam; valdè auspicor te, in ea scribenda, optimum et eruditissimum adju-

torem habuisse; quo duce et auspice, nec elegantia, nec doctrina, nec quicquid prorsus est dignum sapiente bonoque, unquam tibi deesse poterit. Illum ergo ut quam diligentor colas, te etiam atque etiam rogo; et quo magis eum omni officio, amore, et obsequio persequeris, eo magis te me studiosum, et observantem existimabo.

Duæ septimanæ mihi ad has aquas bibendas supersunt, antequam in urbem revertam; tunc cura, ut te in dies doctiorem inveniam. Animo, attentione, majore diligentiâ opus est. Præmia laboris, et industriæ, hinc afferam, si modo te dignum præbeas; sin aliter, segnitiei pœnas dabis. Vale.

TRANSLATION.

Philip Chesterfield to his dear little Philip Stanhope.

Your last letter afforded me very great satisfaction, both as it was elegantly penned, and because you promise in it to take great pains to attain deservedly true praise. But I must tell you ingenuously, that I suspect, very much, your having had, in composing it, the assistance of a good and able master; under whose conduct and instruction it will be your own fault if you do not acquire elegancy of style, learning, and, in short, everything else becoming a wise and virtuous person. I earnestly entreat you, therefore, to imitate, carefully, so good a pattern; and the more attention and regard you show for him, the more I shall think you love and respect me.

I shall continue here a fortnight longer, drinking these waters, before I return to town; let me then find you sensibly improved in your learning. You must summon greater resolution and diligence. I shall bring you presents from hence, which you shall receive as rewards of your application and industry, provided I find you deserving of them; if otherwise, expect reproof and chastisement for your sloth. Farewell.

LETTER XLI.

Dear Boy, Tunbridge, July the 18th, 1740.

After Sparta and Athens, Thebes and Corinth were the most considerable cities in Greece. Thebes was in Bœotia, a province of Greece, famous for its thick, foggy air, and for the dulness and stupidity of its inhabitants; insomuch that calling

a man a Bœotian, was the same as calling him a stupid fellow: and Horace, speaking of a dull, heavy fellow, says, *Bœotum jurares, crasso in aere, natum.*

However, Thebes made itself very considerable, for a time, under the conduct of Epaminondas, who was one of the greatest and most virtuous characters of all antiquity. Thebes, like all the rest of Greece, fell under the absolute dominion of the Kings of Macedon, Alexander's successors. Thebes was founded by Cadmus, who first brought letters into Greece. Œdipus was King of Thebes; whose very remarkable story is worth your reading.

The city of Corinth sometimes made a figure, in defence of the common liberties of Greece; but was chiefly considerable upon account of its great trade and commerce; which enriched it so much, and introduced so much luxury, that, when it was burnt by Mummius, the Roman Consul, the number of golden, silver, brass, and copper statues and vases, that were then melted, made that famous metal, called Corinthian brass, so much esteemed by the Romans.

There were, besides, many other little Kingdoms and Republics in Greece, which you will be acquainted with when you enter more particularly into that part of ancient history. But, to inform yourself a little, at present, concerning Thebes and Corinth, turn to the following articles in Moreri:—Thebes, Cadmus, Oedipe, Jocaste, Sphynx, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, Corinth, Mummius.

LETTER XLII.

DEAR BOY, Tunbridge, July the 29th, 1741.

SINCE you are so ready at the measure of Greek and Latin verses, as Mr Maittaire writes me word you are; he will possibly, before it is very long, try your invention a little, and set you to make some of your own composition; you should therefore begin to consider, not only the measure of the verses you read, but likewise the thoughts of the Poet, and the similes, metaphors, and allusions, which are the ornaments of Poetry, and raise it above prose, and distinguish it from prose, as much as the measure does. This attention to the thoughts and diction of other Poets will suggest both matter, and the manner of expressing it, to you, when you come to invent yourself. Thoughts are the same in every language, and a good thought in one language is a good one in every other: thus, if you attend to the thoughts and images in French or English poetry,

they will be of use to you when you compose in Latin or Greek. I have met lately with a very pretty copy of English verses, which I here send you to learn by heart; but first, I will give you the thought in prose, that you may observe how it is expressed, and adorned by poetical diction.

The Poet tells his mistress, Florella, that she is so unkind to him, she will not even suffer him to look at her; that, to avoid her cruelty, he addresses himself to other women, who receive him kindly; but that, notwithstanding this, his heart always returns to her, though she uses him so ill; and then he concludes with this beautiful and apt simile, in which he compares his fate to that of exiles (that is, people who are banished from their own country), who, though they are pitied in whatever country they go to, yet long to return to their own, where they are sure to be used ill, and punished.

Why will Florella, whom I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And hide from them the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentler usage find.

But oh! how faint is every joy,
Where Nature has no part!
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

THE SIMILE.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity everywhere;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

You will observe that these verses have alternate rhymes; that is, the third line rhymes to the first, and the fourth line to the second; the first and third lines having four feet each; and the second and fourth having but three feet each. A foot, in English verse, is two syllables.

To use your ear a little to English verse, and to make you attend to the sense too, I have transposed the words of the following lines; which I would have you put in their proper order, and send me in your next.

Safe consider cheat a when tis all I
Hope the fool'd deceit men yet with favour
Repay will to-morrow trust on think and
Falser former day to-morrow's than the
Worse lies blest be shall when and we says it
Hope new some possess'd cuts off with we what.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

DEAR BOY, Tunbridge, August the 14th, 1740.

I AM very glad to hear from Mr Maittaire, that you are so ready at scanning both Greek and Latin verses; but I hope you mind the sense of the words, as well as the quantities. The great advantage of knowing many languages consists in understanding the sense of those nations, and authors, who speak and write those languages; but not in being able to repeat the words like a parrot, without knowing their true force and meaning. The Poets require your attention and observation more than the prose authors; poetry being more out of the common way than prose compositions are. Poets have greater liberties allowed them than prose writers, which is called the *Poetical Licence*. Horace says, that Poets and Painters have an equal privilege of attempting anything. *Pictoribus atque Poetis, quidlibet audendi, semper fuit æqua potestas.* Fiction, that is, invention, is said to be the soul of poetry. For example; the Poets give life to several inanimate things; that is, to things that have no life: as for instance; they represent the passions, as Love, Fury, Envy, &c., under human figures; which figures are allegorical; that is, represent the qualities and effects of those passions. Thus the poets represent Love as a little boy, called Cupid, because Love is the passion of young people chiefly. He is represented blind likewise; because Love makes no distinction, and takes away the judgment. He has a bow and arrows, with which he is supposed to wound people, because Love gives pain; and he has a pair of wings to fly with, because Love is changeable, and apt to fly from one object to another. Fury likewise is represented under the figures of three women, called the three Furies; Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They are described with lighted torches or flambeaux in their hands; because Rage and Fury is for setting fire to everything: they are likewise drawn with serpents hissing about their heads; because serpents are poisonous and destructive animals. Envy is described as a woman, melancholy, pale, livid, and pining; because envious people are never pleased, but always repining at other people's happiness: she is supposed to feed upon serpents; because envious people only comfort themselves with the misfortunes of others. Ovid gives the following description of Envy.

—Videt intus edentem
Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum,

Invidiam: visàque oculos avertit, at illa
Surgit humo pigrâ: semesarumque relinquit
Corpora serpentum; passuque incedit inerti.
Utque Deam vidit formàque armisque decoram;
Ingemuit: vultumque ima ad suspiria duxit.
Pallor in ore sedet: macies in corpore toto:
Nusquam recta acies: livent rubigine dentes:
Pectora felle virent: lingua est suffusa veneno.
Risus abest; nisi quem visi movêre dolores.
Nec fruitur somno, vigilacibus excita curis:
Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo,
Successus hominum: carpitque et carpitur unà:
Supplicrumque suum est.

This is a beautiful poetical description of that wretched, mean passion of envy, which I hope you will have too generous a mind ever to be infected with; but that, on the contrary, you will apply yourself to virtue and learning, in such a manner as to become an object of envy yourself. Adieu!

LETTER XLIV.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

SINCE, by Mr Maittaire's care, you learn your Latin and Greek out of the best authors, I wish you would, at the same time that you construe the words, mind the sense and thoughts of those authors; which will help your invention, when you come to compose yourself, and at the same time form your taste. Taste, in its proper signification, means the taste of the palate in eating or drinking; but it is metaphorically used for the judgment one forms of any art or science. For example; if I say, such a man has a good taste in poetry, I mean that he judges well of poetry, and distinguishes rightly what is good and what is bad; and finds out equally the beauties

· sees within,
Feeding on vipers' flesh,—fit food for her,
Envy,—and looks no more; while the foul pest
Gets up from the thick clods, and leaves the snakes
Half-eaten, tramping on with sluggish step.
And when she saw the goddess radiant
In arms and face, she sighed most bitterly,
Distorting her wan features. Lean her frame,
All worn and haggard; rust deforms her teeth,
Wormwood her breast, and poison stains her tongue.
She never laughs save at another's woe;
Nor sleep enjoys, for always wakeful cares
Hold her eyes open; and she pines with grief
At gazing on the hateful joys of men.
Tearing and torn at once, she thus becomes
Her own due retribution.

and the faults of the composition. Or if I say, that such a man has a good taste in painting, I mean the same thing; which is, that he is a good judge of pictures; and will distinguish not only good ones from bad ones, but very good ones from others not quite so good, but yet good ones. *Avoir le goût bon*, means the same thing in French: and nothing forms so true a taste, as the reading the ancient authors with attention. —Description is a beautiful part of poetry, and much used by the best Poets; it is likewise called painting, because it represents things in so lively and strong a manner, that we think we see them as in a picture. Thus Ovid describes the Palace of the Sun, or Apollo.

> Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
> Clara micante auro, flammasque imitante pyropo.
> Cujus ebur nitidum fastigia summa tenebat:
> Argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvæ,
> Materiem superabat opus: nam Mulciber illic
> Æquora cælarat medias cingentia terras,
> Terrarumque orbem, cælumque quod imminet orbi.[1]

Afterwards he describes Phœbus himself, sitting upon his throne:

> ——————— Purpureâ velatus veste sedebat
> In Solio Phœbus, claris lucente smaragdis.
> A dextrâ lævâque Dies, et Mensis, et Annus,
> Sæculaque et positæ spatiis æqualibus Horæ;
> Verque novum stabat, cinctum florente coronâ,
> Stabat nuda Æstas, et spicea serta gerebat,
> Stabat et Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis,
> Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.[2]

Observe the invention in this description. As the sun is the great rule by which we measure time; and as it marks out the years, the months, the days, and the seasons; so Ovid has represented Phœbus upon his throne, as the principal figure, attended by the years, days, months, and seasons, which he likewise represents as so many persons. This is properly in-

[1] High rose the sun's bright palace, with lofty pillars embellish'd,
Glowing with lustrous gold, and with metal which flames resembled.
Ivory glowed on the roof, and the two-leaved doors of silver
Rayed light, made costlier far by the wondrous work that bedeck'd them;
For on them had Vulcan portrayed the seas which the lands encircle,
The whole of this vast world, and the sky which overhangs it.

[2] - array'd in purple garments
Phœbus sat on a throne, lustrous with clearest emeralds.
Stood on his right and left, the Day, the Month, and the Year,
The Ages all, and the Hours, divided by equal spaces.
There stood early Spring, wearing a garland of flowers;
Summer unclad, with a wreath all woven of wheat-ears;
Autumn, too, stain'd by the grapes he had trod in the wine-press;
And icy Winter, with locks which falling snows had whiten'd.

vention, and invention is the soul of poetry. Poets have their name, upon that account, from the Greek word *Ποιεω*, which signifies, to make, or invent. Adieu!

Translate these Latin verses, at your leisure, into English, and send your translation, in a letter, to my house in town. I mean English prose; for I do not expect verse from you yet.

LETTER XLV.

DEAR BOY, Friday.

I MENTIONED, in my last, description or painting, as one of the shining marks or characteristics of Poetry. The likeness must be strong and lively; and make us almost think that we see the thing before our eyes. Thus the following description of Hunger, or Famine, in Ovid, is so striking, that one thinks one sees some poor famished wretch.

- Famem *lapidoso* vidit in agro,
Unguibus et *raras* vellentem dentibus herbas.
Hirtus erat crinis, *cava* lumina, pallor in ore,
Labra *inania* situ, *scabræ* rubigine fauces,
Dura cutis, per quam spectari viscera possent:
Ossa sub *incurvis* extabant *arida* lumbis:
Ventris erat pro ventre locus: pendere putares
Pectus, et a spinæ tantummodo crate teneri.[1]

Observe the propriety and significancy of the epithets. *Lapidoso* is the epithet to *agro;* because a stony ground produces very little grass. *Raras* is the epithet to *herbas*, to mark how few and how scarce the herbs were, that Famine was tearing with her teeth and nails. You will easily find out the other epithets.

I will now give you an excellent piece of painting, or description, in English verse; it is in the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus. Phædra was the second wife of the famous Theseus, one of the first Kings of Athens; and Hippolytus was his son by his former wife. Look for the further particulars of their story in your dictionary, under the articles *Phædra* and *Hippolite*.

- Hunger on *stony* ground
Tore up with nails and teeth the *scanty* herbage.
Shaggy her locks, eyes *hollow*, visage pallid,
Grey matter on her lips, *spots* on her throat,
The hard dry skin could scarce the entrails hide,
The loins were *bent*, the *dry* bones could be counted,
No paunch had she, only its place,—her *breast*
You would have thought hung loosely from the spine.

So when *bright* Venus yielded up her charms,
The *blest* Adonis languish'd in her arms.
His *idle* horn on *fragrant* myrtles hung;
His arrows *scatter'd*, and his bow *unstrung*.
Obscure, in coverts, lie his *dreaming* hounds,
And bay the *fancied* boar with *feeble* sounds.
For nobler sports he quits the *savage* fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields.

I have marked the epithets, that you may the better observe them. Venus is called *bright*, upon account of her beauty: Adonis is called *blest*, because Venus was in love with him: his horn is said to be *idle*, because he then laid it by, and made no use of it: the myrtles are called *fragrant*, because the myrtle is a sweet-smelling tree; moreover the myrtle is the particular tree sacred to Venus: *scattered* arrows, because laid by here and there, carelessly. The bow *unstrung*: it was the custom to unstring the bow when they did not use it, and it was the stronger for it afterwards. *Dreaming* hounds: hounds that are used to hunt, often dream they are hunting; as appears by their making the same noise, only not so loud, when they sleep, as they do when they are hunting some wild beast; therefore the sounds are called *feeble*. *Savage* fields; so called from the roughness of field sports, in comparison to the tenderness and softness of love.

Adonis was extremely handsome, and a great sportsman; he used to employ his whole time in hunting boars and other wild beasts. Venus fell in love with him, and used frequently to come down to him: he was at last killed by a wild boar, to the great grief of Venus. Look for Adonis in your dictionary; for, though you have read his story in Ovid's Metamorphoses, I believe that excellent memory of yours wants refreshing. From hence, when a man is extremely handsome, he is called, by metaphor, an Adonis. Adieu.

LETTER XLVI.

DEAR BOY, Saturday.

YOUR last translations were very well done; and I believe you begin to apply yourself more. This you may depend upon, that the more you apply, the easier you will find your learning, and the sooner you will have done with it. But, as I have often told you before, it is not the words only that you should mind, but the sense and beauties of the authors you read; which will furnish you with matter, and teach you to think justly upon subjects. For example; if you were to say, in poetry, that it was morning, you would not barely say it was morning; that

would not be poetical: but you would represent the morning under some image, or by description; as thus:

> Lo! from the *rosy* east, her *purple* doors
> The Morn unfolds, adorn'd with *blushing* flowers.
> The *lessen'd* stars draw off and disappear,
> Whose *bright* battalions, lastly, Lucifer
> Brings up, and quits his station in the rear.

Observe, that the day always rises in the east; and therefore it is said, from the *rosy* east: *rosy* is the epithet to east; because the break of day, or the Aurora, is of a reddish rosy colour. Observe, too, that Lucifer is the name of that star that disappears the last in the morning; for the astronomers have given names to most of the stars. The three last lines, which have the same rhymes, are called a triplet, which is always marked as I have marked it. The original Latin is thus in Ovid:

> Ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
> Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
> Atria. Diffugiunt stellæ, quarum agmina cogit
> Lucifer, et coeli statione novissimus exit.

Here is another way of saying that it is morning, as Virgil expresses it:

> Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
> Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile:
> Jam sole infuso, jam rebus luce retectis,

Thus in English verse:

> And now Aurora, harbinger of day,
> Rose from the *saffron* bed where Tithon lay,
> And sprinkled o'er the world with *new-born* light:
> The sun now shining, all things brought to sight.

Look in your dictionary for the articles *Aurora* and *Tithon*, where you will find their story. Tithon was the husband of Aurora. Aurora, in poetical language, means the break of day, or the first part of the morning. Harbinger (by the way) means forerunner, or a person who is sent beforehand, by another, upon a journey, to prepare things for him. The King has several harbingers, that go before him upon the road, to prepare his lodging, and get everything ready. So Aurora, or the Morning, is called, by a metaphor, the harbinger of Day, because it foreruns the day.

I expect very good verses, of your making, by that time you are ten years old; and then you shall be called *Poeta Decennis*, which will be a very uncommon, and, consequently, a very glorious title. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

DEAR BOY, Wednesday.

IN my last I sent you two or three poetical descriptions of the Morning; I here send you some, of the other parts of the day. The Noon, or Midday, that is, twelve o'clock, is thus described by Ovid:

> Fecerat exiguas jam Sol altissimus umbras.[1]

And in another place,

> Jamque dies rerum medias contraxerat umbras,
> Et Sol ex æquo, metâ distabat utrâque:[2]

Because the sun, at noon, is exactly in the middle of its course, and, being then just perpendicular over our heads, makes the shadows very short; whereas, when the sun shines on either side of us (as it does mornings and evenings), the shadows are very long; which you may observe any sunshiny day that you please. The Evening is described thus, by Ovid:

> Jam labor exiguus Phœbo restabat: equique
> Pulsabant pedibus spatium declivis Olympi:[3]

Because the course of the sun, being supposed to be of one day, Phœbus (that is, the sun) is here said to have little more remaining business to do; and his horses are represented as going down-hill; which points out the evening; the sun, in the evening, seeming to go downwards. In another place he says,

> Jamque dies exactus erat, tempusque subibat,
> Quod tu nec tenebras, nec possis dicere lucem:[4]

For, in the dusk of the evening, one can neither call it day nor night.

Night is described by Virgil in this manner:

> Nox erat, et terras animalia fusa per omnes;
> Alitum, Pecudumque genus, sopor altus habebat.[5]

What I mean, by sending and explaining these things to you, is to use you to think and reflect a little yourself; and not

[1] The sun, now at its highest, dwarf'd the shadows.

[2] Already noon had every shadow shorten'd,
From each goal equi-distant shone the sun.

[3] For Phœbus but a scanty task remain'd,
And pranced his horses down the Olympian slope.

[4] The day was over now; the time had come
Which neither light nor darkness can be call'd.

[5] Night reign'd, and sleep all creatures in all lands
Held in its fetters;—birds and beasts alike.

to repeat words only, like a parrot, without minding or knowing the sense and import of them. For example; when you read a description of anything, compare it with your own observations; and ask yourself this question, Is this so? Have I ever observed it before? And, if you have not observed it, take the first opportunity you can of doing it. For instance; if you have not already observed that the shadows are long in the morning and the evening, and short at noon, try it yourself, and see whether it is true or not. When you hear of the *rosy morn*, consider with yourself why it is so called, and whether it ought to be called so or not; and observe the morning early, to see if it is not of a reddish, rosy colour. When you hear of Night's spreading its sable (that is, black) wings over the world, consider whether the gradual spreading of the darkness does not extend itself in the sky like black wings. In short, use yourself to think and reflect upon everything you hear and see: examine everything, and see whether it is true or not, without taking it upon trust. . For example; if you should find, in any author, *the blue or azure sun*, would you not immediately reflect, that could not be just; for the sun is always red; and that he who could call it so must be either blind, or a fool? When you read historical facts, think of them within yourself, and compare them with your own notions. For example; when you read of the first Scipio, who, when he conquered Spain, took a beautiful Spanish Princess prisoner, who was soon to have been married to a Prince of that country, and returned her to her lover, not only untouched, but giving her a fortune besides; are you not struck with the virtue and generosity of that action? And can you help thinking with yourself, how virtuous it was in Scipio, who was a young man, unmarried, and a conqueror, to withstand the temptation of beauty; and how generous it was to give her a fortune, to make amends for the misfortunes of the war? Another reflection too, that naturally occurs upon it, is, how virtuous actions never fail to be rewarded by the commendation and applause of all posterity: for this happened above eighteen hundred years ago; is still remembered with honour; and will be so as long as letters subsist: not to mention the infinite pleasure Scipio must have felt himself, from such a virtuous and heroic action. I wish you more pleasure, of that kind, than ever man had. Adieu.

LETTER XLVIII.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 14th, 1740.

SINCE I have recommended to you to think upon subjects, and to consider things in their various lights and circumstances, I am persuaded you have made such a progress, that I shall sometimes desire your opinion, upon difficult points, in order to form my own. For instance, though I have, in general, a great veneration for the manners and customs of the ancients, yet I am in some doubt whether the Ostracism of the Athenians was either just or prudent; and should be glad to be determined by your opinion. You know very well, that the Ostracism was the method of banishing those whose distinguished virtue made them popular, and consequently (as the Athenians thought) dangerous to the public liberty. And, if six hundred citizens of Athens gave in the name of any one Athenian, written upon an oyster-shell (from whence it is called Ostracism) that man was banished Athens for ten years. On one hand, it is certain, that a free people cannot be too careful or jealous of their liberty; and it is certain too, that the love and applause of mankind will always attend a man of eminent and distinguished virtue; and, consequently, they are more likely to give up their liberties to such a one, than to another of less merit. But then, on the other hand, it seems extraordinary to discourage virtue upon any account; since it is only by virtue that any society can flourish, and be considerable. There are many more arguments, on each side of this question, which will naturally occur to you; and when you have considered them well, I desire you will write me your opinion, whether the Ostracism was a right or a wrong thing; and your reasons for being of that opinion. Let nobody help you; but give me exactly your own sentiments, and your own reasons, whatever they are.

I hope Mr Pelnote makes you read Rollin with great care and attention, and recapitulate to him whatever you have read that day; I hope, too, that he makes you read aloud, distinctly, and observe the stops. Desire your Mamma to tell him so, from me; and the same to Mr Martin: for it is a shame not to read perfectly well.

Make my compliments to Mr Maittaire; and take great care that he gives me a good account of you, at my return to London, or I shall be very angry at you. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 20th, 1740.

I HAVE often told you already, that nothing will help your invention more, and teach you to think more justly, than reading, with care and attention, the ancient Greek and Latin authors, especially the Poets; invention being the soul of poetry, that is to say, it animates and gives life to poetry, as the soul does to the body. I have often told you, too, that Poets take the liberty of personifying inanimate things; that is, they describe and represent, as persons, the passions, the appetites, and many other things that have no figures nor persons belonging to them. For example; they represent Love as a little boy with wings, a bow and arrow, and a quiver. Rage and Fury they represent under the figures of three women, called the three Furies, with serpents hissing about their heads, lighted torches in their hands, and their faces red and inflamed. The description of Envy I have already sent you, and likewise the description of Hunger and Famine, out of Ovid's Metamorphoses. I now send you, out of the same book, the beautiful description of the House or Dwelling of Rumour, that is, Common Report. You will there find all the particularities of Rumour; how immediately it spreads itself everywhere; how it adds falsehoods to truths; how it imposes upon the vulgar; and how credulity, error, joy, and fear, dwell with it; because credulous people believe lightly whatever they hear, and that all people in general are inclined to believe what they either wish or fear, much. Pray translate these lines, at your leisure, into English, and send them me. Consider them yourself too, at the same time, and compare them with the observations you must already have made upon Rumour, or common fame. Have you not observed, how quickly a piece of news spreads itself all over the town? how it is first whispered about, then spoken aloud? how almost everybody, that repeats it, adds something to it? how the vulgar, that is, the ordinary people, believe it immediately? and how other people give credit to it, according as they wish it true or not? All this you will find painted in the following lines; which I desire you will weigh well. *Hoc enim abs te rogo, oro, postulo, flagito.*[1] *Jubeo te bene valere.*

[2] Orbe locus medio est inter terrasque, freturnque,
Cælestesque plagas, *triplicis* confinis *mundi*;

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[1] This from you I crave, entreat, require, demand.

[2] Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place,

Unde quod est usquam, quamvis regionibus absit,
Inspicitur; penetratque *cavas* vox omnis ad *aures*.
Fama tenet, summâque domum sibi legit in arce:
Innumerosque aditus, ac mille foramina tectis
Addidit, et nullis inclusit limina portis.
Nocte dieque patent. Tota est ex *aere sonanti*.
Tota fremit: voces que refert: iteratque quod audit.
Nulla quies intus, nullâque silentia parte;
Nec tamen est clamor, sed parvæ murmura vocis,
Qualia de pelagi, si quis procul audiat, undis
Esse solent: qualemve sonum, cum Jupiter *atras*
Increpuit *nubes*, extrema tonitrua reddunt.
Atria turba tenent: veniunt *leves* *vulgus*, euntque,
Mistaque cum veris, passim commenta vagantur
Millia rumorum; confusaque verba volutant.
E quibus hi *vacuas* implent sermonibus *auras*:
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti
Crescit. Et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
Illic Credulitas, illic *temerarius* Error,
Vanaque, Lætitia est, *consternatique* Timores,
Seditioque *repens*, dubioque auctore Susurri.
Ipsa, quid in cælo rerum, pelagoque geratur,
Et tellure, videt; totumque inquirit in orbem.

N.B. I have underlined [*printed* in Italic characters] the epithets, and marked the substantives they belong to thus*.

Confining on all three, with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around;
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud *Fame*, her seat of power,
Placed on the summit of a lofty tower;
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate, nor bars, exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news:
Where echoes in repeated echoes play,
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds, that never cease.
Confused, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore;
Or like the broken thunder heard from far,
When Jove at distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies,
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and Joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near,
And rumours raised, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all around.

GARTH'S *Ovid.*

LETTER L.

DEAR BOY,

I SEND you here a few more Latin roots, though I am not sure that you will like my roots so well as those that grow in your garden; however, if you will attend to them, they may save you a great deal of trouble. These few will naturally point out many others to your own observation; and enable you, by comparison, to find out most derived and compound words, when once you know the original root of them. You are old enough now to make observations upon what you learn; which, if you would be pleased to do, you cannot imagine how much time and trouble it would save you. Remember, you are now very near nine years old; an age at which all boys ought to know a great deal, but you, particularly, a great deal more, considering the care and pains that have been employed about you; and if you do not answer those expectations, you will lose your character; which is the most mortifying thing that can happen to a generous mind. Everybody has ambition, of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed: the difference is, that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken ambition; and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one. For instance; the ambition of a silly boy, of your age, would be to have fine clothes, and money to throw away in idle follies; which, you plainly see, would be no proofs of merit in him, but only of folly in his parents, in dressing him out like a jackanapes, and giving him money to play the fool with. Whereas a boy of good sense places his ambition in excelling other boys of his own age, and even older, in virtue and knowledge. His glory is in being known always to speak the truth, in showing good-nature and compassion, in learning quicker, and applying himself more than other boys. These are real proofs of merit in him, and consequently proper objects of ambition; and will acquire him a solid reputation and character. This holds true in men, as well as in boys: the ambition of a silly fellow will be, to have a fine equipage, a fine house, and fine clothes; things which anybody, that has as much money, may have as well as he; for they are all to be bought: but the ambition of a man of sense and honour is, to be distinguished by a character and reputation of knowledge, truth, and virtue; things which are not to be bought, and that can only be acquired by a good head and a good heart. Such was the ambition of the Lacedæmonians and the Romans, when they

made the greatest figure; and such, I hope, yours will always be. Adieu.

LETTER LI.

You know so much more, and learn so much better, than any boy of your age, that you see I do not treat you like a boy, but write to you upon subjects fit for men to think and consider of. When I send you examples of the virtues of the ancients, it is not only to inform you of those pieces of History, but to *animate* and excite you to follow those examples. You there see the advantages of virtue; how it is sure (sooner or later) to be rewarded, and with what praises and *encomiums* the virtuous actions of the great men of antiquity have been perpetuated, and transmitted down to us. Julius Cæsar, though a tyrant, and guilty of that great crime of enslaving his country, had, however, some virtues; and was distinguished for his clemency and humanity; of which there is this remarkable instance:—Marcellus, a man of *consideration* in Rome, had taken part with Pompey, in the civil war between him and Cæsar, and had even acted with *zeal* and *acrimony* against Cæsar. However, after Cæsar had conquered Pompey, and was returned to Rome victorious, the Senate *interceded* with him in favour of Marcellus; whom he not only pardoned, but took into his friendship. Cicero made an oration, on purpose to compliment Cæsar upon this act of good-nature and generosity; in which, among many other things, he tells him that he looks upon his pardoning Marcellus as a greater action than all his victories: his words in Latin are these—*Domuisti gentes immanitate barbaras, multitudine innumerabiles, locis infinitas, omni copiarum genere abundantes: sed tamen ea vicisti, quæ et naturam et conditionem ut vinci possent, habebant. Nulla est enim tanta vis, tanta copia, quæ non ferro ac viribus debilitari frangique possit. Verùm animum vincere; iracundiam cohibere; victoriam temperare; adversarium nobilitate, ingenio, virtute præstantem non modò extollere jacentem, sed etiam amplificare ejus pristinam dignitatem: hæc qui faciat, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum Deojudico.*[1]

[1] Thou hast subdued nations barbarous and savage, countless in number, scattered far and wide, abounding in wealth of all kinds. Still these were things which by reason of their own nature and circumstances could be conquered. For there are no resources so vast, no strength so great, but can be exhausted and crushed by the sword and by soldiery. But to conquer one's own spirit, to restrain one's own wrath, to be moderate in victory, not only to lift up a fallen adversary remarkable for nobleness, ability, and virtue, but even to clothe him with loftier honours than he had before;—him who does *this*, I compare not with the best of men, but regard as most like God.

It is certain that humanity is the particular *characteristic* of a great mind; little, vicious minds are full of anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the *exalted* pleasure of forgiving their enemies, and of bestowing marks of favour and generosity upon those of whom they have gotten the better. Adieu!

I have underlined [*printed in Italics*] those words that I think you do not understand, to put you in mind to ask the meaning of them.

LETTER LII.

MON CHER ENFANT, Jeudi soir.

Vous lisez à présent la Nouvelle Historique de Don Carlos, par l'Abbé de St Réal: elle est joliment écrite, et le fond de l'histoire en est véritable. L'Abbé l'a seulement brodé un peu pour lui donner l'air de *Nouvelle*. A propos, je doute si vous savez ce que c'est que *Nouvelle*. C'est une petite histoire galante, où il entre beaucoup d'amour, et qui ne fait qu'un ou deux petits volumes. Il faut qu'il y ait une intrigue, que les deux amans trouvent bien des difficultés et des obstacles qui s'opposent à l'accomplissement de leurs vœux: mais qu'à la fin ils les surmontent, et que le dénoûment ou la catastrophe, les laissent tous heureux. Une *Nouvelle* est un espèce de Roman en raccourci: car un Roman est ordinairement de douze volumes, rempli de fadaises amoureuses, et d'aventures incroyables. Le sujet d'un Roman est quelquefois une histoire faite à plaisir, c'est-à-dire toute inventée; et quelquefois une histoire véritable; mais ordinairement si changée et travestie, qu'on ne la reconnoit plus. Par exemple, il y a le Grand Cyrus, Clélie, Cléopatre, trois Romans célèbres, ou il y entre un peu d'histoire véritable, mais si mêlée de fausseté et de folies amoureuses, qu'ils servent plus à embrouiller et à corrompre l'esprit, qu'à le former ou à l'instruire. On y voit les plus grands Héros de l'antiquité faire les amoureux transis, et débiter des fades tendresses, au fond d'un bois, à leur belle inhumaine, qui leur répond sur le même ton: enfin c'est une lecture très-frivole, que celle des Romans, et l'on y perd tout le tems qu'on y donne. Les vieux Romans qu'on écrivoit il y a cent ou deux cents ans, comme Amadis de Gaule, Roland le Furieux, et autres, étoient farcis d'enchantemens, de magiciens, de géans, et de ces sortes de sottes impossibilités; au lieu que les Romans plus modernes, se tiennent au possible, mais pas au vraisemblable. Et je croirois tout autant

que le grand Brutus, qui chassa les Tarquins de Rome, fut enfermé par quelque Magicien dans un château enchanté ; que je croirois, qu'il faisoit de sots vers auprès de la belle Clélie : comme on le représente dans le Roman de ce nom.

Au reste, Don Carlos, dont vous lisez la Nouvelle, étoit fils de Philippe second Roi d'Espagne, fils de l'Empereur Charlequint ou Charles cinquième. Ce Charlequint étoit en même tems Empereur d'Allemagne et Roi d'Espagne ; il avoit aussi toute la Flandre et la plus grande partie de l'Italie. Il régna long tems ; mais deux ou trois ans avant que de mourir, il abdiqua la Royauté, et se retira, comme particulier, au couvent de St Just, en Espagne : cédant l'Empire à son frère Ferdinand, et l'Espagne, l'Amérique, la Flandre et l'Italie, à son fils Philippe second ; qui ne lui ressembloit guères : car il étoit fier et cruel, même envers son fils Don Carlos qu'il fit mourir.

Don est un titre qu'on donne en Espagne à tout honnête homme ; comme *Monsieur* en François, et *Signor* en Italien. Par exemple ; si vous étiez en Espagne on vous appelleroit *Don Philippe*. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR CHILD, Thursday night.

YOU are now reading the Historical Novel of Don Carlos, written by the Abbé of St Real. The foundation of it is true ; the Abbé has only embellished a little, in order to give it the turn of a Novel ; and it is prettily written. *A propos ;* I am in doubt whether you know what a Novel is : it is a little gallant history, which must contain a great deal of love, and not exceed one or two small volumes. The subject must be a love affair ; the lovers are to meet with many difficulties and obstacles, to oppose the accomplishment of their wishes, but at last overcome them all ; and the conclusion or catastrophe must leave them happy. A Novel is a kind of abbreviation of a Romance ; for a Romance generally consists of twelve volumes, all filled with insipid love nonsense, and most incredible adventures. The subject of a Romance is sometimes a story entirely fictitious, that is to say, quite invented ; at other times a true story, but generally so changed and altered, that one cannot know it. For example ; in Grand Cyrus, Clelia, and Cleopatra, three celebrated Romances, there is some true history ; but so blended with falsities, and silly love adventures, that they confuse and corrupt the mind, instead of forming and instructing it. The greatest Heroes of antiquity are there represented in woods and forests, whining insipid love tales to their inhuman

fair one; who answers them in the same style. In short, the reading of Romances is a most frivolous occupation, and time merely thrown away. The old Romances, written two or three hundred years ago, such as Amadis of Gaul, Orlando the Furious, and others, were stuffed with enchantments, magicians, giants, and such sort of impossibilities, whereas the more modern Romances keep within the bounds of possibility, but not of probability. For I would just as soon believe, that the great Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins from Rome, was shut up by some magician in an enchanted castle, as imagine that he was making silly verses for the beautiful Clelia, as he is represented in the Romance of that name.

Don Carlos, whose name is given to the Novel you are now reading, was son to Philip II. King of Spain, who was himself son of the Emperor Charlequint, or Charles V. This Charles V. was, at the same time, Emperor of Germany and King of Spain; he was, besides, master of all Flanders, and the greatest part of Italy. He reigned long; but, two or three years before his death, he abdicated the crown, and retired, as a private man, to the convent of St Just, in Spain. He ceded the Empire to his brother Ferdinand; and Spain, America, Flanders, and Italy to his son Philip II.; who was very unlike him, for he was proud and cruel, even towards his son, Don Carlos, whom he put to death.

Don is a title, which is given, in Spain, to every gentleman; as *Monsieur* in France, and *Signor* in Italy. For instance; if you were in Spain, you would be called Don Philip. Adieu

LETTER LIII.

Dear Boy, Thursday.

You will seldom hear from me without an admonition to think. All you learn, and all you can read, will be of little use, if you do not think and reason upon it yourself. One reads to know other people's thoughts; but if we take them upon trust, without examining and comparing them with our own, it is really living upon other people's scraps, or retailing other people's goods. To know the thoughts of others is of use, because it suggests thoughts to one's self, and helps one to form a judgment; but to repeat other people's thoughts, without considering whether they are right or wrong, is the talent only of a parrot, or at most a player.

If *Night* were given you as a subject to compose upon, you would do very well to look what the best authors have said upon it, in order to help your own invention; but then you must think of it afterwards yourself, and express it in your own manner, or else you would be at best but a plagiary. A plagiary is a man who steals other people's thoughts, and puts them off for his own. You would find, for example, the following account of Night in Virgil:

> Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
> Corpora per terras; sylvæque et sæva quiérant
> Æquora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu;
> Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictæque volucres,
> Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
> Rura tenent; somno positæ sub nocte silenti
> Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.[1]

Here you see the effects of Night; that it brings rest to men, when they are wearied with the labours of the day; that the stars move in their regular course; that flocks and birds repose themselves, and enjoy the quiet of the Night. This, upon examination, you would find to be all true; but then, upon consideration, too, you would find, that it is not all that is to be said upon Night; and many more qualities and effects of Night would occur to you. As, for instance, though Night is in general the time of quiet and repose, yet it is often the time, too, for the commission and security of crimes, such as robberies, murders, and violations, which generally seek the advantage of darkness, as favourable for the escapes of the guilty. Night, too, though it brings rest and refreshment to the innocent and virtuous, brings disquiet and horror to the guilty. The consciousness of their crimes torments them, and denies them sleep and quiet. You might, from these reflections, consider what would be the proper epithets to give to Night: as, for example, if you were to represent Night in its most pleasing shape, as procuring quiet and refreshment from labour and toil, you might call it the *friendly* Night, the *silent* Night, the *welcome* Night, the *peaceful* Night: but if, on the contrary, you were to represent it as inviting to the commission of crimes, you would

[1] 'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose.
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds and parti-coloured fowl,
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.—DRYDEN.

call it, the *guilty* Night, the *conscious* Night, the *horrid* Night; with many other epithets, that carry along with them the idea of horror and guilt: for an epithet, to be proper, must always be adapted (that is, suited) to the circumstances of the person or thing to which it is given. Thus Virgil, who generally gives Eneas the epithet of pious, because of his piety to the Gods, and his duty to his father, calls him *Dux* Eneas, where he represents him making love to Dido, as a proper epithet for him in that situation; because making love becomes a General much better than a man of singular piety.

Lay aside, for a few minutes, the thoughts of play, and think of this seriously.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Adieu.

You may come to me on Saturday morning, before you go to Mr Maittaire.

LETTER LIV.

DEAR BOY, Sunday.

I SHALL not soon leave the subject of invention and thinking, which I would have you apply to, as much as your age and giddiness will permit. Use will make it every day easier to you, and age and observation will improve it. Virtue is a subject that deserves your and every man's attention; and suppose I were to bid you make some verses, or give me your thoughts in prose, upon the subject of Virtue, how would you go about it? Why, you would first consider what Virtue is, and then what are the effects and marks of it, both with regard to others and one's self. You would find, then, that Virtue consists in doing good, and in speaking truth; and that the effects of it are advantageous to all mankind, and to one's self in particular. Virtue makes us pity and relieve the misfortunes of mankind; it makes us promote justice and good order in society: and, in general, contributes to whatever tends to the real good of mankind. To ourselves it gives an inward comfort and satisfaction, which nothing else can do, and which nothing can rob us of. All other advantages depend upon others, as much as upon ourselves. Riches, power, and greatness may be taken away from us, by the violence and injustice of others, or by inevitable accidents; but Virtue depends only upon ourselves, and nobody can take it away from us. Sickness may deprive us of all the pleasures of the body; but it

cannot deprive us of our virtue, nor of the satisfaction which we feel from it. A virtuous man, under all the misfortunes of life, still finds an inward comfort and satisfaction, which makes him happier than any wicked man can be, with all the other advantages of life. If a man has acquired great power and riches by falsehood, injustice, and oppression, he cannot enjoy them, because his conscience will torment him and constantly reproach him with the means by which he got them. The stings of his conscience will not even let him sleep quietly, but he will dream of his crimes; and in the daytime, when alone, and when he has time to think he will be uneasy and melancholy. He is afraid of everything; for, as he knows mankind must hate him, he has reason to think they will hurt him if they can. Whereas, if a virtuous man be ever so poor, or unfortunate in the world, still his virtue is its own reward, and will comfort him under all afflictions. The quiet and satisfaction of his conscience make him cheerful by day, and sleep sound of nights: he can be alone with pleasure, and is not afraid of his own thoughts. Besides this, he is universally esteemed and respected; for even the most wicked people themselves cannot help admiring and respecting Virtue in others. All these, and many other advantages, you would ascribe to Virtue, if you were to compose upon that subject. A poet says,

Ipsa quidem Virtus, sibimet pulcherrima merces.[1]

And Claudian has the following lines upon that subject:

Ipsa quidem Virtus pretium sibi, solaque latè
Fortunæ securа nitet: nec fascibus ullis
Erigitur; planaûque petit clarescere vulgi.
Nil opis externæ cupiens, nil indiga laudis:
Divitiis animosa suis, immotaque cunctis
Casibus, ex altâ mortalia despicit arce.[2]

Adieu.

LETTER LV.

DEAR BOY, Wednesday.

YOU behaved yourself so well at Mr Boden's, last Sunday, that you justly deserve commendation: besides, you encourage

[1] Ever is Virtue her own best reward.

[2] Virtue alone, her own sufficient wages,
At fortune smiles securely, and contemns
The pomp of office, with the fleeting glory
Of popular applause: for outside wealth
She cares not; needs no praise from others;
Proud of true riches; by calamity
Unmoved; she from her lofty citadel
Looks down on things that perish.

me to give you some rules of politeness and good breeding, being persuaded that you will observe them. Know, then, that as learning, honour, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind; politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life. Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner; because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing. Good sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding; because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise at another time, and to another person; but there are some general rules of good breeding, that hold always true, and in all cases. As, for example, it is always extremely rude to answer only Yes, or No, to anybody, without adding, Sir, my Lord, or Madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to; as, in French, you must always say, *Monsieur*, *Milord*, *Madame*, and *Mademoiselle*. I suppose you know that every married woman is, in French, *Madame*, and every unmarried one is *Mademoiselle*. It is likewise extremely rude not to give the proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others, as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentlemanlike manner. For this, you should observe the French people, who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right: you would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed if you were not civil; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and an

obliging thing as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock it is? This kind of bashfulness, which is justly called, by the French, *mauvaise honte*, is the distinguishing character of an English booby; who is frightened out of his wits, when people of fashion speak to him; and when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, can hardly get out what he would say, and becomes really ridiculous, from a groundless fear of being laughed at: whereas a real well-bred man would speak to all the Kings in the world, with as little concern, and as much ease, as he would speak to you.

Remember, then, that to be civil, and to be civil with ease (which is properly called good breeding), is the only way to be beloved, and well received in company; that to be ill-bred, and rude, is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company; and that to be bashful is to be ridiculous. As I am sure you will mind and practise all this, I expect that when you are *novennis*, you will not only be the best scholar, but the best-bred boy in England of your age. Adieu.

LETTER LVI.

Philippus Chesterfield Philippo Stanhope, adhuc puerulo, sed cras e pueritiâ egressuro. S. D.

HANC ultimam ad te, uti ad puerum, epistolam mitto; cras enim, ni fallor, fies novennis, ita, ut abhinc mihi tecum, quasi cum adolescentulo agendum erit. Alia enim nunc ratio vitæ, et studiorum tibi suscipienda est; levitas et nugæ pueriles relinquendæ sunt, animusque ad seria intendendus est. Quæ enim puerum decebant, adolescentulo dedecori essent. Quare omnibus viribus tibi enitendum est, ut te alium præbeas, et ut eruditione, moribus, et urbanitate, aliisque animi dotibus, adolescentulos ejusdem ætatis, æque superes, ac jam puerulus puerulos tui temporis superâsti. Tecum obsecro reputa, quantum tibi erubescendum foret, si te nunc vinci patiaris, ab iis, quos adhuc vicisti. Exempli gratiâ: si adolescentulus Onslow scholæ Westmonasteriensis nunc alumnus, olim sodalis tuus, et novennis æque ac tu, si ille, inquam, locum tibi superiorem in scholâ meritò obtineret, quid ageres, rogo? Quò tenderes? illinc enim discedendum foret, ubi cum dignitate manere non posses? Quare si tibi fama apud omnes, et gratia apud me, curæ est, fac omni studio et labore, ut adolescentulorum eruditorum facile princeps meritò dici possis. Sic te servet Pater

Omnipotens, tibi detque ut omnibus ornatus excellas rebus. Addam etiam, quod Horatius Tibullo suo optat, ut,

> Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè;
> Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ!

Kalend. Mail, 1741. Vale.

TRANSLATION.

Philip Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope, yet a little Boy; but to-morrow going out of Childhood.

THIS is the last letter I shall write to you as to a little boy: for, to-morrow, if I am not mistaken, you will attain your ninth year; so that for the future, I shall treat you as a *youth*. You must now commence a different course of life, a different course of studies. No more levity: childish toys and playthings must be thrown aside, and your mind directed to serious objects. What was not unbecoming of a child would be disgraceful to a youth. Wherefore, endeavour, with all your might, to show a suitable change; and, by learning, good manners, politeness, and other accomplishments, to surpass those youths of your own age, whom hitherto you have surpassed when boys. Consider, I entreat you, how shameful it would be for you, should you let them get the better of you now. For instance; should Onslow, now a Westminster scholar, lately your companion, and a youth of nine years old, as you are; should he, I say, deservedly obtain a place in school above you, what would you do? where would you run to hide yourself? You would certainly be glad to quit a place where you could not remain with honour. If, therefore, you have any regard for your own reputation, and a desire to please me, see that, by unremitting attention and labour, you may, with justice, be styled the *head* of your class. So may the Almighty preserve you, and bestow upon you his choicest blessings! I shall add what Horace wishes for his Tibullus:

> Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abundè;
> Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ![1]

Kalends of May, 1741.

LETTER LVII.

DEAR BOY, Brussels, May the $\frac{20}{30}$th, 1741.

I BELIEVE we are yet well enough together for you to be glad to hear of my safe arrival on this side of the water, which

[1] Abundant favour, fame, and health be yours,
A graceful life, and modest competence!

I crossed in four hours' time from Dover to Calais. By the way, Calais was the last town that the English kept in France, after it was conquered by Henry V.; and it was yielded up to France in the reign of the Popish Queen Mary, daughter to Henry VIII. From Calais I went to Dunkirk, which belonged formerly to the Spaniards, and was taken by Oliver Cromwell; but afterwards shamefully sold to France, by King Charles II. From Dunkirk I went to Lisle, which is a very great, rich, and strong town, belonging to France, and the chief town of French Flanders. From Lisle I came to Ghent, which is the capital of that part of Flanders that belongs to the Queen of Hungary, as heiress of the house of Austria. It is a very large town, but neither rich nor strong. The Emperor Charles V. was born there, and his statue is upon a pillar in the middle of a great square. From Lisle I came here to Brussels, which is the chief town of Brabant, and a very fine one. Here the best camlets are made, and most of the fine laces that you see worn in England. You may follow me through this journey upon your map; till you take it, some time hence, in reality.

I expect you to make prodigious improvements in your learning, by the time I see you again; for now, that you are past nine years old, you have no time to lose; and I wait with impatience for a good account of you from Mr Maittaire: I dare not buy anything for you till then, for fear I should be obliged to keep it myself. But if I should have a very good account, there shall be very good rewards brought over. Adieu!

Make my compliments to your Mamma: and, when you write to me, send your letters to my house in town.

LETTER LVIII.

MON CHER ENFANT, A Aix-la-Chapelle, 8 Juin, N.S.

ME voici à Aix-la-Chapelle depuis quatre jours, d'où je prends la liberté de vous assurer de mes respects; ne doutant pas que vous n'ayez la bonté de me pardonner si je vous importune trop souvent par mes lettres. Je sais combien votre tems est précieux, et que vous l'employez si utilement que je me ferois conscience d'interrompre le cours de vos études, que vous poursuivez, sans doute, avec tant de succès et d'attention. Mais raillerie à part, j'espère que vous apprenez comme il faut, et que Monsieur Maittaire est très-content de vous, car autrement je vous assure que je serai très-mécontent.

A propos d'apprendre; je vous dirai, que j'ai vu à Bruxelles un petit garçon à peu près de votre âge, le fils du Comte de l'Annoy, qui savoit le Latin parfaitement bien, jouoit la comédie, et déclamoit la tragédie Françoise dans la dernière perfection. Mais c'est qu'il s'appliquoit, et retenoit ce qu'il avoit une fois appris. De plus il étoit très-poli; et dans une compagnie nombreuse, qu'il ne connoissoit pas, il n'étoit point du tout déconcerté, mais parloit et répondoit à chacun, avec manières et aisance.

Cette ville ici est assez grande, mais assez mauvaise, elle s'appelle en Latin *Aquisgranum*, c'est la première ville Imperiale et libre de tout l'Empire, c'est-à-dire qu'elle est gouvernée par ses propres Magistrats, qu'elle choisit elle-même, et qu'elle a ses droits auxquels l'Empereur ne peut pas donner atteinte. Charlemagne y fut couronné Empereur l'an 800; et l'on montre encore ici, dans l'église cathédrale, la couronne dont il fut couronné. Elle n'est d'ailleurs fameuse que par ses eaux minérales, qui y attirent beaucoup de monde: elles sont fort chaudes et fort dégoutantes, sentant les œufs pourris.

Les villes Impériales ont voix à la Diète de l'Empire, qui se tient à Ratisbonne, c'est-à-dire à l'Assemblée de l'Empire: c'est là où les Electeurs, les Princes, et les villes Imperiales envoient leurs Députés pour régler les affaires de l'Empire, conjointement avec l'Empereur; comme notre Parlement fait en Angleterre. De sorte que vous voyez, que l'Empire d'Allemagne est un Etat libre, dans lequel aucune loi ne peut être faite sans le consentement de l'Empereur, des Electeurs, des Princes Souverains, et des villes Impériales. Il est bon que vous sachiez les différentes formes de gouvernement des différens pays de l'Europe; et quand vous lisez leurs histoires, faites y une attention particulière. Adieu pour cette fois.

TRANSLATION.

My dear Child, Aix-la-Chapelle, June the 8th, N.S.

It is now four days since I arrived here at Aix-la-Chapelle; from whence I take the liberty of assuring you of my respects; not doubting but you will be so good to forgive me, if I importune you too often with my letters. I know your time is valuable; and am sensible that it would be pity to interrupt the course of your studies, which I do not question but you pursue with great success and attention. However, setting aside all raillery, I hope you learn as you ought; and that Mr Maittaire is satisfied; otherwise, I can assure you, that I shall be very much dissatisfied.

A propos of learning; I must tell you, that I have seen at Brussels a little boy of about your age; he is son to Comte de l'Annoy: he knows Latin perfectly; he plays in comedy; and declaims in French tragedy most exquisitely well: but this is because he applies, and retains whatever he has once learnt. Besides all this, he is very polite; and in the midst of a numerous company whom he did not know, he was not in the least disconcerted, but spoke and answered each person with good manners and with ease.

This town is large, but rather ugly; it is called in Latin *Aquisgranum*. It is the first Imperial and free city of the Empire, and as such has the privilege of choosing its own Magistrates, is governed by them, and is in possession of other rights, that cannot be infringed by the Emperor. In the year 800 Charlemagne was here crowned Emperor, and the crown used in that ceremony is still shown in the cathedral of this place. It is not famous for anything but its mineral waters, which occasion a great resort of people; they are very heating and disagreeable to the taste, having the savour of rotten eggs.

The Imperial towns have a voice at the Diet of the Empire, that is held at Ratisbon, which is the Assembly of the Empire: thither the Electors, Princes, and Imperial towns send their Deputies to settle the affairs of the Empire jointly with the Emperor, as our Parliament does in England. By this you may see that the Empire of Germany is a free State, in which no law can be made without the consent of the Emperor, the Electors, the Sovereign Princes, and the Imperial towns. You ought to know the different forms of government of the different countries in Europe, and when you read the histories of them, bestow particular attention upon that circumstance. Adieu, for this time.

LETTER LIX.

DEAR BOY, Spa, the 25th July, N.S. 1741.

I HAVE often told you in my former letters (and it is most certainly true) that the strictest and most scrupulous honour and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind; that parts and learning can alone make you admired and celebrated by them; but that the possession of lesser talents was most absolutely necessary towards making you liked, beloved, and sought after in private life. Of these lesser talents, good breeding is the principal and most necessary one, not only

as it is very important in itself, but as it adds great lustre to the more solid advantages both of the heart and the mind. I have often touched upon good breeding to you before, so that this letter shall be upon the next necessary qualification to it, which is a genteel, easy manner and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardnesses which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behaviour. However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women, which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man, from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes—either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for everything else, and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs and throws him down, or makes him stumble, at least. When he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; there he soon lets his hat fall down, and in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee in his breeches. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth; picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint, but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in everybody's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a buttonhole and tickles his chin. When he drinks he infallibly coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers

in his nose, or blowing it and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as to make the company sick. His hands are troublesome to him when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches: he does not wear his clothes, and, in short, does nothing, like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal; but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided by whoever desires to please.

From this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do; and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion, and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example; if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, That what is one man's meat is another man's poison; or else, Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow; everybody would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this; and without attention nothing is to be done: want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room, their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer. This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care, and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness, and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that for my part I see no real difference. A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

Adieu! Direct your next to me, *chez Monsieur Chabert, Banquier, à Paris;* and take care that I find the improvements I expect, at my return.

LETTER LX.

DEAR BOY, Spa, August the 6th, 1741.

I AM very well pleased with the several performances you sent me, and still more so with Mr Maittaire's letter, that accompanied them, in which he gives me a much better account of you than he did in his former. *Laudari a laudato viro*, was always a commendable ambition; encourage that ambition, and continue to deserve the praises of the praiseworthy. While you do so, you shall have whatever you will from me; and when you cease to do so, you shall have nothing.

I am glad you have begun to compose a little; it will give you a habit of thinking upon subjects, which is at least as necessary as reading them: therefore pray send me your thoughts upon this subject:—

'Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.'[1]

It is a part of Cato's character in Lucan; who says, that Cato did not think himself born for himself only, but for all mankind. Let me know, then, whether you think that a man is born only for his own pleasure and advantage, or whether he is not obliged to contribute to the good of the society in which he lives, and of all mankind in general. This is certain, that every man receives advantages from society, which he could not have, if he were the only man in the world: therefore, is he not in some measure in debt to society? and is he not obliged to do for others what they do for him? You may do this in English or Latin, which you please; for it is the thinking part, and not the language, that I mind in this case.

I warned you, in my last, against those disagreeable tricks and awkwardnesses, which many people contract when they are young, by the negligence of their parents, and cannot get quit of them when they are old; such as odd motions, strange postures, and ungenteel carriage. But there is likewise an awkwardness of the mind, that ought to be, and with care may be, avoided: as, for instance, to mistake or forget names; to speak of Mr What-d'ye-call him, or Mrs Thingum, or How-d'ye-call-her, is excessively awkward and ordinary. To call people by improper titles and appellations is so too; as my Lord, for Sir; and Sir, for my Lord. To begin a story or narration, when you are not perfect in it, and cannot go through with it, but

[1] he felt that he was born,
Not for himself, but for the world at large.

are forced, possibly, to say in the middle of it, 'I have forgot the rest,' is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear, and perspicuous in everything one says, otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them. The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected: some people almost shut their mouths when they speak, and mutter so that they are not to be understood; others speak so fast, and sputter, that they are not to be understood neither; some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people; and others so low that one cannot hear them. All these habits are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention: they are the distinguishing marks of the ordinary people, who have had no care taken of their education. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things; for I have seen many people, with great talents, ill received, for want of having these talents too; and others well received, only from their little talents and who had no great ones.

LETTER LXI.

DEAR BOY,

SINCE my last, I have changed considerably for the better—from the deserts of Spa to the pleasures of Paris; which, when you come here, you will be better able to enjoy than I am. It is a most magnificent town, not near so big as London, but much finer; the houses being much larger, and all built of stone. It was not only much enlarged, but embellished, by the magnificence of the last King, Lewis XIV.; and a prodigious number of expensive buildings, and useful and charitable foundations, such as libraries, hospitals, schools, &c., will long remain the monuments of the magnificence, humanity, and good government of that Prince. The people here are well bred, just as I would have you be; they are not awkwardly bashful, and ashamed, like the English; but easily civil, without ceremony. Though they are very gay and lively, they have attention to everything, and always mind what they are about. I hope you do so too, now, and that my highest expectations of your improvement will be more than answered, at my return; for I expect to find you construe both Greek and Latin, and likewise translate into those languages pretty readily; and also make verses in them both, with some little invention of your own. All this may be, if you

please; and I am persuaded you would not have me disappointed. As to the genius of Poetry, I own, if nature had not given it you, you cannot have it; for it is a true maxim, that *Poeta nascitur, non fit:* but then, that is only as to the invention and imagination of a Poet; for everybody can, by application, make themselves masters of the mechanical part of poetry; which consists in the numbers, rhymes, measure, and harmony of verse. Ovid was born with such a genius for poetry, that he says, he could not help thinking in verse, whether he would or not; and that very often he spoke verses without intending it. It is much otherwise with oratory; and the maxim there is, *Orator fit:* for it is certain that, by study and application, every man can make himself a pretty good Orator; eloquence depending upon observation and care. Every man, if he pleases, may choose good words instead of bad ones, may speak properly instead of improperly, may be clear and perspicuous in his recitals, instead of dark and muddy; he may have grace instead of awkwardness in his motions and gestures; and, in short, may be a very agreeable, instead of a very disagreeable, speaker, if he will take care and pains. And surely it is very well worth while to take a great deal of pains, to excel other men in that particular article, in which they excel beasts.

Demosthenes, the celebrated Greek Orator, thought it so absolutely necessary to speak well, that though he naturally stuttered, and had weak lungs, he resolved, by application and care, to get the better of those disadvantages. Accordingly, he cured his stammering, by putting small pebbles into his mouth; and strengthened his lungs gradually, by using himself every day to speak aloud and distinctly for a considerable time. He likewise went often to the sea-shore, in stormy weather, when the sea made most noise, and there spoke as loud as he could, in order to use himself to the noise and murmurs of the popular assemblies of the Athenians, before whom he was to speak. By such care, joined to the constant study of the best authors, he became at last the greatest Orator of his own or any other age or country, though he was born without any one natural talent for it. Adieu! Copy Demosthenes.

LETTER LXII.

DEAR BOY, Lyons, September the 1st, N.S. 1741.

I HAVE received your Polyglot letter, with which I am very well pleased, and for which it is reasonable you should be very

well rewarded. I am glad to see invention and languages go together; for the latter signify very little without the former; but well joined, they are very useful. Language is only to express thoughts; and if a man is heedless, and does not give himself time to think, his words will be very frivolous and silly.

I left Paris five days ago; and, that you may trace me, if you please, upon your map, I came here through Dijon, the capital of Burgundy: I shall go from hence to Vienne, the second city in Dauphiné (for Grenoble is the capital), and from thence down the Rhône to Avignon, the chief town of the *Comtat Venaissin*, which belongs to the Pope;[1] then to Aix, the principal town of Provence; then to Marseilles; then to Nîmes and Montpellier; and then back again. This is a very great and rich town, situated upon two fine rivers that join here, the Rhône and the Saône. Here is the great manufacture of gold, silver, and silk stuffs, which supplies almost all Europe. It was famous in the time of the Romans, and is called, in the Latin, *Lugaunum*.

My rambling makes me both a less frequent and a shorter correspondent, than otherwise I should be; but I am persuaded, that you are now so sensible how necessary it is to learn, and apply yourself, that you want no spur nor admonition to it. Go on, then, with diligence, to improve in learning, and, above all, in virtue and honour; and you will make both me and yourself happy. Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

DEAR BOY, Marseilles, September the 22nd, N.S. 1741.

YOU find this letter dated from Marseilles, a seaport town in the Mediterranean Sea. It has been famous and considerable, for these two thousand years at least, upon account of its trade and situation. It is called *Massilia* in Latin, and distinguished itself, in favour of the Roman liberty, against Julius Cæsar. It was here, too, that Milo was banished, for killing Clodius. You will find the particulars of these facts, if you look in your Dictionary for the articles *Marseilles* and *Milon*. It is now a very large and fine town, extremely rich from its commerce; it is built in a semicircle round the port, which is always full of merchant ships of all nations. Here the King of France keeps his galleys, which are very long ships rowed by oars, some of

[1] It was seized by the French in 1791.

forty, some of fifty, and threescore oars. The people who row them are called galley-slaves; and are either prisoners taken from the Turks, on the coast of Africa, or criminals, who, for various crimes committed in France, are condemned to row in the galleys, either for life, or for a certain number of years. They are chained by the legs, with great iron chains, two and two together.

The prospect for two leagues round this place is the most pleasing that can be imagined, consisting of high hills covered with vineyards, olive-trees, fig-trees, and almond-trees, with above six thousand little country-houses interspersed, which they call here, *des Bastides*.

Within about ten leagues of this place, as you will find in the map, is Toulon, another seaport town upon the Mediterranean, not near so big as this, but much stronger; there most of the French men-of-war are built and kept, and likewise most of the naval stores, such as ropes, anchors, sails, masts, and whatever belongs to shipping.

If you look into your Geographical Dictionary for *Provence*, you will find the history of this country, which is worth your reading; and when you are looking in your Dictionary, look for *Dauphiné*, too, which is the next province to this, and there you will find when *Dauphiné* was united to the Crown of France, upon condition that the King of France's eldest son should be called *le Dauphin*. You should, in truth, omit no one opportunity of informing yourself of Modern History and Geography, which are the common subjects of all conversation, and, consequently, it is a shame to be ignorant of them.

Since you have begun composition, I send you here another subject to compose a few lines upon:

'Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.'[1]

Whoever observes that rule, will always be very happy: may you do it! Adieu.

LETTER LXIV.

LA FRANCE.

La France est, à tout prendre, le plus beau pays de l'Europe; car il est très-grand, très-riche, et très-fertile; le climat est admirable, et il n'y fait jamais trop chaud, comme en Italie, et en

[1] To keep no guilty secret, nor grow pale

Espagne; ni trop froid, comme en Suède et en Danemarc. Ce Royaume est borné au Nord par la mer, qui s'appelle la Manche; au Sud par la mer Méditerranée. La France n'est séparée de l'Italie que par les Alpes, qui sont de grandes montagnes couvertes de neige, la plus grande partie de l'année; et les monts Pyrénées, qui sont encore de grandes montagnes, la séparent de l'Espagne. Elle est partagée en douze Gouvernemens ou Provinces, qui sont :—La Picardie, La Normandie, L'Isle de France, La Champagne, La Bretagne, L'Orléannois, La Bourgogne, Le Lyonnois, La Guienne, ou la Gascogne, Le Languedoc, Le Dauphiné, La Provence.

Les François en général ont beaucoup d'esprit, et sont très-agréables, parce qu'ils ont en même tems de la vivacité jointe à beaucoup de politesse. A la vérité ils sont quelquefois un peu étourdis, mais c'est une étourderie brillante : ils sont aussi très-braves. Le gouvernement de la France est une Monarchie absolue ou despotique; c'est-à-dire, que le Roi y fait tout ce qu'il veut, de sorte que le peuple est esclave.

Priez votre Maman de vous montrer ces douze provinces sur la carte, et nous parlerons une autre fois des villes de la France, qu'elle vous montrera après.

La Picardie.—La Picardie est la province la plus septentrionale de la France; c'est un pays ouvert, qui ne produit presque que des bleds. Sa capitale est Amiens. Il y a encore Abbeville, ville considérable, à cause de la manufacture de draps, qui y est établie: et Calais, assez bonne ville et port de mer. Quand on va d'ici en France, c'est là ou l'on débarque.

La Normandie.—La Normandie est jointe à la Picardie; ses plus grandes villes sont Rouen et Caen. Il y croit une infinité de pommes, dont ils font du cidre. Car pour du vin, on n'y en fait guères, non plus qu'en Picardie: parce qu'étant trop au Nord, les raisins ne deviennent pas assez murs. Les Normans sont fameux pour les procès, et la chicane, ils ne répondent jamais directement à ce qu'on leur demande; de sorte qu'il est passé en proverbe, quand un homme ne répond pas directement, de dire qu'il répond en Normand.

L'Isle de France.—Paris, la capitale de tout le Royaume, est dans l'Isle de France; elle est située sur la Seine, petite rivière, et même bourbeuse. C'est une grande ville, mais pas à beaucoup près si grande que Londres.

La Champagne.—Rheims est la principale ville de la Champagne, et c'est dans cette ville que les Rois de France sont couronnés. Cette province fournit le meilleur vin du Royaume; le vin de Champagne.

La Bretagne.—La Bretagne est partagée en haute et basse. Dans la haute se trouve la ville de Nantes, où l'on fait la meilleure eau-de-vie; et la ville de St Malo, qui est un bon port de mer. Dans la basse Bretagne, on parle un langage qui ressemble plus à notre Gallois qu'au François.

L'Orléannois.—Il y a dans l'Orléannois plusieurs grandes et belles villes. Orléans, fameuse, à cause de Jeanne d'Arc qu'on appelloit la Pucelle d'Orléans, et qui chassa les Anglois de la France. Il y a encore la ville de Blois, dont la situation est charmante, et où l'on parle le plus pur François. Il y a aussi la ville de Tours, où se trouve une manufacture de taffetas épais, appellés *Gros de Tours.*

La Bourgogne.—Dijon est la ville capitale de cette province. Le vin de Bourgogne est un des meilleurs vins de France.

Le Lyonnois.—Lyon en est la capitale, c'est une très-grande et belle ville; elle est aussi très-riche, à cause de la manufacture d'étoffes de soie, d'or, et d'argent qui y est établie, et qui en fournit presque toute l'Europe. Votre belle veste d'argent vient de là.

La Guienne, ou la Gascogne.—La Guienne contient plusieurs villes très-considérables, comme Bordeaux, ville très-grande et très-riche. La plupart du vin qu'on boit à Londres et qu'on appelle en Anglois, *Claret*, vient de là. On y fait grande et bonne chère, les ortolans et les perdrix rouges y abondent. Il y a la ville de Perigueux, où l'on fait des pâtés délicieux, de perdrix rouges, et de truffes. Celle de Bayonne, d'où l'on tire des jambons excellens.

Les Gascons sont les gens les plus vifs de toute la France; mais un peu menteurs et fanfarons, se vantant beaucoup de leur esprit et de leur courage: de sorte qu'on dit d'un homme qui se vante et qui est présomptueux, *C'est un Gascon.*

Le Languedoc.—Le Languedoc est la province la plus méridionale de la France, et par conséquent celle où il fait le plus chaud. Elle renferme grand nombre de belles villes, entre autres Narbonne, fameuse par l'excellent miel qu'on y recueille; Nîmes, célèbre à cause d'un ancien amphithéâtre Romain, qui y subsiste encore; Montpellier, dont l'air est si pur, et le climat si beau, qu'on y envoie souvent les malades d'ici pour être guéris.

Le Dauphiné.—Grenoble en est la ville capitale. Le fils aîné du Roi de France, qui s'appelle toujours le *Dauphin*, prend le titre de cette province.

La Provence.—La Provence est un très-beau pays et très-fertile, on y fait la meilleure huile, et elle en fournit à tous les

autres pays. La campagne est remplie d'orangers, de citronniers, et d'oliviers. La capitale s'appelle Aix. Il y a aussi Marseille, très-grande et très-belle ville, et port célèbre de la mer Méditerranée, c'est là où l'on tient les galères du Roi de France : les galères sont de grands vaisseaux à rames ; et les rameurs sont des gens condamnés pour quelque crime, à y ramer.

TRANSLATION.

France, take it all in all, is the finest country in Europe; for it is very large, very rich, and very fertile; the climate is admirable, and never either too hot, as in Italy and in Spain, nor too cold, as in Sweden and in Denmark. Towards the North, it is bounded by the Channel, and towards the South, by the Mediterranean Sea: it is separated from Italy by the Alps, which are high mountains, covered with snow the greatest part of the year; and divided from Spain by the Pyrenean mountains, which are also very high. France is divided into twelve Governments or Provinces, which are:—Picardy, Normandy, the Isle of France, Champagne, Brittany, Orléannois, Burgundy, Lyonnois, Guienne or Gascony, Languedoc, Dauphiné, Provence.

The French are generally very sensible and agreeable, with a great deal of vivacity and politeness. It is true they are sometimes rather volatile, but it is a brilliant sort of volatility: they are very brave. The government of France is an absolute monarchy, or rather despotism; that is to say, the King does whatever he pleases, and the people are absolutely slaves.

Desire your Mamma to show you the twelve provinces upon the map. Another time we will talk of the towns of France, which she will show you afterwards.

Picardy.—Picardy is the most northern province of all France. It is an open country, and produces hardly anything but corn. The capital town is Amiens. Abbeville is another town in that province, considerable for the manufactory of woollen cloths established there. Calais is also another good town, and a seaport: there we usually land in our passage from hence to France.

Normandy.—Normandy joins Picardy; its largest towns are Rouën and Caën. This province produces vast quantities of apples, with which they make cider. As for wine, there as well as in Picardy they make but little; because, being so far northward, grapes will not ripen. The Normans are reckoned litigious and fond of lawsuits. If they are asked a question

they never return a direct answer; so that when a man gives an evasive answer, it is become a proverb to say, He answers like a Norman.

The Isle of France.—Paris, the capital of the whole kingdom, is in the Isle of France; its situation is upon the Seine, a small and even a muddy river. It is a large town, but not by a great deal so big as London.

Champagne.—Rheims is the principal town of Champagne. In that town the Kings of France are crowned. This province produces the best wine in France, Champaign.

Brittany.—Brittany is divided into high and low. In High Brittany is the town of Nantz, where the best brandy is made. Here is also St Malo, a very good seaport. In Lower Brittany they speak a kind of language which has less similitude to French than it has to Welsh.

Orléannois.—Orléannois contains several great and fine towns. Orléans, rendered famous by Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, who drove the English out of France; Blois, the situation of which is charming, and where the best French is spoken; Tours, that contains a manufactory of thick lute-string, called *gros de Tours.*

Burgundy.—Dijon is the capital of this province: the wine called Burgundy is one of the best wines in France.

Lyonnois.—Lyons is the capital; it is a very large fine town, and extremely rich, on account of the manufactures established here of silks and gold and silver stuffs, with which it supplies almost all Europe. Your fine silver waistcoat comes from thence.

Guienne, or Gascony.—There are many considerable towns in Guienne, as the town of Bordeaux, which is very large and rich. Most of the wine drank at London, and called in English *claret*, comes from thence. It is an excellent place for good eating: you have there ortolans and red partridge in great abundance. In this province is the town of Perigueux, where they make delicious pasties of red partridge and truffles; Bayonne, from whence come excellent hams. The Gascons are the most lively people of France, but rather inclined to lying and boasting, particularly upon the articles of sense and courage; so that it is said of a man who boasts and is presumptuous, He is a Gascon.

Languedoc.—Languedoc is the most southern province of France, and consequently the warmest. It contains a great number of fine towns; among others, Narbonne, famous for its excellent honey; and Nîmes, celebrated on account of the ancient

Roman amphitheatre, which is still to be seen. In this province is also situated the town of Montpellier, the air of which is so pure, and the climate so fine, that sick people, even from hence, are often sent thither for the recovery of their health.

Dauphiné.—Grenoble is the capital town. The King of France's eldest son, who is always called *Dauphin*, takes his title from this province.

Provence.—Provence is a very fine province and extremely fertile. It produces the best oil, with which it supplies other countries. The fields are full of orange, lemon, and olive-trees. The capital is called Aix. In this province is, likewise, the town of Marseilles, a large and fine city, and celebrated seaport, situated upon the Mediterranean: here the King of France's galleys are kept. Galleys are large ships with oars, and those who row, people condemned to it, as a punishment for some crime.

LETTER LXV.

L'ALLEMAGNE.

L'ALLEMAGNE est un pays d'une vaste étendue, la partie méridionale, ou vers le sud, est assez belle; mais la partie septentrionale, ou vers le nord, est très-mauvaise et déserte. Elle est partagée en dix parties, qu'on appelle les Dix Cercles de l'Empire. L'Empereur est le Chef, mais non pas le Maître de l'Empire; car il y peut faire très-peu de choses, sans le consentement des Electeurs, des Princes et des Villes libres, qui forment, ce qu'on appelle, la Diette de l'Empire: qui s'assemble dans la ville de Ratisbonne.

Il y a neuf Electeurs, qui sont, de Mayence, Trèves, Cologne, Bohême, Bavière, Saxe, Brandebourg, Palatin, Hannovre.

Les Electeurs sont ceux qui élisent l'Empereur; car l'Empire n'est pas héréditaire, c'est-à-dire, le fils ne succède pas au père; mais quand un Empereur meurt, ces neuf Electeurs s'assemblent et en choisissent un autre. Les Electeurs sont Souverains chez eux. Ceux de Mayence, de Trèves, et de Cologne sont Ecclésiastiques, et Archevêques. L'Electeur de Bohême est Roi de Bohême: sa ville capitale est Prague. La capitale de l'Electeur de Bavière est Munich. L'Electeur de Saxe est le plus considérable de tous les Electeurs, et son Electorat le plus beau; Dresde sa capitale est une très-belle ville. L'Electeur de Brandebourg est aussi Roi de Prusse, et il a une grande étendue de pays: la capitale de Brandebourg, est Berlin. Les deux villes les plus

considérable de l'Electeur Palatin sont Manheim et Dusseldorp. L'Electeur d'Hannovre est aussi Roi d'Angleterre ; la ville capitale d'Hannovre est Hannovre ; misérable capitale d'un misérable pays.[1]

Outre les Electeurs, il y a des Princes souverains assez considérables, comme le Landgrave de Hesse Cassel, le Duc de Wurtemberg, &c.

[La suite de cette description géographique de l'Allemagne, et le commencement de celle de l'Asie, sont malheureusement perdues.]

TRANSLATION.

GERMANY.

GERMANY is a country of vast extent: the southern parts are not unpleasant; the northern exceedingly bad and desert. It is divided into ten districts, which are called the Ten Circles of the Empire. The Emperor is Head, but not Master of the Empire; for he can do but little without the consent of the Electors, Princes, and Imperial free Towns; which, all together, form what is called the Diet of the Empire, that assembles in the Town of Ratisbon.

There are nine Electors; which are, of Mentz, Triers, Cologne, Bohemia, Bavaria, Saxony, Brandenburg, Palatine, Hanover.

These nine elect the Emperor; for the Empire is not hereditary: that is to say, the son does not succeed his father; but, when an Emperor dies, those nine Electors assemble, and choose another. The Electors are sovereign Princes: those of Mentz, Triers, and Cologne, are Ecclesiastics, being Archbishops. The Elector of Bohemia is King of Bohemia, and his capital town, Prague. The Elector of Bavaria's capital is Munich. The Elector of Saxony is the most considerable of all the Electors, and this Electorate the finest: Dresden is the capital, and a beautiful town. The Elector of Brandenburg is also King of Prussia, and master of a great extent of country; the capital town of Brandenburg is Berlin. The two most considerable towns belonging to the Elector Palatine are Manheim and Dusseldorp. The Elector of Hanover is also King of England; the capital town of that Electorate is Hanover, a miserable capital of a miserable country.[2]

Besides the Electors, there are other sovereign Princes, and

[1] Ceci est une méprise de l'Auteur; le Pays de Hannovre est passablement bon, assez agréable, et fertile.

[2] His Lordship is mistaken with regard to the country of Hanover, which is tolerably good, rather pleasant, and not unfruitful.

powerful ones, as the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, the Duke of Wurtemberg, &c.

[The rest of this geographical description of Germany, and the beginning of that of Asia, are unfortunately lost.]

LETTER LXVI.

ASIE.

La Perse, qui fait aussi une partie de l'Asie, est un très-grand Empire; dont la ville capitale s'appelle Ispahan. L'Empereur d'aujourd'hui est Thamas Kouli Kan; qui de particulier, qu'il étoit, s'est élevé à l'Empire par son adresse et par son courage.

L'Empire du Grand Mogol, ou l'Indostan, se joint à la Perse; c'est un très-vaste et très-riche pays avec lequel nous faisons un grand commerce. La ville capitale est Agra; il y a dans cet Empire deux rivières fameuses, même dans l'antiquité, savoir l'Inde, et le Gange.

La Chine est un vaste Empire, qui fait encore partie de l'Asie. Elle a deux villes capitales; l'une au nord, nommée *Pékin*, l'autre au sud, qui s'appelle *Nankin*. La Tartarie, qui est aussi un pays immense, appartient à la Chine: il n'y a pas cent ans que les Tartares firent la conquête de la Chine.

Les isles Asiatiques sont en grand nombre: mais les plus considérables sont celles du Japon, qui sont très-riches.

TRANSLATION.

ASIA.

Persia is also a part of Asia, and a very great Empire: the capital city is Ispahan; the present Emperor's name, Thamas Kouli Kan:[1] he, from a private station, raised himself to the Empire by skill and courage.

The Empire of the Great Mogul, otherwise called Indostan, is contiguous to Persia. It is a very great and extremely rich country, with which we carry on a considerable trade. The capital city is Agra. Here are also two rivers, famous in antiquity, the Indus and the Ganges.

China, a vast Empire, is another part of Asia: it has two capital towns; one in the northern parts, called Peking; the other towards the south, called Nanking. Tartary, which is an

[1] Nadir Shah.

immense country, belongs to China. The Tartars conquered China not a hundred years ago.

The Asiatic islands are very numerous; the most considerable are those of Japan, which are extremely rich.

LETTER LXVII.

MON CHER ENFANT,

COMME dans la description, que je vous envoie, de l'Italie,[1] j'ai fait mention du Pape, je crois que vous serez bien aise de savoir, ce que c'est que ce Pape. Le Pape donc est un vieux fourbe, qui se dit le Vicaire de Jésus Christ, c'est-à-dire, la personne qui représente Jésus Christ sur la terre, et qui a le pouvoir de sauver ou de damner les gens. En vertu de ce prétendu pouvoir, il accorde des Indulgences, c'est-à-dire des pardons pour les péchés; ou bien il lance des Excommunications, c'est-à-dire qu'il envoie les gens au Diable. Les Catholiques, autrement appellés les Papistes, sont assez fous pour croire tout cela; ils croient de plus que le Pape est infaillible; c'est-à-dire, qu'il ne peut pas se tromper, et que tout ce qu'il dit est vrai, et tout ce qu'il fait est bien. Autre sottise: Le Pape prétend être le premier Prince de la Chrétienté, et prend le pas sur tous les Rois; mais les Rois Protestans ne lui accordent pas cela.

C'est le Pape qui fait les Cardinaux, leur nombre est de soixante et douze, ils sont au-dessus des Evêques, et des Archevêques. On donne à un Cardinal le titre de *votre Eminence*, et au Pape celui de *votre Sainteté*. Quand le Pape meurt, les Cardinaux s'assemblent, pour en élire un autre; cette assemblée s'appelle *le Conclave*. Lorsqu'on est présenté au Pape, on lui baise le pied et non pas la main, comme aux autres Princes. Les loix que le Pape fait s'appellent *les Bulles du Pape*. Le palais où le Pape demeure à Rome s'appelle *le Vatican*, et contient la plus belle bibliothèque du monde.

Le Pape n'est réellement que l'Evêque de Rome; mais la folie et la superstition d'un côté, l'ambition et l'artifice du Clergé de l'autre, l'ont fait ce qu'il est; c'est-à-dire un Prince considérable, et le Chef de l'Eglise Catholique.

Nous autres Protestans ne sommes pas assez simples pour croire toutes ces sottises. Nous croyons, et avec raison, qu'il n'y a que Dieu seul qui soit infaillible, et qui puisse nous rendre heureux ou malheureux.

Adieu! Divertissez vous et soyez gai, il n'y a rien de tel.

[1] Cette description ne se trouve point.

TRANSLATION.

MY DEAR CHILD,

As, in the description which I sent you of Italy,[1] I have mentioned the Pope, I believe you will wish to know who that person is. The Pope, then, is an old cheat, who calls himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that is to say, the person who represents Jesus Christ upon earth, and has the power of saving people or of damning them. By virtue of this pretended power he grants Indulgences, that is to say, pardons for sins: or else he thunders out Excommunications; this means sending people to the Devil. The Catholics, otherwise called Papists, are silly enough to believe this. Besides which, they believe the Pope to be infallible, that is, that he never can mistake; that whatever he says is true, and whatever he does is right. Another absurdity: the Pope pretends to be the greatest Prince in Christendom, and takes place of all Kings. The Protestant Kings, however, do not allow this.

The Pope creates the Cardinals, who are seventy-two in number, and higher in rank than Bishops and Archbishops. The title given to a Cardinal is, your Eminence, and to the Pope, your Holiness. When a Pope dies, the Cardinals assemble to elect another, and that assembly is called a Conclave. Whenever a person is presented to the Pope, they kiss his foot, and not his hand, as we do to other Princes. Laws made by the Pope are called Bulls. The palace he inhabits at Rome is called the Vatican, and contains the finest library in the world.

The Pope is, in reality, nothing more than Bishop of Rome: but, on the one side, weakness and superstition, and on the other, the artifice and ambition of the Clergy, have made him what he is; that is to say, a considerable Prince and Head of the Catholic Church.

We Protestants are not weak enough to give in to all this nonsense. We believe, and with reason, that God alone is infallible, and that he only can make people happy or miserable.

Adieu! Divert yourself and be merry, there is nothing like it.

LETTER LXVIII.

DEAR BOY, Monday.

WHEN I wrote to you last we were in Egypt.[2] Now, if you please, we will travel a little to the north-east of Egypt, and

[1] That description is not to be found. [2] That letter is also wanting.

visit the famous city of Jerusalem, which we read so much of both in the Old and New Testament. It is the chief town of Judea, or Palestine, a country in the Kingdom of Syria, as you will find if you look into the map of Asia. It was anciently a very great and considerable city, where the Kings of Judea resided, and where Solomon built the famous temple of the Jews. It was often taken and plundered by neighbouring Princes, but the Babylonians were the first that utterly destroyed it. Both the town and the temple were afterwards rebuilt by the Jews, under Esdras and Zorobabel, but at last were entirely burnt and ruined by the Roman Emperor Titus. The Emperor Adrian rebuilt it in the year 132, since when it has been taken and plundered by the Saracens, retaken by the Christians, and now at last belongs to the Turks. It is a very inconsiderable place at present, and only famous upon account of what it has been formerly; for Jesus Christ preached the Christian religion there, and was crucified by the Jews upon Mount Calvary. In the eighth century the Saracens got possession of it; and in the eleventh century many Christian Princes in Europe joined, and went with a considerable army to take it from the Saracens. This war was called the Holy War, and as all those who went to it wore a cross upon their breasts it was called a Croisado. The ignorance and superstition of those times made them think it meritorious to take the land where Jesus Christ lived and died out of the hands of Infidels, that is, those who did not believe in Christ; but it was, in truth, a notorious piece of injustice to go and attack those who did not meddle with them.

Not far from Judea you will find in the map the vast country of Arabia, which is divided into three parts: Arabia Deserta, or the Desert, so called because it is hardly inhabited, and has immense deserts, where you see nothing but sand: Arabia Petræa, or the Stony; and Arabia Felix, or the Happy, because it is a fine fruitful country, and produces gums and aromatics of all kinds. Hence comes the common saying, 'All the sweets of Arabia,' when you would say that anything has a very fine smell. Arabia Felix has two famous towns, Medina and Mecca; because the famous impostor Mahomet, the great Prophet of the Turks, was born at Medina, and buried at Mecca, where his tomb is now, to which the Turks often go in pilgrimage. Pilgrimage is a journey that people take to any place on a religious account, and the person who takes that journey is called a Pilgrim.

The Roman Catholics often go Pilgrimages to our Lady of Loretto, in Italy, and sometimes even to Jerusalem, in order

to pray before a cross, or the figure of some saint or other: but these are all follies of weak and ignorant people. Adieu.

LETTER LXIX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, June the 28th, 1742.

YOUR promises give me great pleasure, and your performance of them, which I rely upon, will give me still greater. I am sure you know that breaking of your word is a folly, a dishonour, and a crime. It is a folly, because nobody will trust you afterwards; and it is both a dishonour and a crime, truth being the first duty of religion and morality; and whoever has not truth cannot be supposed to have any one good quality, and must become the detestation of God and man. Therefore I expect, from your truth and your honour, that you will do that which, independently of your promise, your own interest and ambition ought to incline you to do: that is, to excel in everything you undertake. When I was of your age I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any play better, than I did, and I would not have rested a moment till I had got before him. Julius Cæsar, who had a noble thirst of glory, used to say that he would rather be the first in a village than the second in Rome; and he even cried when he saw the statue of Alexander the Great, with the reflection of how much more glory Alexander had acquired, at thirty years old, than he at a much more advanced age. These are the sentiments to make people considerable, and those who have them not will pass their lives in obscurity and contempt; whereas those who endeavour to excel all, are at least sure of excelling a great many. The sure way to excel in anything is only to have a close and undissipated attention while you are about it, and then you need not be half the time that otherwise you must be: for long, plodding, puzzling application is the business of dulness; but good parts attend regularly, and take a thing immediately. Consider, then, which you would choose; to attend diligently while you are learning, and thereby excel all other boys, get a great reputation, and have a great deal more time to play; or else not mind your book, let boys even younger than yourself get before you, be laughed at by them for a dunce, and have no time to play at all: for, I assure you, if you will not learn, you shall not play. What is the way, then, to arrive at that perfection which you promise me to aim at?

It is, first, to do your duty towards God and Man, without which everything else signifies nothing: secondly, to acquire great knowledge, without which you will be a very contemptible man, though you may be a very honest one: and lastly, to be very well bred, without which you will be a very disagreeable, unpleasing man, though you should be an honest and a learned one.

Remember, then, these three things, and resolve to excel in them all; for they comprehend whatever is necessary and useful for this world or the next; and in proportion as you improve in them, you will enjoy the affection and tenderness of,

Yours.

LETTER LXX.[1]

King Charles the First succeeded his father King James the First; and though he was nothing very extraordinary, was still much better than his father, having both more sense and more courage. He married a Princess of France, daughter to Henry the Great, who, being a zealous Papist, and a busy, meddling woman, had an influence over him, which contributed much to his misfortunes. He had learned from his father to fancy that he had a right to be absolute; and had the courage, that his father wanted, to try for it. This made him quarrel with Parliaments, and attempt to raise money without them; which no King has a right to do: but there was then spirit and virtue enough in the nation to oppose it. He would likewise, by the advice of a hot-headed parson (Archbishop Laud), establish the Common Prayer through the whole kingdom by force, which the Presbyterians would not submit to. These, and many other violences, raised a civil war in the nation, in which he was beaten and taken prisoner. A high court of justice was erected on purpose for his trial, where he was tried and condemned for high treason against the Constitution; and was beheaded publicly, about one hundred years ago, at Whitehall, on the 30th of January. This action is much blamed; but, however, if it had not happened, we had had no liberties left.

After Charles's death, the Parliament governed for a time; but the army soon took the power out of their hands; and then Oliver Cromwell, a private gentleman of Huntingdonshire, and

[1] We believe the reader will join with us in regretting, that this is all that remains of the late Earl of Chesterfield's epitome of the History of England, which he had probably begun at a much earlier period.

a Colonel in that army, usurped the government, and called himself the Protector. He was a very brave and a very able man; and carried the honour of England to the highest pitch of glory; making himself both feared and respected by all the Powers in Europe. He got us the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards; and Dunkirk, which Charles the Second shamefully sold afterwards to the French. He died in about ten years after he had usurped the government, which he left to his son Richard, who, being a blockhead, could not keep it; so that King Charles the Second was restored, by the means of General Monk, who was then at the head of the Army.

King Charles the Second, who, during the life of Cromwell, had been wandering about from one country to another, instead of profiting by his adversities, had only collected the vices of all the countries he had been in. He had no religion, or, if any, was a Papist; and his brother, the Duke of York, was a declared one. He gave all he had to whores and favourites; and was so necessitous, that he became a pensioner to France. He lived uneasily with his people and his Parliament; and was at last poisoned. As he died without children, he was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of York, then

King James the Second, who was of a sour, cruel, and tyrannical disposition, and a zealous Papist: he resolved at once to be above the laws, make himself absolute, and establish Popery; upon which the nation, very wisely and justly, turned him out before he had reigned quite four years; and called the Prince of Orange from Holland, who had married King James's eldest daughter, Mary.

The Prince and Princess of Orange were then declared, by Parliament, King and Queen of England, by the title of King William the Third and Queen Mary; and this is called the Revolution.

Queen Mary was an excellent Princess; but she died seven years before King William, without children. King William was a brave and warlike King: he would have been glad of more power than he ought to have; but his Parliaments kept him within due bounds, against his will. To this Revolution we again owe our liberties. King William, dying without children, was succeeded by Queen Anne, the second daughter of King James the Second.

The reign of Queen Anne was a glorious one, by the success of her arms against France, under the Duke of Marlborough. As she died without children, the family of the Stuarts ended in her; and the crown went to the House of Hanover, as the next Pro-

testant family: so that she was succeeded by King George the First, father of the present King.

LETTER LXXI.

SIR, Saturday.

THE fame of your erudition, and other shining qualifications, having reached to Lord Orrery,[1] he desired me, that you might dine with him and his son, Lord Boyle, next Sunday; which I told him you should. By this time, I suppose, you have heard from him; but, if you have not, you must, however, go there between two and three to-morrow, and say, that you come to wait upon Lord Boyle, according to his Lordship's orders, which I informed you of. As this will deprive me of the honour and pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow, I will hope for it at breakfast, and shall take care to have your chocolate ready.

Though I need not tell one of your age, experience, and knowledge of the world, how necessary good-breeding is, to recommend one to mankind; yet, as your various occupations of Greek and cricket, Latin and pitch-farthing, may possibly divert your attention from this object, I take the liberty of reminding you of it, and desiring you to be very well bred at Lord Orrery's. It is good breeding alone that can prepossess people in your favour at first sight: more time being necessary to discover greater talents. This good breeding, you know, does not consist in low bows and formal ceremony; but in an easy, civil, and respectful behaviour. You will therefore take care to answer with complaisance, when you are spoken to; to place yourself at the lower end of the table, unless bid to go higher; to drink first to the Lady of the house, and next to the Master; not to eat awkwardly or dirtily; not to sit when others stand: and to do all this with an air of complaisance, and not with a grave, sour look, as if you did it all unwillingly. I do not mean a silly, insipid smile, that fools have when they would be civil; but an air of sensible good humour. I hardly know anything so difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is often necessary; a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so; and an outward modesty is

[1] After whom the Orrery was so called by its constructer Graham.

extremely becoming: the knowledge of the world, and your own observations, must, and alone can, tell you the proper quantities of each.

Mr Fitzgerald was with me yesterday, and commended you much; go on to deserve commendations, and you will certainly meet with them. Adieu.

LETTER LXXII.

DEAR BOY, Friday Morning.

I AM very well pleased with the substance of your letter; and as for the inaccuracies with regard to style and grammar, you could have corrected them all yourself, if you had taken time. I return it to you here corrected, and desire that you will attend to the difference, which is the way to avoid the same faults for the future.

I would have your letter, next Thursday, be in English, and let it be written as accurately as you are able; I mean with respect to the language, grammar, and stops; for, as to the matter of it, the less trouble you give yourself, the better it will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them, just what we would say to those persons, if we were with them. You may as well write it on the Wednesday, at your leisure, and leave it to be given to my man, when he comes for it on Thursday.

Monsieur Coderc will go to you three times a week; Tuesdays and Saturdays, at three of the clock, and Thursdays at five. He will read modern History with you: and, at the same time, instruct you in Geography and Chronology; without both which, the knowledge of History is very imperfect, and almost useless. I beg, therefore, that you will give great attention to them; they will be of the greatest use to you.

As I know you do not love to stay long in the same place, I flatter myself that you will take care not to remain long in that you have got, in the middle of the third form: it is in your own power to be soon out of it, if you please; and I hope the love of variety will tempt you.

Pray be very attentive and obedient to Mr Fitzgerald: I am particularly obliged to him for undertaking the care of you; and if you are diligent, and mind your business when with him, you will rise very fast in the school. Every remove (you know) is to be attended by a reward from me, besides the credit you will gain for yourself; which, to so great a soul as yours, I

presume, is a stronger inducement than any other reward can be; but, however, you shall have one. I know very well you will not be easy, till you are got above Master Onslow; but, as he learns very well, I fear you will never be able to do it, at least not without taking more pains than, I believe, you will care to take; but, should that ever happen, there shall be a very considerable reward for you, besides Fame.

Let me know, in your next, what books you read in your place at school, and what you do with Mr Fitzgerald. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIII.

DEAR BOY, Dublin, January the 25th, 1745.

As there are now four mails due from England, one of which, at least, will, I suppose, bring me a letter from you, I take this opportunity of acknowledging it beforehand, that you may not accuse me (as you once or twice have done) of negligence. I am very glad to find, by your letter which I am to receive, that you are determined to apply yourself seriously to your business; to attend to what you learn, in order to learn it well; and to reflect and reason upon what you have learned, that your learning may be of use to you. These are very good resolutions, and I applaud you mightily for them. Now for your last letter, which I have received. You rebuke me very severely for not knowing, or at least not remembering, that you have been some time in the fifth form. Here, I confess, I am at a loss what to say for myself; for, on the one hand, I own it is not probable that you would not, at the time, have communicated an event of that importance to me; and, on the other hand, it is not likely, that, if you had informed me of it, I could have forgotten it. You say that it happened six months ago; in which, with all due submission to you, I apprehend you are mistaken, because that must have been before I left England, which I am sure it was not; and it does not appear, in any of your original manuscripts, that it happened since. May not this possibly proceed from the oscitancy of the writer? To this oscitancy of the librarians, we owe so many mistakes, hiatuses, lacunæ, &c., in ancient manuscripts. It may here be necessary to explain to you the meaning of the *Oscitantes librarii*; which, I believe, you will easily take. These persons (before printing was invented) transcribed the works of authors, sometimes for their own profit, but oftener (as they were generally slaves) for the profit of their

masters. In the first case, dispatch, more than accuracy, was their object; for the faster they wrote the more they got: in the latter case (observe this), as it was a task imposed on them, which they did not dare to refuse, they were *idle, careless, and incorrect; not giving themselves the trouble to read over what they had written.* The celebrated Atticus kept a great number of these transcribing slaves, and got great sums of money by their labours.

But, to return now to your fifth form, from whence I have strayed, it may be, too long; Pray what do you do in that country? Be so kind as to give me a description of it. What Latin and Greek books do you read there? Are your exercises exercises of invention? or do you still put the bad English of the psalms into bad Latin, and only change the shape of Latin verse, from long to short, and from short to long? People do not improve, singly, by travelling, but by the observations they make, and by keeping good company where they do travel. So, I hope, in your travels, through the fifth form, you keep company with Horace and Cicero, among the Romans; and Homer and Xenophon, among the Greeks; and that you are got out of the worst company in the world, the Greek epigrams. Martial has wit, and is worth your looking into sometimes; but I recommend the Greek epigrams to your supreme contempt. Good night to you.

LETTER LXXIV.

DEAR BOY, Dublin Castle, November the 19th, 1745.

I HAVE received your last Saturday's performance, with which I am very well satisfied. I know or have heard of no Mr St Maurice here; and young Pain, whom I have made an Ensign, was here upon the spot, as were every one of those I have named in these new levies.

Now that the Christmas breaking up draws near, I have ordered Mr Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms; which, with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet,

when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do everything you do well. There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well. And I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance: dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with: the difference in this case, between a man of sense and a fop, is, that the fop values himself upon his dress; and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it. There are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which not being criminal must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them; but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people, if you can; but do not tell them so.

It is a very fortunate thing for Sir Charles Hotham to have fallen into the hands of one of your age, experience, and knowledge of the world; I am persuaded you will take infinite care of him. Good night.

LETTER LXXV.

SIR, Dublin Castle, February the 8th, 1746.

I HAVE been honoured with two letters from you, since I troubled you with my last; and I have likewise received a letter from Mr Morel, containing a short but beautiful manuscript, said to be yours; but, I confess, I can hardly believe it, because it is so very different from your common writing; and I will not suppose that you do not always write as well as you can; for to do anything ill, that one can do well, is a degree of negligence which I can never suspect you of. I always applauded your laudable ambition of excelling in everything you attempted; and therefore make no doubt but that you will, in a little time, be able to write full as well as the person (whoever he was) that wrote that manuscript, which is said to be yours. People like you have a contempt for mediocrity, and are not satisfied with escaping censure; they aim at praise, and, by desiring, seldom fail deserving and acquiring it.

You propose, I find, Demosthenes for your model; and you have chosen very well: but remember the pains he took to be

what he was. He spoke near the sea, in storms, both to use himself to speak loud, and not to be disturbed by the noise and tumult of public assemblies; he put stones in his mouth, to help his elocution, which naturally was not advantageous: from which facts I conclude, that whenever he spoke, he opened both his lips and his teeth; and that he articulated every word and every syllable distinctly, and full loud enough to be heard the whole length of my library.

As he took so much pains for the graces of oratory only, I conclude he took still more for the more solid parts of it. I am apt to think he applied himself extremely, to the propriety, the purity, and the elegancy of his language; to the distribution of the parts of his oration; to the force of his arguments; to the strength of his proofs; and to the passions, as well as the judgments, of his audience. I fancy he began with an *exordium*, to gain the good opinion and the affections of his audience; that afterwards he stated the point in question, briefly, but clearly; that he then brought his proofs, afterwards his arguments; and that he concluded with a *peroratio*, in which he recapitulated the whole succinctly, enforced the strong parts, and artfully slipped over the weak ones; and at last made his strong push at the passions of his hearers. Wherever you would persuade or prevail, address yourself to the passions; it is by them that mankind is to be taken. Cæsar bade his soldiers, at the battle of Pharsalia, aim at the faces of Pompey's men; they did so, and prevailed. I bid you strike at the passions; and if you do, you too will prevail. If you can once engage people's pride, love, pity, ambition (or whichever is their prevailing passion) on your side, you need not fear what their reason can do against you.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dublin, February the 26th, 1746.

Sunt quibus in Satirâ videar nimis acer.[1]

I FIND, Sir, you are one of those; though I cannot imagine why you think so, unless something that I have said, very innocently, has happened to be very applicable to somebody or other of your acquaintance. He makes the satire, who applies it, *qui capit ille facit*. I hope you do not think I meant you, by anything I have said; because, if you do, it seems to imply a

[1] To some in Satire I too sharp appear.

consciousness of some guilt, which I dare not presume to suppose, in your case. I know my duty too well to express, and your merit too well to entertain, such a suspicion. I have not lately read the satirical authors you mention, having very little time here to read. But as soon as I return to England, there is a book that I shall read over very carefully; a book that I published not quite fourteen years ago: it is a small quarto; and, though I say it myself, there is something good in it; but at the same time, it is so incorrect, so inaccurate, and has so many faults, that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally read than it has been yet; and therefore it is necessary that it should, *prodire in lucem, multò emendatior.* I believe you have seldom dipped into this book; and moreover, I believe it will be the last book that you will read with proper attention; otherwise, if you would take the trouble, you could help me, in this new edition, more than anybody. If you will promise me your assistance, I will tell you the book; till then, I shall not name it.

You will find all the Spectators that are good, that is, all Addison's, in my library, in one large quarto volume of his works, which is perfectly at your service.

Pray tell Monsieur Codere (who you, with great grammatical purity, say, has been *to* General Cornwall), that I do not doubt, but that whole affair will be set right in a little time. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

SIR, Dublin Castle, March the 10th, 1746.

I MOST thankfully acknowledge the honour of two or three letters from you, since I troubled you with my last; and am very proud of the repeated instances you give me of your favour and protection, which I shall endeavour to deserve.

I am very glad you went to hear a trial in the Court of King's Bench, and still more so, that you made the proper animadverrions upon the inattention of many of the people in the Court. As you observed, very well, the indecency of that inattention, I am sure you will never be guilty of anything like it yourself. There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well: and nothing can be done well without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about

anything that was said or done, where he was present, that, 'truly he did not mind it.' And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there, but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains everything that passes where he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory. Mind, not only what people say, but how they say it; and, if you have any sagacity, you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look just as they will; and their looks frequently discover what their words are calculated to conceal. Observe, therefore, people's looks carefully, when they speak, not only to you, but to each other. I have often guessed, by people's faces, what they were saying, though I could not hear one word they said. The most material knowledge of all, I mean the knowledge of the world, is never to be acquired without great attention; and I know many old people, who, though they have lived long in the world, are but children still as to the knowledge of it, from their levity and inattention. Certain forms, which all people comply with, and certain arts, which all people aim at, hide, in some degree, the truth, and give a general exterior resemblance to almost everybody. Attention and sagacity must see through that veil, and discover the natural character. You are of an age now to reflect, to observe, and compare characters, and to arm yourself against the common arts, at least, of the world. If a man, with whom you are but barely acquainted, to whom you have made no offers, nor given any marks of friendship, makes you, on a sudden, strong professions of his, receive them with civility, but do not repay them with confidence; he certainly means to deceive you; for one man does not fall in love with another at sight. If a man uses strong protestations or oaths, to make you believe a thing, which is of itself so likely and probable that the bare saying of it would be sufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it; or else he would not take so much pains.

In about five weeks, I propose having the honour of laying myself at your feet; which I hope to find grown longer than they were when I left them. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVIII.

DEAR BOY, April the fifth, 1746.

BEFORE it is very long, I am of opinion, that you will both think and speak more favourably of women than you do now. You seem to think, that, from Eve downwards, they have done a great deal of mischief. As for that Lady, I give her up to you; but, since her time, history will inform you, that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and, to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either, more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind; for, besides that all general rules have their exceptions, you unnecessarily make yourself a great number of enemies, by attacking a *corps* collectively. Among women, as among men, there are good as well as bad, and it may be full as many, or more, good than among men. This rule holds as to lawyers, soldiers, parsons, courtiers, citizens, &c. They are all men, subject to the same passions and sentiments, differing only in the manner, according to their several educations; and it would be as imprudent as unjust to attack any of them by the lump. Individuals forgive sometimes; but bodies and societies never do. Many young people think it very genteel and witty to abuse the Clergy; in which they are extremely mistaken; since, in my opinion, parsons are very like other men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a black gown. All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite, threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place. Judge of individuals from your own knowledge of them, and not from their sex, profession, or denomination.

Though, at my return, which I hope will be very soon, I shall not find your feet lengthened, I hope I shall find your head a good deal so, and then I shall not much mind your feet. In two or three months after my return, you and I shall part for some time: you must go to read men, as well as books, of all languages and nations. Observation and reflection will then be very necessary for you. We will talk this matter over fully when we meet; which I hope will be in the last week of this month; till when, I have the honour of being

Your most faithful servant.

LETTER LXXIX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, September the 29th, O. S. 1746.

I RECEIVED by the last mail your letter of the 23rd N. S. from Heidelberg; and am very well pleased to find that you inform yourself of the particulars of the several places you go through. You do mighty right to see the curiosities in those several places, such as the golden *Bull* at Frankfort, the tun at Heidelberg, &c. Other travellers see them and talk of them, it is very proper to see them too; but remember, that seeing is the least material object of travelling; hearing and knowing are the essential points. Therefore pray let your inquiries be chiefly directed to the knowledge of the constitution and particular customs of the places where you either reside at, or pass through; whom they belong to, by what right and tenure, and since when; in whom the supreme authority is lodged; and by what Magistrates, and in what manner, the civil and the criminal justice is administered. It is likewise necessary to get as much acquaintance as you can, in order to observe the characters and manners of the people; for, though human nature is in truth the same through the whole human species, yet it is so differently modified and varied, by education, habit, and different customs, that one should, upon a slight and superficial observation, almost think it different.

As I have never been in Switzerland myself, I must desire you to inform me now and then of the constitution of that country. As, for instance, Do the Thirteen Cantons, jointly and collectively, form one government, where the supreme authority is lodged; or is each Canton sovereign in itself, and under no tie or constitutional obligation of acting in common concert with the other Cantons? Can any one Canton make war or alliances with a foreign Power, without the consent of the other twelve, or at least a majority of them? Can one Canton declare war against another? If every Canton is sovereign and independent in itself, in whom is the supreme power of that Canton lodged? Is it in one man, or in a certain number of men? If in one man, what is he called? If in a number, what are they called; Senate, Council, or what? I do not suppose that you can yet know these things yourself: but a very little inquiry, of those who do, will enable you to answer me these few questions in your next. You see, I am sure, the necessity of knowing these things thoroughly, and, consequently, the necessity of conversing much with the people of the country, who alone can in-

form you rightly: whereas, most of the English, who travel, converse only with each other, and consequently know no more, when they return to England, than they did when they left it. This proceeds from a *mauvaise honte*, which makes them ashamed of going into company; and frequently too from the want of the necessary language (French) to enable them to bear their part in it. As for the *mauvaise honte*, I hope you are above it. Your figure is like other people's; I suppose you will take care that your dress shall be so too, and to avoid any singularity. What then should you be ashamed of? and why not go into a mixed company with as much ease, and as little concern, as you would go into your own room? Vice and ignorance are the only things I know, which one ought to be ashamed of: keep but clear of them, and you may go anywhere without fear or concern. I have known some people, who, from feeling the pain and inconveniencies of this *mauvaise honte*, have rushed into the other extreme, and turned impudent; as cowards sometimes grow desperate from the excess of danger: but this, too, is carefully to be avoided, there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence. The medium between these two extremes marks out the well-bred man; he feels himself firm and easy in all companies; is modest without being bashful, and steady without being impudent: if he is a stranger, he observes with care the manners and ways of the people the most esteemed at that place, and conforms to them with complaisance. Instead of finding fault with the customs of that place, and telling the people that the English ones are a thousand times better (as my countrymen are very apt to do), he commends their table, their dress, their houses, and their manners, a little more, it may be, than he really thinks they deserve. But this degree of complaisance is neither criminal nor abject; and is but a small price to pay for the good-will and affection of the people you converse with. As the generality of people are weak enough to be pleased with these little things, those who refuse to please them, so cheaply, are, in my mind, weaker than they. There is a very pretty little French book, written by L'Abbé de Bellegarde, entitled, *L'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*; and, though I confess that it is impossible to reduce the art of pleasing to a system, yet this book is not wholly useless; I dare say you may get it at Geneva, if not at Lausanne, and I would advise you to read it. But this principle I will lay down, That the desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it; the rest depends only upon the manner, which attention, observation, and frequenting good company will teach. But if you are lazy, careless, and

indifferent whether you please or not, depend upon it you never will please.

This letter is insensibly grown too long; but, as I always flatter myself that my experience may be of some use to your youth and inexperience, I throw out, as it occurs to me, and shall continue to do so, everything that I think may be of the least advantage to you in this important and decisive period of your life. God preserve you!

P.S. I am much better, and shall leave this place soon.

LETTER LXXX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 4th, O. S. 1746.

THOUGH I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess I have often my doubts whether it is to any purpose. I know how unwelcome advice generally is; I know that those who want it most like it and follow it least; and I know, too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, the imperiousness, or the garrulity of old age. But then, on the other hand, I flatter myself, that as your own reason (though too young as yet to suggest much to you of itself) is, however, strong enough to enable you both to judge of and receive plain truths: I flatter myself, I say, that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well: in which case, some of it will, I hope, have its effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too: and do not apprehend that I mean to check your pleasures; of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way in the progress of your youth of those thorns and briars which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine. I do not, therefore, so much as hint to you how absolutely dependent you are upon me; that you neither have nor can have a shilling in the world but from me; and that, as I have no womanish weakness for your person, your merit must and will be the only measure of my kindness. I say, I do not hint these things to you, because I am convinced that you will act right upon more noble and generous princi-

ples; I mean, for the sake of doing right, and out of affection and gratitude to me.

I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties, but I point them out to you as conducive, nay, absolutely necessary, to your pleasures; for can there be a greater pleasure than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life? And, consequently, can there be anything more mortifying than to be excelled by them? In this latter case, your shame and regret must be greater than anybody's, because everybody knows the uncommon care which has been taken of your education, and the opportunities you have had of knowing more than others of your age. I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others (though that is a very sensible pleasure and a very warrantable pride); but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself: for, in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of anything, gives neither satisfaction nor credit, but often brings disgrace or ridicule.

Mr Pope says, very truly,

> 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep, or taste not the Castalian spring.'

And what is called a *smattering* of everything infallibly constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself, at this age, without them? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sotting away the evenings; or, by wasting them frivolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women; or, lastly, I must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. My books, and only my books, are now left me; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true: '*Hæc studia* (says he) *adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*'[1]

I do not mean, by this, to exclude conversation out of the

[1] These pursuits are the sustenance of youth, the delight of old age, in prosperity an ornament, in adversity a refuge and solace; at home they give us pleasure, out of doors they are not in our way; with us they spend the night, sojourn in foreign parts, and live in the country.

pleasures of an advanced age; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleasure, at all ages; but the conversation of the ignorant is no conversation, and gives even them no pleasure: they tire of their own sterility, and have not matter enough to furnish them with words to keep up a conversation.

Let me, therefore, most earnestly recommend to you to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge; for though, during the dissipation of your youth, you may not have occasion to spend much of it, yet you may depend upon it that a time will come, when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years; not that it is known that the next, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one, but because it is known that sooner or later such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

I will say no more to you upon this subject; you have Mr Harte with you to enforce it; you have Reason to assent to the truth of it; so that, in short, 'you have Moses and the Prophets; if you will not believe them, neither will you believe, though one rose from the dead.'—Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I so much recommend to you, is confined to books, pleasing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is: but I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another reciprocally; and no man will have either perfectly, who has not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it you; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might otherwise escape you; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with those which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

To know mankind well requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies: no, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has a prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion; pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion

in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust him, where that passion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you please, but be upon your guard yourself against it, whatever professions he may make you.

I would desire you to read this letter twice over, but that I much doubt whether you will read once to the end of it. I will trouble you no longer now; but we will have more upon this subject hereafter. Adieu.

CHESTERFIELD.

I have this moment received your letter from Schafthausen: in the date of it you forgot the month.

LETTER LXXXI.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 9th, O. S. 1746.

YOUR distresses in your journey from Heidelberg to Schaffhausen, your lying upon straw, your black bread, and your broken *Berline*, are proper seasonings for the greater fatigues and distresses, which you must expect in the course of your travels; and, if one had a mind to moralize, one might call them the samples of the accidents, rubs, and difficulties, which every man meets with in his journey through life. In this journey, the understanding is the *voiture* that must carry you through; and in proportion as that is stronger or weaker, more or less in repair, your journey will be better or worse; though, at best, you will now and then find some bad roads, and some bad inns. Take care, therefore, to keep that necessary *voiture* in perfect good repair; examine, improve, and strengthen it every day: it is in the power, and ought to be the care, of every man to do it; he that neglects it deserves to feel, and certainly will feel, the fatal effects of that negligence.

A propos of negligence; I must say something to you upon that subject. You know I have often told you that my affection for you was not a weak, womanish one; and, far from blinding me, it makes me but more quick-sighted as to your faults: those it is not only my right, but my duty, to tell you of, and it is your duty and your interest to correct them. In the strict scrutiny which I have made into you, I have (thank God) hitherto not discovered any vice of the heart, or any peculiar weakness of the head: but I have discovered laziness, in-

attention, and indifference; faults which are only pardonable in old men, who, in the decline of life, when health and spirits fail, have a kind of claim to that sort of tranquillity. But a young man should be ambitious to shine and excel; alert, active, and indefatigable in the means of doing it; and, like Cæsar, *Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*[1] You seem to want that *vivida vis animi* which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel. Without the desire and the pains necessary to be considerable, depend upon it you never can be so; as, without the desire and attention necessary to please, you never can please. *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia,*[2] is unquestionably true with regard to everything except poetry; and I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by proper culture, care, attention, and labour, make himself whatever he pleases except a good poet. Your destination is the great and busy world; your immediate object is the affairs, the interests, and the history, the constitutions, the customs, and the manners of the several parts of Europe. In this any man of common sense may, by common application, be sure to excel. Ancient and Modern History are, by attention, easily attainable. Geography and Chronology the same; none of them requiring any uncommon share of genius or invention. Speaking and writing clearly, correctly, and with ease and grace, are certainly to be acquired by reading the best authors with care, and by attention to the best living models. These are the qualifications more particularly necessary for you in your department, which you may be possessed of if you please, and which, I tell you fairly, I shall be very angry at you if you are not; because, as you have the means in your hands, it will be your own fault only.

If care and application are necessary to the acquiring of those qualifications, without which you can never be considerable nor make a figure in the world, they are not less necessary with regard to the lesser accomplishments, which are requisite to make you agreeable and pleasing in society. In truth, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and nothing can be done well without attention: I therefore carry the necessity of attention down to the lowest things, even to dancing and dress. Custom has made dancing sometimes necessary for a young man; therefore mind it while you learn it, that you may learn to do it well, and not be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act. Dress is of the same nature; you must dress, therefore attend to it; not in order to rival or to excel a fop

[1] Count nothing done, if anything remains undone.
[2] When men are prudent, they find all the gods propitious.

in it, but in order to avoid singularity, and consequently ridicule. Take great care always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age, in the place where you are, whose dress is never spoken of one way or another, as either too negligent or too much studied.

What is commonly called an absent man, is commonly either a very weak or a very affected man; but be he which he will, he is, I am sure, a very disagreeable man in company. He fails in all the common offices of civility; he seems not to know those people to-day with whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy. He takes no part in the general conversation; but, on the contrary, breaks into it from time to time with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream. This (as I said before) is a sure indication either of a mind so weak that it is not able to bear above one object at a time; or so affected, that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by, and directed to, some very great and important objects. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr Locke, and (it may be) five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have had a right to absence, from that intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man, and a man of the world, who has no such avocations to plead, will claim and exercise that right of absence in company, his pretended right should, in my mind, be turned into an involuntary absence, by his perpetual exclusion out of company. However frivolous a company may be, still, while you are among them, do not show them, by your inattention, that you think them so; but rather take their tone, and conform in some degree to their weakness, instead of manifesting your contempt for them. There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt: and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult. If, therefore, you would rather please than offend, rather be well than ill spoken of, rather be loved than hated, remember to have that constant attention about you which flatters every man's little vanity; and the want of which, by mortifying his pride, never fails to excite his resentment, or at least his ill-will. For instance; most people (I might say all people) have their weaknesses; they have their aversions and their likings, to such and such things; so that, if you were to laugh at a man for his aversion to a cat, or cheese (which are common antipathies), or, by inattention and negligence, to let them come in his way where you could prevent it, he would, in the first case, think himself insulted, and, in the second, slighted, and would remember both. Whereas your care to procure for him what

he likes, and to remove from him what he hates, shows him that he is at least an object of your attention; flatters his vanity, and makes him possibly more your friend, than a more important service would have done. With regard to women, attentions still below these are necessary, and, by the custom of the world, in some measure due, according to the laws of good breeding.

My long and frequent letters which I send you, in great doubt of their success, put me in mind of certain papers which you have very lately, and I formerly, sent up to kites, along the string, which we called messengers; some of them the wind used to blow away, others were torn by the string, and but few of them got up and stuck to the kite. But I will content myself now, as I did then, if some of my present messengers do but stick to you. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

DEAR BOY,

YOU are by this time (I suppose) quite settled and at home at Lausanne; therefore pray let me know how you pass your time there, and what your studies, your amusements, and your acquaintances are. I take it for granted, that you inform yourself daily of the nature of the government and constitution of the Thirteen Cantons; and, as I am ignorant of them myself, I must apply to you for information. I know the names, but I do not know the nature of some of the most considerable offices there; such as the *Avoyers*, the *Seizeniers*, the *Banderets*, and the *Gros Sautier*. I desire, therefore, that you will let me know what is the particular business, department, or province of these several Magistrates. But, as I imagine that there may be some, though I believe no essential, difference in the governments of the several Cantons, I would not give you the trouble of informing yourself of each of them; but confine my inquiries, as you may your informations, to the Canton you reside in; that of Berne, which I take to be the principal one. I am not sure whether the Païs de Vaud, where you are, being a conquered country, and taken from the Dukes of Savoy in the year 1536, has the same share in the government of the Canton as the German part of it has. Pray inform yourself and me about it.

I have this moment received yours from Berne, of the 2nd October, N. S. and also one from Mr Harte, of the same date, under Mr Burnaby's cover. I find by the latter, and indeed I

thought so before, that some of your letters, and some of Mr Harte's, have not reached me. Wherefore, for the future, I desire that both he and you will direct your letters for me, to be left *chez Monsieur Wolters, Agent de S. M. Britannique, à Rotterdam*, who will take care to send them to me safe. The reason why you have not received letters, either from me or from Grevenkop, was, that we directed them to Lausanne, where we thought you long ago: and we thought it to no purpose to direct to you upon your *route*, where it was little likely that our letters would meet with you. But you have, since your arrival at Lausanne, I believe, found letters enough from me: and it may be more than you have read, at least with attention.

I am glad that you like Switzerland so well; and impatient to hear how other matters go after your settlement at Lausanne. God bless you!

LETTER LXXXIII.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 2nd, O. S. 1746.

I HAVE not, in my present situation,[1] time to write to you, either so much or so often as I used, while I was in a place of much more leisure and profit: but my affection for you must not be judged of by the number of my letters; and, though the one lessens, the other, I assure you, does not.

I have just now received your letter of the 25th past, N. S. and, by the former post, one from Mr Harte, with both which I am very well pleased: with Mr Harte's, for the good account which he gives me of you: with yours, for the good account you give me of what I desired to be informed of. Pray continue to give me further information of the form of government of the country you are now in; which I hope you will know most minutely before you leave it. The inequality of the town of Lausanne seems to be very convenient in this cold weather; because going up hill and down will keep you warm.—You say there is a good deal of good company; pray, are you got into it? Have you made acquaintances, and with whom? Let me know some of their names. Do you learn German yet, to read, write, and speak it?

Yesterday, I saw a letter from Monsieur Bochat, to a friend of mine, which gave me the greatest pleasure that I have felt this great while, because it gives so very good an account of

[1] His Lordship was, in the year 1746, appointed one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State.

you. Among other things which Monsieur Bochat says to your advantage, he mentions the tender uneasiness and concern that you showed during my illness; for which (though I will say that you owe it me) I am obliged to you; sentiments of gratitude not being universal, nor even common. As your affection for me can only proceed from your experience and conviction of my fondness for you (for to talk of natural affection is talking nonsense), the only return I desire is, what it is chiefly your interest to make me; I mean, your invariable practice of Virtue, and your indefatigable pursuit of Knowledge. Adieu! and be persuaded that I shall love you extremely, while you deserve it, but not one moment longer.

LETTER LXXXIV.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 9th, O. S. 1746.

THOUGH I have very little time, and though I write by this post to Mr Harte, yet I cannot send a packet to Lausanne without a word or two to yourself. I thank you for your letter of congratulation which you wrote me, notwithstanding the pain it gave you. The accident that caused the pain, was, I presume, owing to that degree of giddiness which I have sometimes taken the liberty to speak to you of. The post I am now in, though the object of most people's views and desires, was in some degree inflicted upon me; and a certain concurrence of circumstances obliged me to engage in it. But I feel that it requires more strength of body and mind than I have, to go through with it; were you three or four years older, you should share in my trouble, and I would have taken you into my office: but I hope you will employ those three or four years so well, as to make yourself capable of being of use to me, if I should continue in it so long. The reading, writing, and speaking the modern languages correctly; the knowledge of the laws of nations, and the particular constitution of the Empire; of History, Geography, and Chronology,—are absolutely necessary to this business, for which I have always intended you. With these qualifications, you may very possibly be my successor, though not my immediate one.

I hope you employ your whole time, which few people do; and that you put every moment to profit of some kind or other. I call company, walking, riding, &c. employing one's time, and, upon proper occasions, very usefully; but what I cannot forgive,

in anybody, is sauntering, and doing nothing at all, with a thing so precious as time, and so irrecoverable when lost.

Are you acquainted with any Ladies at Lausanne; and do you behave yourself with politeness enough to make them desire your company?

I must finish: God bless you!

LETTER LXXXV.

MONSIEUR, A Londres, ce 24 Fev. O. S. 1747.

POUR entretenir réciproquement notre françois, que nous courons risque d'oublier tous deux, faute d'habitude, vous permettrez bien que j'ai l'honneur de vous assurer de mes respects, dans cette langue, et vous aurez aussi la bonté de me répondre dans la même. Ce n'est pas que je craigne que vous oubliez de parler françois puisque apparemment les deux tiers de votre caquet quotidien sont dans cette langue; mais c'est que si vous vous désaccoutumiez d'écrire en françois, vous pourriez, un jour, manquer à' cette pureté grammaticale et à cette orthographe exacte, par où vous brillez tant, dans les autres langues: et au bout du compte, il vaut mieux écrire bien que mal, même en françois. Au reste, comme c'est une langue faite pour l'enjouement et le badinage, je m'y conformerai et je réserverai mon sérieux pour l'anglois. Je ne vous parlerai donc pas à présent de votre Grec, votre Latin, votre Droit, soit de la Nature, ou des Gens, soit public, ou particulier; mais parlons plutôt de vos amusemens et de vos plaisirs: puis qu'aussi bien il en faut avoir. Oserois-je vous demander quels sont les vôtres? Est-ce un petit jeu de société, en bonne compagnie? Est-il question de petits soupers agréables, où la gaieté et la bienséance se trouvent réunies? Ou, en contez-vous à quelque Belle, vos attentions, pour laquelle, contribueroient à vous decrotter? Faites-moi votre confident, sur cette matière, vous ne me trouverez pas un censeur sévère; au contraire, je sollicite l'emploi de ministre de vos plaisirs: Je vous en indiquerai, et même j'y contribuerai.

Nombre de jeunes gens se livrent à des plaisirs qu'ils ne goûtent point, parce que, par abus, ils ont le nom de plaisirs. Ils s'y trompent même, souvent, au point de prendre la débauche pour le plaisir. Avouez que l'ivrognerie, qui ruine également la santé et l'esprit, est un beau plaisir. Le gros jeu, qui vous cause mille mauvaises affaires, qui ne vous laisse pas le sol, et qui vous donne tout l'air et les manières d'un possédé, est un

plaisir bien exquis: n'est-ce pas! La débauche des femmes, à la vérité, n'a guères d'autre suite, que de faire tomber le nez, ruiner la santé, et vous attirer, de tems en tems, quelques coups d'épée. Bagatelles que cela! Voilà, cependant, le catalogue des plaisirs de la plupart des jeunes gens, qui ne raisonnent pas, par eux-mêmes, et qui adoptent, sans discernement, ce qu'il plaît aux autres d'appeller du beau nom de Plaisir. Je suis très-persuadé que vous ne tomberez pas dans ces égaremens, et que, dans le choix de vos plaisirs, vous consulterez votre raison et votre goût.

La société des honnêtes gens, la table dans les bornes requises, un petit jeu qui amuse sans intérêt, et la conversation enjouée et galante des femmes de condition et d'esprit, sont les véritables plaisirs d'un honnête homme; qui ne causent ni maladie, ni honte, ni repentir. Au lieu que tout ce qui va au-delà, devient crapule, débauche, fureur, qui, loin de donner du relief, décrédite et déshonore. Adieu.

TRANSLATION.

SIR, London, February the 24th, O. S. 1747.

IN order that we may, reciprocally, keep up our French, which, for want of practice, we might forget, you will permit me to have the honour of assuring you of my respects, in that language; and be so good to answer me in the same. Not that I am apprehensive of your forgetting to speak French; since it is probable, that two-thirds of your daily prattle is in that language; but because, if you leave off writing French, you may, perhaps, neglect that grammatical purity and accurate orthography, which, in other languages, you excel in; and really, even in French, it is better to write well than ill. However, as this is a language very proper for sprightly, gay subjects, I shall conform to that, and reserve those which are serious for English. I shall not therefore mention to you, at present, your Greek or Latin, your study of the law of Nature, or the Law of Nations, the Rights of People, or of Individuals; but rather discuss the subject of your Amusements and Pleasures; for, to say the truth, one must have some. May I be permitted to inquire of what nature yours are? Do they consist in little commercial play at cards, in good company? are they little agreeable suppers, at which cheerfulness and decency are united? or, do you pay court to some fair one, who requires such attentions as may be of use in contributing to polish you? Make me your confidant upon this subject; you shall not find me a

severe censor; on the contrary, I wish to obtain the employment of minister to your pleasures: I will point them out, and even contribute to them.

Many young people adopt pleasures for which they have not the least taste, only because they are called by that name. They often mistake so totally, as to imagine that debauchery is pleasure. You must allow that drunkenness, which is equally destructive to body and mind, is a fine pleasure. Gaming, that draws you into a thousand scrapes, leaves you penniless, and gives you the air and manners of an outrageous madman, is another most exquisite pleasure, is it not? As to running after women, the consequences of that vice are only the loss of one's nose, the total destruction of health, and not unfrequently the being run through the body.

These, you see, are all trifles: yet this is the catalogue of pleasures of most of those young people, who, never reflecting themselves, adopt indiscriminately what others choose to call by the seducing name of Pleasure. I am thoroughly persuaded you will not fall into such errors; and that, in the choice of your amusements, you will be directed by reason and a discerning taste. The true pleasures of a gentleman are those of the table, but within the bounds of moderation; good company, that is to say, people of merit; moderate play, which amuses, without any interested views; and sprightly, gallant conversations with women of fashion and sense.

These are the real pleasures of a gentleman, which occasion neither sickness, shame, nor repentance. Whatever exceeds them becomes low vice, brutal passion, debauchery, and insanity of mind; all of which, far from giving satisfaction, bring on dishonour and disgrace. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, March the 6th, O. S. 1747.

WHATEVER you do will always affect me very sensibly one way or another; and I am now most agreeably affected by two letters which I have lately seen from Lausanne, upon your subject; the one was from Madame St Germain, the other from Monsieur Pampigny: they both give so good an account of you, that I thought myself obliged, in justice both to them and to you, to let you know it. Those who deserve a good character ought to have the satisfaction of knowing that they have it,

both as a reward and as an encouragement. They write, that you are not only *décrotté*, but tolerably well-bred; and that the English crust of awkward bashfulness, shyness, and roughness (of which, by the by, you had your share), is pretty well rubbed off. I am most heartily glad of it; for, as I have often told you, those lesser talents, of an engaging, insinuating manner, an easy good breeding, a genteel behaviour and address, are of infinitely more advantage than they are generally thought to be, especially here in England. Virtue and learning, like gold, have their intrinsic value; but if they are not polished, they certainly lose a great deal of their lustre: and even polished brass will pass upon more people than rough gold. What a number of sins does the cheerful, easy, good breeding of the French frequently cover! Many of them want common sense, many more common learning; but in general they make up so much by their manner for those defects, that frequently they pass undiscovered. I have often said, and do think, that a Frenchman, who, with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and good breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature. This perfection you may, if you please, and I hope you will, arrive at. You know what virtue is: you may have it if you will; it is in every man's power; and miserable is the man who has it not. Good sense God has given you. Learning you already possess enough of, to have, in a reasonable time, all that a man need have. With this you are thrown out early into the world, where it will be your own fault if you do not acquire all the other accomplishments necessary to complete and adorn your character. You will do well to make your compliments to Madame St Germain and Monsieur Pampigny, and tell them how sensible you are of their partiality to you, in the advantageous testimonies which, you are informed, they have given of you here.

Adieu! Continue to deserve such testimonies, and then you will not only deserve, but enjoy, my truest affection.

LETTER LXXXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, March the 27th, O. S. 1747.

PLEASURE is the rock which most young people split upon; they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of Pleasure,

are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at Pleasure, like a Stoic, or to preach against it, like a Parson; no, I mean to point it out, and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean: I wish you a great deal, and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

The character which most young men first aim at is, that of a Man of Pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and instead of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those with whom they chiefly converse are pleased to call by the name of Pleasure; and a *Man of Pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptation of that phrase, means only a beastly drunkard, an abandoned whoremaster, and a profligate swearer and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being what I heard called a Man of Pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drunk, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman and a Man of Pleasure.

The same as to gaming. I did not want money, and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought Play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a Man of Pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it without desire, at first; sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it; and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty the best years of my life.

I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and completing the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it.

Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures, I lost real ones; and my fortune impaired, and my constitution shattered, are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors.

Take warning, then, by them; choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you. Follow nature, and not fashion: weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice.

Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, not of imaginary pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table, and of wine; but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in

either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them for it; but I would be most firmly resolved not to destroy my own faculties and constitution in complaisance to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain; that is, I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for; but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay; and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me: and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, which though often frivolous, yet they unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they certainly polish and soften the manners.

These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and moreover I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones: for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who only call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk among them? Or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost, at play, more than he is able to pay? Or a whoremaster with half a nose, and crippled by coarse and infamous debauchery? No; those who practise, and much more those who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwillingly, if ever, admitted into it. A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency; at least, neither borrows nor affects vices; and, if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy, and secrecy.

I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind (which are the solid and permanent ones), because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures, which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning is true and lasting pleasure; which I hope you will be well and long acquainted with. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 3rd, O. S. 1747.

IF I am rightly informed, I am now writing to a fine Gentleman, in a scarlet coat laced with gold, a brocade waistcoat, and all other suitable ornaments. The natural partiality of every author for his own works, makes me very glad to hear that Mr Harte has thought this last edition of mine worth so fine a binding; and as he has bound it in red and gilt it upon the back, I hope he will take care that it shall be *lettered* too. A showish binding attracts the eyes, and engages the attention of everybody; but with this difference, that women, and men who are like women, mind the binding more than the book; whereas men of sense and learning immediately examine the inside; and if they find that it does not answer the finery on the outside, they throw it by with the greater indignation and contempt. I hope that when this edition of my works shall be opened and read, the best judges will find connection, consistency, solidity, and spirit in it. Mr Harte may *recensere* and *emendare* as much as he pleases, but it will be to little purpose if you do not coöperate with him. The work will be imperfect.

I thank you for your last information of our success in the Mediterranean; and you say, very rightly, that a Secretary of State ought to be well informed. I hope, therefore, you will take care that I shall. You are near the busy scene in Italy: and I doubt not but that, by frequently looking at the map, you have all that theatre of the war very perfect in your mind.

I like your account of the salt works; which shows that you gave some attention while you were seeing them. But, notwithstanding that, by your account, the Swiss salt is (I dare say) very good, yet I am apt to suspect that it falls a little short of the true Attic salt, in which there was a peculiar quickness and delicacy. That same Attic salt seasoned almost all Greece, except Bœotia; and a great deal of it was exported afterwards to Rome, where it was counterfeited by a composition called Urbanity, which in some time was brought to very near the perfection of the original Attic salt. The more you are powdered with these two kinds of salt, the better you will keep, and the more you will be relished.

Adieu! My compliments to Mr Harte and Mr Eliot.

LETTER LXXXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 14th, O. S. 1747.

IF you feel half the pleasure from the consciousness of doing well, that I do from the informations I have lately received in your favour from Mr Harte, I shall have little occasion to exhort or admonish you any more, to do what your own satisfaction and self-love will sufficiently prompt you to. Mr Harte tells me that you attend, that you apply to your studies; and that, beginning to understand, you begin to taste them. This pleasure will increase and keep pace with your attention, so that the balance will be greatly to your advantage. You may remember, that I have always earnestly recommended to you, to do what you are about, be that what it will; and to do nothing else at the same time. Do not imagine that I mean by this, that you should attend to, and plod at, your book all day long; far from it: I mean that you should have your pleasures too; and that you should attend to them, for the time, as much as to your studies; and if you do not attend equally to both, you will neither have improvement nor satisfaction from either. A man is fit for neither business nor pleasure who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and in some degree banish, for that time, all other objects from his thoughts. If at a ball, a supper, or a party of pleasure, a man were to be solving, in his own mind, a problem in Euclid, he would be a very bad companion, and make a very poor figure in that company; or if, in studying a problem in his closet, he were to think of a minuet, I am apt to believe that he would make a very poor mathematician. There is time enough for everything, in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time. The Pensionary de Witt, who was torn to pieces in the year 1672, did the whole business of the Republic, and yet had time left to go to assemblies in the evening, and sup in company. Being asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business, and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did? he answered, There was nothing so easy; for that it was only doing one thing at a time, and never putting off anything till to-morrow that could be done to-day. This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius; as hurry, bustle, and agitation, are the never-failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind. When you read Horace, attend to the justness of

his thoughts, the happiness of his diction, and the beauty of his poetry; and do not think of Puffendorf *de Homine et Cive:* and when you are reading Puffendorf, do not think of Madame de St Germain; nor of Puffendorf, when you are talking to Madame de St Germain.

Mr Harte informs me, that he has reimbursed you part of your losses in Germany; and I consent to his reimbursing you the whole, now that I know you deserve it. I shall grudge you nothing, nor shall you want anything, that you desire, provided you deserve it: so that, you see, it is in your own power to have whatever you please.

There is a little book which you read here with Monsieur Coderc, entitled, *Maniere de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*, written by Père Bouhours. I wish you would read this book again, at your leisure hours; for it will not only divert you, but likewise form your taste, and give you a just manner of thinking. Adieu!

LETTER XC.

DEAR BOY, London, June the 30th, O. S. 1747.

I WAS extremely pleased with the account, which you gave me in your last, of the civilities that you received in your Swiss progress; and I have wrote, by this post, to Mr Burnaby, and to the *Avoyer*, to thank them for their parts. If the attention you met with pleased you, as I dare say it did, you will, I hope, draw this general conclusion from it, That attention and civility please all those to whom they are paid; and that you will please others, in proportion as you are attentive and civil to them.

Bishop Burnet has wrote his travels through Switzerland; and Mr Stanyan, from a long residence there, has written the best account, yet extant, of the thirteen Cantons; but those books will be read no more, I presume, after you shall have published your account of that country. I hope you will favour me with one of the first copies. To be serious; though I do not desire that you should immediately turn author, and oblige the world with your travels; yet, wherever you go, I would have you as curious and inquisitive as if you did intend to write them. I do not mean that you should give yourself so much trouble, to know the number of houses, inhabitants, signposts, and tombstones of every town that you go through; but that you should inform yourself, as well as your stay will permit you,

whether the town is free, or whom it belongs to, or in what manner; whether it has any peculiar privileges or customs; what trade or manufactures; and such other particulars as people of sense desire to know. And there would be no manner of harm, if you were to take memorandums of such things in a paper book to help your memory. The only way of knowing all these things is, to keep the best company, who can best inform you of them.

I am just now called away; so good night!

LETTER XCI.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 20th, O. S. 1747.

IN your Mamma's letter, which goes here enclosed, you will find one from my sister, to thank you for the Arquebusade water which you sent her, and which she takes very kindly. She would not show me her letter to you; but told me that it contained good wishes and good advice; and, as I know she will show your letter in answer to hers, I send you here enclosed the draught of the letter which I would have you write to her. I hope you will not be offended at my offering you my assistance upon this occasion: because, I presume, that as yet you are not much used to write to Ladies. *A propos* of letter-writing; the best models that you can form yourself upon, are Cicero, Cardinal d'Ossat, Madame Sevigné, and Comte Bussy Rabutin. Cicero's Epistles to Atticus, and to his familiar friends, are the best examples that you can imitate, in the friendly and the familiar style. The simplicity and clearness of Cardinal d'Ossat's letters, show how letters of business ought to be written: no affected turns, no attempt at wit, obscure or perplex his matter; which is always plainly and clearly stated, as business always should be. For gay and amusing letters, for *enjouement* and *badinage*, there are none that equal Comte Bussy's and Madame Sevigné's. They are so natural, that they seem to be the extempore conversations of two people of wit, rather than letters; which are commonly studied, though they ought not to be so. I would advise you to let that book be one in your itinerant library; it will both amuse and inform you.

I have not time to add any more now; so good night.

LETTER XCII.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 30th, O. S. 1747.

IT is now four posts since I have received any letter, either from you or from Mr Harte. I impute this to the rapidity of your travels through Switzerland; which I suppose are by this time finished.

You will have found by my late letters, both to you and to Mr Harte, that you are to be at Leipsig by next Michaelmas, where you will be lodged in the house of Professor Mascow, and boarded in the neighbourhood of it, with some young men of fashion. The Professor will read you lectures upon *Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis*, the *Institutes of Justinian*, and the *Jus Publicum Imperii*; which I expect that you shall not only hear but attend to, and retain. I also expect that you make yourself perfectly master of the German language, which you may very soon do there if you please. I give you fair warning, that at Leipsig I shall have a hundred invisible spies about you; and shall be exactly informed of everything that you do, and of almost everything that you say. I hope that, in consequence of those minute informations, I may be able to say of you, what Velleius Paterculus says of Scipio; that in his whole life, *nihil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit.*[1] There is a great deal of good company in Leipsig, which I would have you frequent in the evenings, when the studies of the day are over. There is likewise a kind of Court kept there by a Duchess Dowager of Courland; at which you should get introduced. The King of Poland and his Court go likewise to the fair at Leipsig, twice a year; and I shall write to Sir Charles Williams, the King's Minister there, to have you presented, and introduced into good company. But I must remind you, at the same time, that it will be to very little purpose for you to frequent good company, if you do not conform to, and learn their manners; if you are not attentive to please, and well bred with the easiness of a man of fashion. As you must attend to your manners, so you must not neglect your person; but take care to be very clean, well dressed, and genteel; to have no disagreeable attitudes, nor awkward tricks; which many people use themselves to, and then cannot leave them off. Do you take care to keep your teeth very clean, by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary, both to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of

[1] What is not praiseworthy he neither said, nor did, nor thought.

pain. Mine have plagued me long, and are now falling out, merely for want of care when I was of your age. Do you dress well, and not too well? Do you consider your air and manner of presenting yourself enough, and not too much? neither negligent nor stiff. All these things deserve a degree of care, a second-rate attention; they give an additional lustre to real merit. My Lord Bacon says, that a pleasing figure is a perpetual letter of recommendation. It is certainly an agreeable forerunner of merit, and smooths the way for it.

Remember that I shall see you at Hanover next summer, and shall expect perfection; which if I do not meet with, or at least something very near it, you and I shall not be very well together. I shall dissect and analyze you with a microscope, so that I shall discover the least speck or blemish. This is fair warning; therefore take your measures accordingly. Yours.

LETTER XCIII.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 7th, O. S. 1747.

I RECKON that this letter has but a bare chance of finding you at Lausanne; but I was resolved to risk it, as it is the last that I shall write to you till you are settled at Leipsig. I sent you by the last post, under cover to Mr Harte, a letter of recommendation to one of the first people at Munich; which you will take care to present to him in the politest manner: he will certainly have you presented to the Electoral family; and I hope you will go through that ceremony with great respect, good breeding, and ease. As this is the first Court that ever you will have been at, take care to inform yourself, if there be any particular customs or forms to be observed, that you may not commit any mistake. At Vienna, men always make courtesies, instead of bows, to the Emperor; in France, nobody bows at all to the King, nor kisses his hand; but in Spain and England, bows are made, and hands are kissed. Thus every Court has some peculiarity or other, which those who go to them ought previously to inform themselves of, to avoid blunders and awkwardnesses.

I have not time to say any more now, than to wish you a good journey to Leipsig; and great attention, both there and in going thither. Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

DEAR BOY, London, September 21st, O. S. 1747.

I RECEIVED, by the last post, your letter of the 8th, N. S. and I do not wonder that you were surprised at the credulity and superstition of the Papists at Einsiedlen, and at their absurd stories of their chapel. But remember, at the same time, that errors and mistakes, however gross in matters of opinion, if they are sincere, are to be pitied; but not punished, nor laughed at. The blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied as the blindness of the eyes; and there is neither jest nor guilt in a man's losing his way in either case. Charity bids us set him right, if we can, by arguments and persuasions; but Charity, at the same time, forbids either to punish or ridicule his misfortune. Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide; and I may as well expect that every man should be of my size and complexion, as that he should reason just as I do. Every man seeks for truth; but God only knows who has found it. It is, therefore, as unjust to persecute, as it is absurd to ridicule, people for those several opinions, which they cannot help entertaining upon the conviction of their reason. It is the man who tells or who acts a lie that is guilty, and not he who honestly and sincerely believes the lie. I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous, than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected, sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be), I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate, for it is the same thing, in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something

noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them always deserves to be, and often will be, kicked. There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes whatever other people have heard or read of: he has had more *bonnes fortunes* than ever he knew women; and has ridden more miles post, in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule. Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which, you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding.

This letter will, I suppose, find you at Leipsig; where I expect and require from you attention and accuracy, in both which you have hitherto been very deficient. Remember that I shall see you in the summer; shall examine you most narrowly; and will never forget nor forgive those faults, which it has been in your own power to prevent or cure: and be assured that I have many eyes upon you at Leipsig besides Mr Harte's. Adieu!

LETTER XCV.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 2nd, O. S. 1747.

BY your letter of the 18th past, N. S., I find that you are a tolerably good landscape painter, and can present the several views of Switzerland to the curious. I am very glad of it, as it is a proof of some attention; but I hope you will be as good a portrait painter, which is a much more noble science. By portraits you will easily judge that I do not mean the outlines

and the colouring of the human figure, but the inside of the heart and mind of man. This science requires more attention, observation, and penetration, than the other; as indeed it is infinitely more useful. Search, therefore, with the greatest care, into the characters of all those whom you converse with; endeavour to discover their predominant passions, their prevailing weaknesses, their vanities, their follies, and their humours; with all the right and wrong, wise and silly, springs of human actions, which make such inconsistent and whimsical beings of us rational creatures. A moderate share of penetration, with great attention, will infallibly make these necessary discoveries. This is the true knowledge of the world: and the world is a country which nobody ever yet knew by description; one must travel through it one's self to be acquainted with it. The Scholar, who in the dust of his closet talks or writes of the world, knows no more of it than that Orator did of war, who judiciously endeavoured to instruct Hannibal in it. Courts and Camps are the only places to learn the world in. There alone all kinds of characters resort, and human nature is seen in all the various shapes and modes which education, custom, and habit give it: whereas, in all other places, one local mode generally prevails, and produces a seeming, though not a real, sameness of character. For example; one general mode distinguishes a University, another a trading town, a third a seaport town, and so on; whereas at a capital, where the Prince or the Supreme Power resides, some of all these various modes are to be seen, and seen in action too, exerting their utmost skill in pursuit of their several objects. Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses, in order to be intimately acquainted with it. The passion of ambition, for instance, is the same in the Courtier, a Soldier, or an Ecclesiastic; but from their different educations and habits, they will take very different methods to gratify it. Civility, which is a disposition to accommodate and oblige others, is essentially the same in every country; but good breeding, as it is called, which is the manner of exerting that disposition, is different in almost every country, and merely local; and every man of sense imitates and conforms to that local good breeding of the place which he is at. A conformity and flexibility of manners is necessary in the course of the world; that is, with regard to all things which are not wrong in themselves. The *versatile ingenium* is the most useful of all. It can turn itself instantly from one object to another, assuming the proper manner for each. It can be

serious with the grave, cheerful with the gay, and trifling with the frivolous. Endeavour, by all means, to acquire this talent, for it is a very great one.

As I hardly know anything more useful, than to see from time to time pictures of one's self drawn by different hands, I send you here a sketch of yourself, drawn at Lausanne, while you were there, and sent over here by a person who little thought that it would ever fall into my hands; and indeed it was by the greatest accident in the world that it did.

LETTER XCVI.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 9th, O. S. 1747.

PEOPLE of your age have commonly an unguarded frankness about them, which makes them the easy prey and bubbles of the artful and the experienced: they look upon every knave, or fool, who tells them that he is their friend, to be really so; and pay that profession of simulated friendship with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility, but with great incredulity too; and pay them with compliments, but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower; and never thrives, unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit. There is another kind of nominal friendship, among young people, which is warm for the time, but, by good luck, of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced by their being accidentally thrown together, and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship, truly! and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness. It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil Magistrate. However, they have the impudence and the folly to call this confederacy a friendship. They lend one another money for bad purposes; they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices; they tell one another all they know, and often more too; when, of a sudden, some accident disperses them, and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between com-

panions and friends; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend. People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb, which says very justly, *Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.* One may fairly suppose that a man who makes a knave or a fool his friend, has something very bad to do, or to conceal. But, at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies, wantonly and unprovoked; for they are numerous bodies; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality, than alliance or war, with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies, without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody; and have a seeming reserve with almost nobody; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles; and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in Courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr Addison and Mr Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the

company is but too common; but it is very silly, and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, Yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him, and good breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The Scholar, without good breeding, is a Pedant; the Philosopher, a Cynic; the Soldier, a Brute; and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear from my several correspondents at Leipsig, of your arrival there, and what impression you make on them at first; for I have Arguses, with a hundred eyes each, who will watch you narrowly, and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true; it depends upon you entirely of what kind they shall be. Adieu.

LETTER XCVII.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 16th, O. S. 1747.

THE art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess, but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules, and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same things in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention on your part to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company; this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company: there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable: if by chance you know a very short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present

subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then throw out that you do not love to tell stories, but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things, banish egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else: besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right; but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and if that does not do, try to change the conversation, by saying, with good humour, 'We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else.'

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bons mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble; 'I will tell you an excellent thing;' or, 'I will tell you the best thing in the world.' This raises expectations, which when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one, and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and though they love to hear justice

done to them where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel, and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As, for example, Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest Statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best Poet too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the Cid. Those, therefore, who flattered skilfully, said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur. But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel esprit* and a Poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity by observing his favourite topic of conversation, for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head, for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry, of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living: it was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation, which proved to those who had any penetration that it was his prevailing weakness. And they applied to it with success.

Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty; upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to follow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking, that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it. If her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it. If they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces, a certain manner, a *je ne sçais quoi*, still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident, from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is, of all women, the least sensible of flattery upon that head; she knows it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding; which, though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me, and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery: no, flatter nobody's vices or

crimes; on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses, and innocent, though ridiculous vanities If a man has a mind to be thought wiser, and a woman hand somer, than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies by endeavouring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

There are little attentions, likewise, which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love, which is inseparable from human nature, as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we have for the persons to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain; and then take care to provide them with the one, and to secure them from the other; giving them, genteelly, to understand, that you had observed they liked such a dish, or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it: or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, &c., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care.

These are some of the arcana necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age; I have paid the price of three and fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

LETTER XCVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 30th, O. S. 1747.

I AM very well pleased with your *Itinerarium*, which you sent me from Ratisbon. It shows me that you observe and inquire as you go, which is the true end of travelling. Those who travel heedlessly from place to place, observing only their distance from each other, and attending only to their accommodation at the inn at night, set out fools and will certainly return so. Those who only mind the raree-shows of the places which they go through, such as steeples, clocks, town-houses, &c., get

so little by their travels, that they might as well stay at home. But those who observe, and inquire into the situations, the strength, the weakness, the trade, the manufactures, the government, and constitution of every place they go to; who frequent the best companies, and attend to their several manners and characters; those alone travel with advantage: and as they set out wise, return wiser.

I would advise you always to get the shortest description or history of every place where you make any stay; and such a book, however imperfect, will still suggest to you matter for inquiry; upon which you may get better informations from the people of the place. For example; while you are at Leipsig, get some short account (and to be sure there are many such) of the present state of that town, with regard to its magistrates, its police, its privileges, &c., and then inform yourself more minutely, upon all those heads, in conversation with the most intelligent people. Do the same thing afterwards with regard to the Electorate of Saxony: you will find a short history of it in Puffendorf's Introduction, which will give you a general idea of it, and point out to you the proper objects of a more minute inquiry. In short, be curious, attentive, inquisitive, as to everything; listlessness and indolence are always blameable, but at your age they are unpardonable. Consider how precious, and how important for all the rest of your life, are your moments for these next three or four years; and do not lose one of them. Do not think I mean that you should study all day long; I am far from advising or desiring it: but I desire that you would be doing something or other all day long; and not neglect half hours and quarters of hours, which at the year's end amount to a great sum. For instance; there are many short intervals in the day, between studies and pleasures: instead of sitting idle and yawning in those intervals, take up any book, though ever so trifling a one; even down to a jest book; it is still better than doing nothing.

Nor do I call pleasures idleness, or time lost, provided they are the pleasures of a rational being; on the contrary, a certain portion of your time employed in those pleasures is very usefully employed. Such are public spectacles, assemblies of good company, cheerful suppers, and even balls: but then, these require attention, or else your time is quite lost.

There are a great many people who think themselves employed all day, and who, if they were to cast up their accounts at night, would find that they had done just nothing. They have read two or three hours, mechanically, without attending

to what they read, and consequently without either retaining it, or reasoning upon it. From thence they saunter into company, without taking any part in it, and without observing the characters of the persons, or the subjects of the conversation; but are either thinking of some trifle, foreign to the present purpose, or often not thinking at all; which silly and idle suspension of thought they would dignify with the name of *absence* and *distraction*. They go afterwards, it may be, to the play, where they gape at the company and the lights; but without minding the very thing they went to, the play.

Pray do you be as attentive to your pleasures as to your studies. In the latter, observe and reflect upon all you read; and in the former, be watchful and attentive to all that you see and hear; and never have it to say, as a thousand fools do, of things that were said and done before their faces, That, truly, they did not mind them, because they were thinking of something else. Why were they thinking of something else? and, if they were, why did they come there? The truth is, that the fools were thinking of nothing. Remember the *hoc age:* do what you are about, be that what it will; it is either worth doing well, or not at all. Wherever you are, have (as the low, vulgar expression is) your ears and your eyes about you. Listen to everything that is said, and see everything that is done. Observe the looks and countenances of those who speak, which is often a surer way of discovering the truth, than from what they say. But then keep all these observations to yourself, for your own private use, and rarely communicate them to others. Observe, without being thought an observer; for, otherwise, people will be upon their guard before you.

Consider seriously, and follow carefully, I beseech you, my dear child, the advice which from time to time I have given, and shall continue to give you; it is at once the result of my long experience, and the effect of my tenderness for you. I can have no interest in it but yours. You are not yet capable of wishing yourself half so well as I wish you; follow, therefore, for a time at least, implicitly, advice which you cannot suspect, though possibly you may not yet see the particular advantages of it: but you will one day feel them. Adieu.

LETTER XCIX.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 6th, O. S. 1747.

THREE mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; I write to you, therefore, now, as usual, by way of flapper, to put you in mind of yourself. Doctor Swift, in his account of the Island of Laputa, describes some philosophers there, who were so wrapped up and absorbed in their abstruse speculations, that they would have forgotten all the common and necessary duties of life if they had not been reminded of them by persons who flapped them, whenever they observed them continue too long in any of those learned trances. I do not, indeed, suspect you of being absorbed in abstruse speculations; but with great submission to you, may I not suspect, that levity, inattention, and too little thinking, require a flapper, as well as too deep thinking? If my letters should happen to get to you when you are sitting by the fire and doing nothing, or when you are gaping at the window, may they not be very proper flaps to put you in mind that you might employ your time much better? I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow, who used frequently to say, 'Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves.' This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend to you to take care of minutes; for hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure that many people lose two or three hours every day, by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time, whatsoever, too short to be employed; something or other may always be done in it.

While you are in Germany, let all your historical studies be relative to Germany: not only the general history of the Empire, as a collective body, but of the respective Electorates, Principalities, and Towns; and also the genealogy of the most considerable families. A genealogy is no trifle in Germany; and they would rather prove their two-and-thirty quarters, than two-and-thirty cardinal virtues, if there were so many. They are not of Ulysses's opinion; who says, very truly,

> —— Genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi;
> Vix ea nostra voco.[1]

Good night.

[1] Race, ancestry, I scarcely call our own;
We made them not.

LETTER C.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 24th, O. S. 1747.

As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often), so often I am in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you; the one is, that I have a great deal of experience, and that you have none; the other is, that I am the only man living who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you, but your own. From which two undeniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is, that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

If by the application which I recommend to you you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly what it is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor the worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected by young people to do; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As, therefore, it is plain that I can have no other motive than that of affection in whatever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best, and, for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child; where affection on one side, and regard on the other, make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age, may be sincere, may be warm; but must be, for some time, reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side. The young leading the young is like the blind leading the blind; 'they will both fall into the ditch.' The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide: who have gone all roads; and who can consequently point out to you the best. If

you ask me why I went any of the bad roads myself? I will answer you, very truly, That it was for want of a good guide: ill example invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniencies, which undirected youth run me into. My father was neither desirous nor able to advise me; which is what, I hope, you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use only of the word advice; because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen from that degree of sense which I think you have; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success.

You are now settled for some time at Leipsig: the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life; and take my word for it, a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention, then, to Mr Harte, in your private studies of the *Litteræ Humaniores*, especially Greek. State your difficulties whenever you have any; and do not suppress them, either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference, or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same when you are at lectures with Professor Mascow, or any other Professor; let nothing pass till you are sure that you understand it thoroughly; and accustom yourself to write down the capital points of what you learn. When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may with a safe conscience divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company, and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsig can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there; not that they are (it may be) the best manners in the world; but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things (as I have often told you) is always and everywhere the same: but the modes of them vary, more or less, in every country; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough, I think, and too much, it may be

you will think, for one letter: if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character, and pleasure by it: if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*, which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you, by a person who sets out this day for Leipsig, a small packet from your Mamma, containing some valuable things which you left behind; to which I have added, by way of New Year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case: and, by the way, pray take great care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots, lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port Royal is. To conclude with a quibble; I hope you will not only feed upon these Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly. Adieu.

LETTER CI.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 11th, O. S. 1747.

THERE is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of Time. It is in everybody's mouth, but in few people's practice. Every fool, who slatterns away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove at once the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time without hearing and seeing daily how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember, then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books,

after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that if you will do everything that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do everything that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

I knew a gentleman who was so good a manager of his time, that he would not even lose that small portion of it which the calls of nature obliged him to pass in the necessary-house; but gradually went through all the Latin Poets in those moments. He bought, for example, a common edition of Horace, of which he tore off gradually a couple of pages, carried them with him to that necessary place, read them first, and then sent them down as a sacrifice to Cloacina: this was so much time fairly gained; and I recommend to you to follow his example. It is better than only doing what you cannot help doing at those moments; and it will make any book which you shall read in that manner very present in your mind. Books of science, and of a grave sort, must be read with continuity; but there are very many, and even very useful ones, which may be read with advantage by snatches, and unconnectedly: such are all the good Latin Poets, except Virgil in his Æneid; and such are most of the modern poets, in which you will find many pieces worth reading, that will not take up above seven or eight minutes. Bayle's, Moreri's, and other dictionaries are proper books to take and shut up for the little intervals of (otherwise) idle time, that everybody has in the course of the day, between either their studies or their pleasures. Good night.

LETTER CII.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 18th O. S. 1747.

As two mails are now due from Holland, I have no letters of yours or Mr Harte's to acknowledge; so that this letter is

the effect of that *scribendi cacoethes*, which my fears, my hopes, and my doubts concerning you, give me. When I have wrote you a very long letter upon any subject, it is no sooner gone, but I think I have omitted something in it, which might be of use to you; and then I prepare the supplement for the next post: or else some new subject occurs to me; upon which I fancy that I can give you some informations, or point out some rules, which may be advantageous to you. This sets me to writing again, though God knows whether to any purpose or not: a few years more can only ascertain that. But whatever my success may be, my anxiety and my care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you; and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection, and think it of a kind that you may with impunity abuse. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing; for if there were, some inward sentiment must necessarily and reciprocally discover the Parent to the Child, and the Child to the Parent, without any exterior indications, knowledge, or acquaintance whatsoever; which never happened since the creation of the world, whatever Poets, Romance, or Novel writers, and such Sentiment-mongers, may be pleased to say to the contrary. Neither is my affection for you that of a mother, of which the only or at least the chief objects, are health and life: I wish you them both, most heartily; but at the same time, I confess they are by no means my principal care.

My object is to have you fit to live; which if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all. My affection for you then is, and only will be, proportioned to your merit; which is the only affection that one rational being ought to have for another. Hitherto I have discovered nothing wrong in your heart, or your head: on the contrary, I think I see sense in the one, and sentiments in the other. This persuasion is the only motive of my present affection; which will either increase or diminish, according to your merit or demerit. If you have the knowledge, the honour, and the probity which you may have, the marks and warmth of my affection shall amply reward them; but if you have them not, my aversion and indignation will rise in the same proportion; and in that case, remember that I am under no further obligation, than to give you the necessary means of subsisting. If ever we quarrel, do not expect or depend upon any weakness in my nature for a reconciliation, as children frequently do, and often meet with, from silly parents; I have no such weakness about me:

and, as I will never quarrel with you, but upon some essential point; if once we quarrel, I will never forgive. But I hope and believe, that this declaration (for it is no threat) will prove unnecessary. You are no stranger to the principles of virtue; and surely whoever knows virtue, must love it. As for knowledge, you have already enough of it to engage you to acquire more. The ignorant only either despise it or think that they have enough: those who have the most are always the most desirous to have more, and know that the most they can have is, alas! but too little.

Reconsider, from time to time, and retain the friendly advice which I send you. The advantage will be all your own.

LETTER CIII.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 29th, O. S. 1747.

I HAVE received two letters from you, of the 17th and 22nd, N. S., by the last of which I find that some of mine to you must have miscarried; for I have never been above two posts without writing to you or to Mr Harte, and even very long letters. I have also received a letter from Mr Harte, which gives me great satisfaction: it is full of your praises; and he answers for you, that in two years more you will deserve your manumission, and be fit to go into the world, upon a footing that will do you honour, and give me pleasure.

I thank you for your offer of the new edition of *Adamus Adami*, but I do not want it, having a good edition of it at present. When you have read that, you will do well to follow it with *Père Bougeant's Histoire du Traité de Munster*, in two volumes quarto, which contains many important anecdotes concerning that famous treaty that are not in *Adamus Adami*.

You tell me that your lectures upon the *Jus Publicum* will be ended at Easter; but then I hope that Monsieur Mascow will begin them again; for I would not have you discontinue that study one day while you are at Leipsig. I suppose that Monsieur Mascow will likewise give you lectures upon the *Instrumentum Pacis*, and upon the capitulations of the late Emperors.—Your German will go on, of course; and I take it for granted that your stay at Leipsig will make you perfect master of that language both as to speaking and writing; for remember that knowing any language imperfectly, is very little better than not knowing it at all: people being as unwilling to speak

in a language which they do not possess thoroughly, as others are to hear them. Your thoughts are cramped, and appear to great disadvantage, in any language of which you are not perfect master. Let Modern History share part of your time, and that always accompanied with the maps of the places in question: Geography and History are very imperfect separately, and, to be useful, must be joined.

Go to the Duchess of Courland's as often as she and your leisure will permit. The company of women of fashion will improve your manners, though not your understanding; and that complaisance and politeness, which are so useful in men's company, can only be acquired in women's.

Remember always, what I have told you a thousand times, that all the talents in the world will want all their lustre, and some part of their use too, if they are not adorned with that easy good breeding, that engaging manner, and those graces, which seduce and prepossess people in your favour at first sight. A proper care of your person is by no means to be neglected; always extremely clean; upon proper occasions, fine. Your carriage genteel, and your motions graceful. Take particular care of your manner and address, when you present yourself in company. Let them be respectful without meanness, easy without too much familiarity, genteel without affectation, and insinuating without any seeming art or design.

You need not send me any more extracts of the German constitution; which, by the course of your present studies, I know you must soon be acquainted with: but I would now rather that your letters should be a sort of journal of your own life. As, for instance, what company you keep, what new acquaintances you make, what your pleasures are; with your own reflections upon the whole: likewise, what Greek and Latin books you read and understand. Adieu.

LETTER CIV.

DEAR BOY, January the 2nd, O. S. 1748.

I AM edified with the allotment of your time at Leipsig; which is so well employed from morning till night, that a fool would say, you had none left for yourself; whereas, I am sure, you have sense enough to know that such a right use of your time is having it all to yourself; nay, it is even more, for it is

laying it out to immense interest; which in a very few years will amount to a prodigious capital.

Though twelve of your fourteen *Commensaux* may not be the liveliest people in the world, and may want (as I easily conceive they do) *le ton de la bonne compagnie, et les grâces*, which I wish you, yet pray take care not to express any contempt, or throw out any ridicule; which, I can assure you, is not more contrary to good manners than to good sense: but endeavour rather to get all the good you can out of them; and something or other is to be got out of everybody. They will, at least, improve you in the German language; and, as they come from different countries, you may put them upon subjects, concerning which they must necessarily be able to give you some useful informations, let them be ever so dull or disagreeable in general: they will know something, at least, of the laws, customs, government, and considerable families of their respective countries; all which are better known than not, and consequently worth inquiring into. There is hardly anybody good for everything, and there is scarcely anybody who is absolutely good for nothing. A good chymist will extract some spirit or other out of every substance; and a man of parts will, by his dexterity and management, elicit something worth knowing out of every being he converses with.

As you have been introduced to the Duchess of Courland, pray go there as often as ever your more necessary occupations will allow you. I am told she is extremely well bred, and has parts. Now, though I would not recommend to you to go into women's company in search of solid knowledge or judgment, yet it has its use in other respects; for it certainly polishes the manners, and gives *une certain tournure*, which is very necessary in the course of the world; and which Englishmen have generally less of than any people in the world.

I cannot say that your suppers are luxurious, but you must own they are solid; and a quart of soup and two pounds of potatoes will enable you to pass the night without great impatience for your breakfast next morning. One part of your supper (the potatoes) is the constant diet of my old friends and countrymen, the Irish, who are the healthiest and the strongest men that I know in Europe.

As I believe that many of my letters to you and to Mr Harte have miscarried, as well as some of yours and his to me,—particularly one of his from Leipsig, to which he refers in a subsequent one, and which I never received,—I would have you, for the future, acknowledge the dates of all the letters which either

of you shall receive from me; and I will do the same on my part.

That which I received by the last mail from you was of the 25th November, N.S.; the mail before that brought me yours, of which I have forgot the date, but which enclosed one to Lady Chesterfield: she will answer it soon, and in the mean time, thanks you for it.

My disorder was only a very great cold, of which I am entirely recovered. You shall not complain for want of accounts from Mr Grevenkop, who will frequently write you whatever passes here, in the German language and character: which will improve you in both. Adieu.

LETTER CV.

DEAR BOY, London, January the 15th, O. S. 1748.

I WILLINGLY accept the New Year's gift which you promise me for next year; and the more valuable you make it, the more thankful I shall be. That depends entirely upon you; and therefore I hope to be presented every year with a new edition of you, more correct than the former, and considerably enlarged and amended.

Since you do not care to be an Assessor of the Imperial Chamber, and desire an establishment in England, what do you think of being Greek Professor at one of our Universities? It is a very pretty sinecure, and requires very little knowledge (much less than, I hope, you have already) of that language. If you do not approve of this, I am at a loss to know what else to propose to you; and therefore desire that you will inform me what sort of destination you propose for yourself: for it is now time to fix it, and to take our measures accordingly. Mr Harte tells me, that you set up for a Πολιτικος ανηρ; if so, I presume it is in the view of succeeding me in my office; which I will very willingly resign to you, whenever you shall call upon me for it. But, if you intend to be the Πολιτικος or the Βελτιφορος ανηρ, there are some trifling circumstances upon which you should previously take your resolution. The first of which is, to be fit for it; and then, in order to be so, make yourself master of Ancient and Modern History, and Languages. To know perfectly the constitution and form of government of every nation; the growth and the decline of ancient and modern Empires; and to trace out and reflect upon the causes of both. To

know the strength, the riches, and the commerce of every country. These little things, trifling as they may seem, are yet very necessary for a Politician to know; and which therefore, I presume, you will condescend to apply yourself to. There are some additional qualifications necessary in the practical part of business, which may deserve some consideration in your leisure moments; such as an absolute command of your temper, so as not to be provoked to passion upon any account: Patience to hear frivolous, impertinent, and unreasonable applications; with address enough to refuse, without offending; or by your manner of granting, to double the obligation: Dexterity enough to conceal a truth without telling a lie: Sagacity enough to read other people's countenances: and Serenity enough not to let them discover anything by yours; a seeming frankness, with a real reserve. These are the rudiments of a Politician; the world must be your grammar.

Three mails are now due from Holland; so that I have no letters from you to acknowledge. I therefore conclude with recommending myself to your favour and protection, when you succeed,

Yours.

LETTER CVI.

DEAR BOY, London, January the 29th, O. S. 1748.

I FIND by Mr Harte's last letter, that many of my letters to you and him have been frozen up in their way to Leipsig: the thaw has, I suppose, by this time, set them at liberty to pursue their journey to you, and you will receive a glut of them at once. Hudibras alludes, in this verse,

Like words congeal'd in northern air,

to a vulgar notion, that, in Greenland, words were frozen in their utterance; and that, upon a thaw, a very mixed conversation was heard in the air, of all those words set at liberty. This conversation was, I presume, too various and extensive to be much attended to: and may not that be the case of half-a-dozen of my long letters, when you receive them all at once? I think that I can eventually answer that question thus: If you consider my letters in their true light, as conveying to you the advice of a friend who sincerely wishes your happiness, and desires to promote your pleasures, you will both read and attend to them; but if you consider them in their opposite and very

false light, as the dictates of a morose and sermonizing father, I am sure they will be not only unattended to, but unread. Which is the case, you can best tell me. Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most always like it the least. I hope that your want of experience, which you must be conscious of, will convince you that you want advice; and that your good sense will incline you to follow it.

Tell me how you pass your leisure hours at Leipsig: I know you have not many; and I have too good an opinion of you to think that at this age you would desire more. Have you assemblies, or public spectacles? and of what kind are they? Whatever they are, see them all: seeing everything is the only way not to admire anything too much.

If you ever take up little tale books, to amuse you by snatches, I will recommend two French books, which I have already mentioned; they will entertain you, and not without some use to your mind and your manners. One is, *La Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d'Esprit*, written by *Père Bouhours;* I believe you read it once in England with Monsieur Codere; but I think that you will do well to read it again, as I know of no book that will form your taste better. The other is *l'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*, by the *Abbé de Bellegarde*, and is by no means useless, though I will not pretend to say that the art of pleasing can be reduced to a receipt; if it could, I am sure that receipt would be worth purchasing at any price. Good sense and good nature are the principal ingredients; and your own observation, and the good advice of others, must give the right colour and taste to it. Adieu! I shall always love you as you shall deserve.

LETTER CVII.

DEAR BOY, London, February the 9th, O. S. 1748.

You will receive this letter, not from a Secretary of State, but from a private man; for whom, at this time of life, quiet was as fit, and as necessary, as labour and activity are for you at your age, and for many years still to come. I resigned the seals, last Saturday, to the King, who parted with me most graciously, and (I may add, for he said so himself) with regret. As I retire from hurry to quiet, and to enjoy at my ease the comforts of private and social life, you will easily imagine that I have no thoughts of opposition, or meddling with business.

Otium cum dignitate is my object. The former I now enjoy; and I hope that my conduct and character entitle me to some share of the latter. In short, I am now happy; and I found that I could not be so in my former public situation.

As I like your correspondence better than that of all the Kings, Princes, and Ministers in Europe, I shall now have leisure to carry it on more regularly. My letters to you will be written, I am sure, by me, and I hope read by you, with pleasure; which, I believe, seldom happens reciprocally to letters written from and to a Secretary's office.

Do not apprehend that my retirement from business may be a hinderance to your advancement in it, at a proper time; on the contrary, it will promote it: for having nothing to ask for myself, I shall have the better title to ask for you. But you have still a surer way than this of rising, and which is wholly in your own power. Make yourself necessary; which, with your natural parts, you may by application do. We are in general, in England, ignorant of foreign affairs; and of the interests, views, pretensions, and policy of other Courts. That part of knowledge never enters into our thoughts, nor makes part of our education; for which reason, we have fewer proper subjects for foreign commissions, than any other country in Europe; and when foreign affairs happen to be debated in Parliament, it is incredible with how much ignorance. The harvest of foreign affairs being, then, so great, and the labourers so few, if you make yourself master of them, you will make yourself necessary; first as a foreign, and then as a domestic, Minister for that department.

I am extremely well pleased with the account you give me of the allotment of your time. Do but go on so for two years longer and I will ask no more of you. Your labours will be their own reward; but if you desire any other, that I can add, you may depend upon it.

I am glad that you perceive the indecency and turpitude of those of your *Commensaux*, who disgrace and foul themselves with dirty w——s and scoundrel gamesters. And the light in which, I am sure, you see all reasonable and decent people consider them will be a good warning to you. Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, February the 13th, O. S. 1748.

YOUR last letter gave me a very satisfactory account of your manner of employing your time at Leipsig. Go on so but for two years more, and I promise you, that you will outgo all the people of your age and time. I thank you for your explication of the *Schriftsassen* and *Amptsassen*; and pray let me know the meaning of the *Landsassen*. I am very willing that you should take a Saxon servant, who speaks nothing but German; which will be a sure way of keeping up your German after you leave Germany. But then, I would neither have that man, nor him whom you have already, put out of livery, which makes them both impertinent and useless. I am sure that, as soon as you shall have taken the other servant, your present man will press extremely to be out of livery, and valet de chambre; which is as much as to say, that he will curl your hair, and shave you, but not condescend to do anything else. I therefore advise you never to have a servant out of livery; and though you may not always think proper to carry the servant who dresses you, abroad in the rain and dirt, behind a coach or before a chair, yet keep it in your power to do so, if you please, by keeping him in livery.

I have seen Monsieur and Madame Flemming, who give me a very good account of you, and of your manners; which, to tell you the plain truth, were what I doubted of the most. She told me that you were easy, and not ashamed; which is a great deal for an Englishman at your age.

I set out for the Bath to-morrow, for a month; only to be better than well, and to enjoy, in quiet, the liberty which I have acquired by the resignation of the seals. You shall hear from me more at large from thence; and now good night to you.

LETTER CIX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, February the 16th, O. S. 1748.

THE first use that I made of my liberty was to come hither, where I arrived yesterday. My health, though not fundamentally bad, yet for want of proper attention of late wanted some repairs, which these waters never fail giving it. I shall drink them a month, and return to London, there to enjoy the com-

forts of social life, instead of groaning under the load of business. I have given the description of the life that I propose to lead for the future, in this motto, which I have put up in the frize of my library in my new house:

> Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
> Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.[1]

I must observe to you, upon this occasion, that the uninterrupted satisfaction which I expect to find in that library, will be chiefly owing to my having employed some part of my life well at your age. I wish I had employed it better, and my satisfaction would now be complete; but, however, I planted, while young, that degree of knowledge which is now my refuge and my shelter. Make your plantations still more extensive, they will more than pay you for your trouble. I do not regret the time that I passed in pleasures; they were seasonable, they were the pleasures of youth, and I enjoyed them while young. If I had not, I should probably have overvalued them now, as we are very apt to do what we do not know: but, knowing them as I do, I know their real value, and how much they are generally overrated. Nor do I regret the time that I have passed in business, for the same reason; those who see only the outside of it imagine that it has hidden charms, which they pant after; and nothing but acquaintance can undeceive them. I, who have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business, and have seen all the springs and pullies of those decorations which astonish and dazzle the audience, retire, not only without regret, but with contentment and satisfaction. But what I do and ever shall regret, is the time which, while young, I lost in mere idleness and in doing nothing. This is the common effect of the inconsideracy of youth, against which I beg you will be most carefully upon your guard. The value of moments, when cast up, is immense, if well employed; if thrown away, their loss is irrecoverable. Every moment may be put to some use, and that with much more pleasure than if unemployed. Do not imagine that, by the employment of time, I mean an uninterrupted application to serious studies. No; pleasures are, at proper times, both as necessary and as useful: they fashion and form you for the world; they teach you characters, and show you the human heart in its unguarded minutes. But, then, remember to make that use of them. I have known many people, from laziness of mind, go through both pleasure and business with equal inat-

[1] In ancient authors, sleep, and idle hours
To spend a pleasant life, unvex'd by cares.

tention; neither enjoying the one, nor doing the other; thinking themselves men of pleasure, because they were mingled with those who were; and men of business, because they had business to do, though they did not do it. Whatever you do, do it to the purpose; do it thoroughly, not superficially. *Approfondissez;* go to the bottom of things. Anything half done, or half known, is, in my mind, neither done nor known at all. Nay worse, for it often misleads. There is hardly any place, or any company, where you may not gain knowledge if you please; almost everybody knows some one thing, and is glad to talk upon that one thing. Seek and you will find, in this world as well as in the next. See everything, inquire into everything; and you may excuse your curiosity, and the questions you ask, which otherwise might be thought impertinent, by your manner of asking them; for most things depend a great deal upon the manner. As, for example, *I am afraid that I am very troublesome with my questions; but nobody can inform me so well as you;* or something of that kind.

Now that you are in a Lutheran country, go to their churches, and observe the manner of their public worship; attend to their ceremonies, and inquire the meaning and intention of every one of them. And, as you will soon understand German well enough, attend to their sermons, and observe their manner of preaching. Inform yourself of their church government, whether it resides in the Sovereign, or in Consistories and Synods. Whence arises the maintenance of their Clergy; whether from tithes, as in England, or from voluntary contributions, or from pensions from the State. Do the same thing when you are in Roman Catholic countries; go to their churches, see all their ceremonies, ask the meaning of them, get the terms explained to you. As, for instance, Prime, Tierce, Sexte, Nones, Matins, Angelus, High Mass, Vespers, Complies, &c. Inform yourself of their several religious Orders, their Founders, their Rules, their Vows, their Habits, their Revenues, &c. But when you frequent places of public worship, as I would have you go to all the different ones you meet with, remember that however erroneous, they are none of them objects of laughter and ridicule. Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed. The object of all the public worships in the world is the same; it is that great eternal Being, who created everything. The different manners of worship are by no means subjects of ridicule. Each sect thinks its own the best; and I know no infallible judge in this world to decide which is the best. Make the same inquiries, wherever you are, concerning the revenues, the military estab-

lishment, the trade, the commerce, and the police of every country. And you would do well to keep a blank paper book, which the Germans call an *Album*: and there, instead of desiring, as they do, every fool they meet with to scribble something, write down all these things as soon as they come to your knowledge from good authorities.

I had almost forgotten one thing which I would recommend as an object for your curiosity and information, that is, the Administration of Justice; which, as it is always carried on in open Court, you may, and I would have you, go and see it with attention and inquiry.

I have now but one anxiety left which is concerning you. I would have you be, what I know nobody is, perfect. As that is impossible, I would have you as near perfection as possible. I know nobody in a fairer way towards it than yourself if you please. Never were so much pains taken for anybody's education as for yours; and never had anybody those opportunities of knowledge and improvement which you have had and still have. I hope, I wish, I doubt, and I fear alternately. This only I am sure of, that you will prove either the greatest pain or the greatest pleasure of Yours.

LETTER CX.

DEAR BOY, Bath, February the 22nd, O. S. 1748.

EVERY excellency, and every virtue, has its kindred vice or weakness; and if carried beyond certain bounds, sinks into the one or the other. Generosity often runs into Profusion, Economy into Avarice, Courage into Rashness, Caution into Timidity, and so on:—insomuch that, I believe, there is more judgment required for the proper conduct of our virtues, than for avoiding their opposite vices. Vice, in its true light, is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight; and would hardly ever seduce us, if it did not at first wear the mask of some Virtue. But Virtue is in itself so beautiful, that it charms us at first sight; engages us more and more, upon further acquaintance; and, as with other Beauties, we think excess impossible: it is here that judgment is necessary to moderate and direct the effects of an excellent cause. I shall apply this reasoning, at present, not to any particular virtue, but to an excellency, which for want of judgment is often the cause of ridiculous and blamable effects; I mean, great Learning, which, if not accompanied with sound

judgment, frequently carries us into Error, Pride, and Pedantry. As I hope you will possess that excellency in its utmost extent, and yet without its too common failings, the hints which my experience can suggest may probably not be useless to you.

Some learned men, proud of their knowledge, only speak to decide, and give judgment without appeal. The consequence of which is, that mankind, provoked by the insult, and injured by the oppression, revolt; and in order to shake off the tyranny, even call the lawful authority in question. The more you know, the modester you should be: and (by the by) that modesty is the surest way of gratifying your vanity. Even where you are sure, seem rather doubtful: represent, but do not pronounce; and if you would convince others, seem open to conviction yourself.

Others, to show their learning, or often from the prejudices of a school education, where they hear of nothing else, are always talking of the Ancients as something more than men, and of the Moderns as something less. They are never without a Classic or two in their pockets; they stick to the old good sense; they read none of the modern trash; and will show you plainly that no improvement has been made in any one art or science these last seventeen hundred years. I would by no means have you disown your acquaintance with the Ancients; but still less would I have you brag of an exclusive intimacy with them. Speak of the Moderns without contempt, and of the Ancients without idolatry; judge them all by their merits, but not by their ages; and if you happen to have an Elzevir classic in your pocket, neither show it nor mention it.

Some great Scholars most absurdly draw all their maxims, both for public and private life, from what they call Parallel Cases in the ancient authors; without considering, that, in the first place, there never were, since the creation of the world, two cases exactly parallel: and, in the next place, that there never was a case stated, or even known, by any Historian, with every one of its circumstances; which, however, ought to be known, in order to be reasoned from. Reason upon the case itself and the several circumstances that attend it, and act accordingly: but not from the authority of ancient Poets or Historians. Take into your consideration, if you please, cases seemingly analogous; but take them as helps only, not as guides. We are really so prejudiced by our educations, that, as the Ancients deified their Heroes, we deify their Madmen: of which, with all due regard to antiquity, I take Leonidas and Curtius to have been two distinguished ones. And yet a stolid

Pedant would, in a speech in Parliament, relative to a tax of two pence in the pound, upon some commodity or other, quote those two heroes, as examples of what we ought to do and suffer for our country. I have known these absurdities carried so far, by people of injudicious learning, that I should not be surprised, if some of them were to propose, while we are at war with the Gauls, that a number of geese should be kept in the Tower, upon account of the infinite advantage which Rome received, *in a parallel case*, from a certain number of geese in the Capitol. This way of reasoning, and this way of speaking, will always form a poor politician, and a puerile declaimer.

There is another species of learned men, who, though less dogmatical and supercilious, are not less impertinent. These are the communicative and shining Pedants, who adorn their conversation, even with women, by happy quotations of Greek and Latin, and who have contracted such a familiarity with the Greek and Roman authors, that they call them by certain names or epithets denoting intimacy. As *old* Homer; that *sly rogue* Horace; *Maro*, instead of Virgil; and *Naso*, instead of Ovid. These are often imitated by coxcombs who have no learning at all, but who have got some names and some scraps of ancient authors by heart, which they improperly and impertinently retail in all companies, in hopes of passing for scholars. If, therefore, you would avoid the accusation of pedantry, on one hand, or the suspicion of ignorance, on the other, abstain from learned ostentation. Speak the language of the company that you are in; speak it purely, and unlarded with any other. Never seem wiser, nor more learned, than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket; and do not pull it out, and strike it, merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it; but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked, like the watchman.

Upon the whole, remember that learning (I mean Greek and Roman learning) is a most useful and necessary ornament, which it is shameful not to be master of; but at the same time most carefully avoid those errors and abuses which I have mentioned, and which too often attend it. Remember, too, that great modern knowledge is still more necessary than ancient; and that you had better know perfectly the present than the old state of Europe; though I would have you well acquainted with both.

I have this moment received your letter of the 17th, N. S. Though, I confess, there is no great variety in your present manner of life, yet materials can never be wanting for a letter;

you see, you hear, or you read, something new every day; a short account of which, with your own reflections thereupon, will make out a letter very well. But, since you desire a subject, pray send me an account of the Lutheran establishment in Germany; their religious tenets, their church government, the maintenance, authority, and titles of their Clergy.

Vittorio Siri, complete, is a very scarce and very dear book here; but I do not want it. If your own library grows too voluminous, you will not know what to do with it, when you leave Leipsig. Your best way will be, when you go away from thence, to send to England, by Hamburg, all the books that you do not absolutely want. Yours.

LETTER CXI.

DEAR BOY, Bath, March the 1st, O. S. 1748.

BY Mr Harte's letter to Mr Grevenkop, of the 21st February, N. S., I find that you had been a great while without receiving any letters from me; but by this time I dare say you think you have received enough, and possibly more than you have read; for I am not only a frequent, but a prolix correspondent.

Mr Harte says, in that letter, that he looks upon Professor Mascow to be one of the ablest men in Europe, in treaty and political knowledge. I am extremely glad of it: for that is what I would have you particularly apply to, and make yourself perfect master of. The treaty part you must chiefly acquire by reading the treaties themselves, and the histories and memoirs relative to them: not but that inquiries and conversations upon those treaties will help you greatly, and imprint them better in your mind. In this course of reading, do not perplex yourself at first by the multitude of insignificant treaties which are to be found in the *Corps Diplomatique*; but stick to the material ones, which altered the state of Europe, and made a new arrangement among the great Powers: such as the treaties of Munster, Nimeguen, Ryswick, and Utrecht.

But there is one part of political knowledge which is only to be had by inquiry and conversation; that is, the present state of every Power in Europe, with regard to the three important points of Strength, Revenue, and Commerce. You will, therefore, do well, while you are in Germany, to inform yourself carefully of the military force, the revenues, and the commerce of every Prince and State of the Empire; and to write

down those informations in a little book, kept for that particular purpose. To give you a specimen of what I mean:

The Electorate of Hanover.

The revenue is about 500,000*l.* a year.

The military establishment, in time of war, may be about 25,000 men; but that is the utmost.

The trade is chiefly linens, exported from Stade.

There are coarse woollen manufactures for home consumption.

The mines of Hartz produce about 100,000*l.* in silver, annually.

Such informations you may very easily get, by proper inquiries, of every State in Germany, if you will but prefer useful to frivolous conversations.

There are many Princes in Germany who keep very few or no troops, unless upon the approach of danger, or for the sake of profit, by letting them out for subsidies to great Powers: in that case, you will inform yourself what number of troops they could raise, either for their own defence, or furnish to other Powers for subsidies.

There is very little trouble, and an infinite use, in acquiring this knowledge. It seems to me even to be a more entertaining subject to talk upon than *la pluie et le beau tems*.

Though I am sensible these things cannot be known with the utmost exactness, at least by you; yet you may, however, get so near the truth, that the difference will be very immaterial.

Pray let me know if the Roman Catholic worship is tolerated in Saxony, anywhere but at Court; and if public mass houses are allowed anywhere else in the Electorate. Are the regular Romish Clergy allowed; and have they any convents?

Are there any military Orders in Saxony, and what? Is the White Eagle a Saxon or a Polish Order? Upon what occasion, and when was it founded? What number of Knights?

Adieu! God bless you; and may you turn out what I wish!

LETTER CXII.

DEAR BOY, Bath, March the 9th, O. S. 1748.

I MUST, from time to time, remind you of what I have often recommended to you, and of what you cannot attend to too

much; *sacrifice to the Graces.* The different effects of the same things, said or done, when accompanied or abandoned by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart; and the heart has such an influence over the understanding, that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. It is the whole of women, who are guided by nothing else; and it has so much to say, even with men, and the ablest men too, that it commonly triumphs in every struggle with the understanding. Monsieur de Rochefoucault, in his Maxims, says, that *l'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur.* If he had said, instead of *souvent, presque toujours,* I fear he would have been nearer the truth. This being the case, aim at the heart. Intrinsic merit alone will not do: it will gain you the general esteem of all; but not the particular affection, that is, the heart, of any. To engage the affection of any particular person, you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person; by services done or offered; by expressions of regard and esteem; by complaisance, attentions, &c., for him: and the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather insures, their effects. From your own observation, reflect what a disagreeable impression an awkward address, a slovenly figure, an ungraceful manner of speaking, whether stuttering, muttering, monotony, or drawling, an unattentive behaviour, &c., make upon you, at first sight, in a stranger, and how they prejudice you against him; though, for aught you know, he may have great intrinsic sense and merit. And reflect, on the other hand, how much the opposites of all these things prepossess you at first sight in favour of those who enjoy them. You wish to find all good qualities in them, and are in some degree disappointed if you do not. A thousand little things, not separately to be defined, conspire to form these Graces, this *je ne sais quoi,* that always pleases. A pretty person, genteel motions, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing; a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking: all these things, and many others, are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne sais quoi,* which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded that in general the same things will please or displease them in you. Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish, that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of

folly and ill manners: it is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy, at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it: they please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is. Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained by a very little reflection, but as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing and as apt to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak: and I know a man of very good parts, Mr Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing; which makes those who do not know him, take him at first for a natural fool. This and many other very disagreeable habits are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world. They are ashamed in company, and so disconcerted that they do not know what they do, and try a thousand tricks to keep themselves in countenance; which tricks afterwards grow habitual to them. Some put their fingers in their nose, others scratch their head, others twirl their hats; in short, every awkward, ill-bred body has his trick. But the frequency does not justify the thing; and all these vulgar habits and awkwardness, though not criminal indeed, are most carefully to be guarded against, as they are great bars in the way of the art of pleasing. Remember, that to please is almost to prevail, or at least a necessary previous step to it. You, who have your fortune to make, should more particularly study this art. You had not, I must tell you, when you left England, *les manières prévenantes;* and I must confess they are not very common in England: but I hope that your good sense will make you acquire them abroad. If you desire to make yourself considerable in the world (as, if you have any

spirit, you do) it must be entirely your own doing: for I may very possibly be out of the world at the time you come into it. Your own rank and fortune will not assist you; your merit and your manners can alone raise you to figure and fortune. I have laid the foundations of them by the education which I have given you; but you must build the superstructure yourself.

I must now apply to you for some informations, which I dare say you can, and which I desire you will give me.

Can the Elector of Saxony put any of his subjects to death for high treason without bringing them first to their trial in some public Court of Justice?

Can he by his own authority confine any subject in prison as long as he pleases, without trial?

Can he banish any subject out of his dominions by his own authority?

Can he lay any tax whatsoever upon his subjects, without the consent of the States of Saxony? and what are those States? how are they elected? what Orders do they consist of? do the Clergy make part of them? and when and how often do they meet?

If two subjects of the Elector's are at law for an estate situated in the Electorate, in what Court must this suit be tried; and will the decision of that Court be final, or does there lie an appeal to the Imperial Chamber at Wetzaler?

What do you call the two chief Courts, or two chief Magistrates, of civil and criminal justice?

What is the common revenue of the Electorate, one year with another?

What number of troops does the Elector now maintain? and what is the greatest number that the Electorate is able to maintain?

I do not expect to have all these questions answered at once; but you will answer them in proportion as you get the necessary and authentic informations.

You are, you see, my German Oracle; and I consult you with so much faith, that you need not, like the Oracles of old, return ambiguous answers; especially as you have this advantage over them, too, that I only consult you about past and present, but not about what is to come.

I wish you a good Easter fair at Leipsig. See, with attention, all the shops, drolls, tumblers, rope-dancers, and *hoc genus omne:* but inform yourself more particularly of the several parts of trade there. Adieu.

LETTER CXIII.

DEAR BOY, London, March the 25th, O. S. 1748.

I AM in great joy at the written and the verbal accounts which I have received lately of you. The former from Mr Harte; the latter from Mr Trevanion, who is arrived here: they conspire to convince me that you employ your time well at Leipsig. I am glad to find you consult your own interest and your own pleasure so much; for the knowledge which you will acquire in these two years is equally necessary for both. I am likewise particularly pleased to find that you turn yourself to that sort of knowledge which is more peculiarly necessary for your destination: for Mr Harte tells me you have read, with attention, Caillieres, Pequet, and Richelieu's Letters. The Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz will both entertain and instruct you; they relate to a very interesting period of the French History, the Ministry of Cardinal Mazarin, during the minority of Lewis XIV. The characters of all the considerable people of that time are drawn in a short, strong, and masterly manner; and the political reflections, which are most of them printed in Italics, are the justest that ever I met with; they are not the laboured reflections of a systematical closet politician, who, without the least experience of business, sits at home and writes maxims; but they are the reflections which a great and able man formed from long experience and practice in great business. They are true conclusions, drawn from facts, not from speculations.

As Modern History is particularly your business, I will give you some rules to direct your study of it. It begins properly with Charlemagne, in the year 800. But as in those times of ignorance the Priests and Monks were almost the only people that could or did write, we have scarcely any histories of those times but such as they have been pleased to give us; which are compounds of ignorance, superstition, and party zeal. So that a general notion of what is rather supposed, than really known to be, the history of the five or six following centuries, seems to be sufficient: and much time would be but ill employed in a minute attention to those legends. But reserve your utmost care and most diligent inquiries for the fifteenth century, and downwards. Then learning began to revive, and credible histories to be written; Europe began to take the form, which to some degree it still retains; at least the foundations of the present great Powers of Europe were then laid. Lewis the

Eleventh made France, in truth, a Monarchy, or, as he used to say himself, *la mit hors de Page*. Before his time there were independent provinces in France, as the Duchy of Brittany, &c., whose Princes tore it to pieces, and kept it in constant domestic confusion. Lewis the Eleventh reduced all these petty States by fraud, force, or marriage: for he scrupled no means to obtain his ends.

About that time, Ferdinand King of Arragon, and Isabella his wife, Queen of Castile, united the whole Spanish Monarchy, and drove the Moors out of Spain, who had till then kept possession of Granada. About that time, too, the House of Austria laid the great foundations of its subsequent power; first by the marriage of Maximilian with the Heiress of Burgundy; and then by the marriage of his son Philip, Archduke of Austria, with Jane, the daughter of Isabella Queen of Spain, and Heiress of that whole kingdom and of the West Indies. By the first of these marriages the House of Austria acquired the seventeen Provinces, and by the latter Spain and America; all which centred in the person of Charles the Fifth, son of the abovementioned Archduke Philip, the son of Maximilian. It was upon account of these two marriages that the following Latin Distich was made:

Bella gerant alii, Tu felix Austria nube,
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.[1]

This immense power which the Emperor Charles the Fifth found himself possessed of, gave him a desire for universal power (for people never desire all till they have gotten a great deal), and alarmed France: this sowed the seeds of that jealousy and enmity which have flourished ever since between those two great Powers. Afterwards the House of Austria was weakened by the division made by Charles the Fifth of its dominions, between his son Philip the Second of Spain, and his brother Ferdinand; and has ever since been dwindling to the weak condition in which it now is. This is a most interesting part of the history of Europe, of which it is absolutely necessary that you should be exactly and minutely informed.

There are in the history of most countries certain very remarkable eras, which deserve more particular inquiry and attention than the common run of history. Such is the revolt of the seventeen Provinces, in the reign of Philip the Second of Spain; which ended in forming the present Republic of the

[1] While others fight, thou, happy Austria, wed;
Not Mars but Venus gives thy realms to thee.

Seven United Provinces, whose independency was first allowed by Spain at the Treaty of Munster. Such was the extraordinary revolution of Portugal in the year 1640 in favour of the present House of Braganza. Such is the famous revolution of Sweden, when Christian the Second of Denmark, who was also King of Sweden, was driven out by Gustavus Vasa. And such, also, is that memorable era in Denmark of 1660, when the States of that kingdom made a voluntary surrender of all their rights and liberties to the Crown, and changed that free State into the most absolute Monarchy now in Europe. The *Acta Regia*, upon that occasion, are worth your perusing. These remarkable periods of Modern History deserve your particular attention, and most of them have been treated singly by good Historians, which are worth your reading. The revolutions of Sweden, and of Portugal, are most admirably well written by L'Abbé de Vertot; they are short, and will not take twelve hours reading. There is another book which very well deserves your looking into, but not worth your buying at present, because it is not portable: if you can borrow, or hire it, you should; and that is, *L'Histoire des Traités de Paix*, in two volumes, folio, which make part of the *Corps Diplomatique*. You will there find a short and clear history, and the substance of every treaty made in Europe, during the last century, from the Treaty of Vervins. Three parts in four of this book are not worth your reading, as they relate to treaties of very little importance; but if you select the most considerable ones, read them with attention, and take some notes; it will be of great use to you. Attend chiefly to those in which the great Powers of Europe are the parties; such as the Treaty of the Pyrenées between France and Spain; the Treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick: but, above all, the Treaty of Munster should be most circumstantially and minutely known to you, as almost every treaty made since has some reference to it. For this, Père Bougeant is the best book you can read, as it takes in the thirty years' War which preceded that treaty. The treaty itself, which is made a perpetual law of the Empire, comes in the course of your lectures upon the *Jus Publicum Imperii*.

In order to furnish you with materials for a letter, and at the same time to inform both you and myself of what it is right that we should know, pray answer me the following questions.

How many companies are there in the Saxon regiments of foot?

How many men in each company?

How many troops in the regiments of horse and dragoons; and how many men in each?

What number of commissioned and non-commissioned Officers in a company of foot, or in a troop of horse or dragoons? N. B. Non-commissioned Officers are all those below Ensigns and Cornets.

What is the daily pay of a Saxon foot soldier, dragoon, and trooper?

What are the several ranks of the *Etat Major-général*? N. B. The *Etat Major-général* is everything above Colonel. The Austrians have no Brigadiers, and the French have no Major-generals, in their *Etat Major*. What have the Saxons? Adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

DEAR BOY, London, March the 27th, O. S. 1748.

THIS little packet will be delivered to you by one Monsieur Duval, who is going to the fair at Leipsig. He is a jeweller, originally of Geneva, but who has been settled here these eight or ten years, and a very sensible fellow: pray be very civil to him.

As I advised you, some time ago, to inform yourself of the civil and military establishments of as many of the Kingdoms and States of Europe as you should either be in yourself or be able to get authentic accounts of, I send you here a little book, in which, upon the article of Hanover, I have pointed out the short method of putting down these informations by way of helping your memory. The book being lettered, you can immediately turn to whatever article you want; and by adding interleaves to each letter, may extend your minutes to what particulars you please. You may get such books made anywhere; and appropriate each, if you please, to a particular object. I have myself found great utility in this method. If I had known what to have sent you, by this opportunity, I would have done it. The French say, *Que les petits présens entretiennent l'amitié, et que les grands l'augmentent*;[1] but I could not recollect that you wanted anything, or at least anything that you cannot get as well at Leipsig as here. Do but continue to deserve, and I assure you that you shall never want anything I can give.

Do not apprehend that my being out of employment may

[1] Trifling presents keep up friendship, great ones increase it.

be any prejudice to you. Many things will happen before you can be fit for business; and when you are fit, whatever my situation may be, it will always be in my power to help you in your first steps; afterwards you must help yourself by your own abilities. Make yourself necessary, and instead of soliciting, you will be solicited. The thorough knowledge of foreign affairs, the interests, the views, and the manners of the several Courts in Europe, are not the common growth of this country. It is in your power to acquire them; you have all the means. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER CXV.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 1st, O. S. 1748.

I HAVE not received any letter, either from you or from Mr Harte, these three posts, which I impute wholly to accidents between this place and Leipsig; and they are distant enough to admit of many. I always take it for granted that you are well when I do not hear to the contrary; besides, as I have often told you, I am much more anxious about your doing well, than about your being well; and when you do not write I will suppose that you are doing something more useful. Your health will continue while your temperance continues; and at your age nature takes sufficient care of the body, provided she is left to herself, and that intemperance on one hand, or medicines on the other, do not break in upon her. But it is by no means so with the mind, which at your age particularly requires great and constant care, and some physic. Every quarter of an hour well or ill employed, will do it essential and lasting good or harm. It requires also a great deal of exercise to bring it to a state of health and vigour. Observe the difference there is between minds cultivated and minds uncultivated, and you will, I am sure, think that you cannot take too much pains, nor employ too much of your time, in the culture of your own. A drayman is probably born with as good organs as Milton, Locke, or Newton; but by culture they are much more above him than he is above his horse. Sometimes, indeed, extraordinary geniuses have broken out by the force of nature without the assistance of education; but those instances are too rare for anybody to trust to; and even they would make a much greater figure if they had the advantage of education into the bargain. If Shakspeare's genius had been cultivated, those beauties, which we so justly admire in him, would have been undisgraced

by those extravagancies, and that nonsense, with which they are frequently accompanied. People are in general what they are made, by education and company, from fifteen to five-and-twenty; consider well, therefore, the importance of your next eight or nine years; your whole depends upon them. I will tell you sincerely my hopes and my fears concerning you. I think you will be a good scholar, and that you will acquire a considerable stock of knowledge of various kinds: but I fear that you neglect what are called little, though in truth they are very material, things; I mean a gentleness of manners, an engaging address, and an insinuating behaviour: they are real and solid advantages, and none but those who do not know the world, treat them as trifles. I am told that you speak very quick, and not distinctly; this is a most ungraceful and disagreeable trick, which you know I have told you of a thousand times; pray attend carefully to the correction of it. An agreeable and distinct manner of speaking adds greatly to the matter; and I have known many a very good speech unregarded upon account of the disagreeable manner in which it has been delivered, and many an indifferent one applauded, for the contrary reason. Adieu.

LETTER CXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 15th, O. S. 1748.

THOUGH I have no letters from you to acknowledge since my last to you, I will not let three posts go from hence without a letter from me. My affection always prompts me to write to you, and I am encouraged to do it by the hopes that my letters are not quite useless. You will probably receive this in the midst of the diversions of Leipsig fair; at which Mr Harte tells me that you are to shine in fine clothes among fine folks. I am very glad of it, as it is time that you should begin to be formed to the manners of the world in higher life. Courts are the best schools for that sort of learning. You are beginning now with the outside of a Court; and there is not a more gaudy one than that of Saxony. Attend to it, and make your observations upon the turn and manners of it, that you may hereafter compare it with other Courts which you will see. And though you are not yet able to be informed, or to judge, of the political conduct and maxims of that Court, yet you may remark the forms, the ceremonies, and the exterior state of it. At least, see everything that you can see, and know everything that you can know of

it, by asking questions. See likewise everything at the fair, from operas and plays, down to the Savoyards' rareeshows. Everything is worth seeing once; and the more one sees, the less one either wonders or admires.

Make my compliments to Mr Harte, and tell him that I have just now received his letter, for which I thank him. I am called away, and my letter is therefore very much shortened. Adieu.

I am impatient to receive your answers to the many questions I have asked you.

LETTER CXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 26th, O. S. 1748.

I AM extremely pleased with your continuation of the History of the Reformation, which is one of those important eras that deserves your utmost attention, and of which you cannot be too minutely informed. You have, doubtless, considered the causes of that great event, and observed that disappointment and resentment had a much greater share in it than a religious zeal, or an abhorrence of the errors and abuses of Popery.

Luther, an Augustin Monk, enraged that his Order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry of the Church of Rome; which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the Rights, that is, the Profit, of his Order came to be touched. It is true the Church of Rome furnished him ample matter for complaint and reformation, and he laid hold of it ably. This seems to me the true cause of that great and necessary work: but whatever the cause was, the effect was good: and the Reformation spread itself by its own truth and fitness; was conscientiously received by great numbers in Germany, and other countries; and was soon afterwards mixed up with the politics of Princes: and, as it always happens in religious disputes, became the specious covering of injustice and ambition.

Under the pretence of crushing Heresy, as it was called, the House of Austria meant to extend and establish its power in the Empire: as, on the other hand, many Protestant Princes, under

the pretence of extirpating idolatry, or at least of securing toleration, meant only to enlarge their own dominions or privileges. These views respectively, among the Chiefs on both sides, much more than true religious motives, continued what were called the Religious Wars in Germany, almost uninterruptedly, till the affairs of the two Religions were finally settled by the treaty of Munster.

Were most historical events traced up to their true causes, I fear we should not find them much more noble, nor disinterested, than Luther's disappointed avarice; and therefore I look with some contempt upon those refining and sagacious Historians, who ascribe all, even the most common events, to some deep political cause; whereas mankind is made up of inconsistencies, and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character. The wisest man sometimes acts weakly, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct that I believe those are the oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives: and I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a Hero of the same man who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward. Our best conjectures, therefore, as to the true springs of actions are but very uncertain; and the actions themselves are all that we must pretend to know from History. That Cæsar was murdered by twenty-three conspirators I make no doubt; but I very much doubt that their love of liberty and of their country, was their sole or even principal motive; and I dare say that, if the truth were known, we should find that many other motives at least concurred, even in the great Brutus himself; such as pride, envy, personal pique, and disappointment. Nay, I cannot help carrying my Pyrrhonism still further, and extending it often to historical facts themselves, at least to most of the circumstances with which they are related; and every day's experience confirms me in this historical incredulity. Do we ever hear the most recent fact related exactly in the same way by the several people who were at the same time eyewitnesses of it? No. One mistakes, another misrepresents; and others warp it a little to their own turn of mind or private views. A man who has been concerned in a transaction will not write it fairly; and a man who has not, cannot. But notwithstanding all this uncertainty, History is not the less necessary to be known; as the best histories are taken for granted, and are the frequent

subjects both of conversation and writing. Though I am convinced that Cæsar's ghost never appeared to Brutus, yet I should be much ashamed to be ignorant of that fact, as related by the Historians of those times. Thus the Pagan theology is universally received as matter for writing and conversation, though believed now by nobody; and we talk of Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, &c., as Gods, though we know that if they ever existed at all it was only as mere mortal men. This historical Pyrrhonism, then, proves nothing against the study and knowledge of History; which, of all other studies, is the most necessary for a man who is to live in the world. It only points out to us not to be too decisive and peremptory; and to be cautious how we draw inferences, for our own practice, from remote facts, partially or ignorantly related; of which we can at best but imperfectly guess, and certainly not know the real motives. The testimonies of Ancient History must necessarily be weaker than those of Modern, as all testimony grows weaker and weaker as it is more and more remote from us. I would therefore advise you to study Ancient History in general as other people do; that is, not to be ignorant of any of those facts which are universally received upon the faith of the best Historians; and, whether true or false, you have them as other people have them. But Modern History, I mean particularly that of the three last centuries, is what I would have you apply to with the greatest attention and exactness. There the probability of coming at the truth is much greater, as the testimonies are much more recent; besides, anecdotes, memoirs, and original letters, often come to the aid of Modern History. The best Memoirs that I know of are those of Cardinal de Retz, which I have once before recommended to you; and which I advise you to read more than once, with attention. There are many political maxims in these Memoirs,[1] most of which are printed in Italics; pray attend to, and remember them. I never read them, but my own experience confirms the truth of them. Many of them seem trifling to people who are not used to business; but those who are, feel the truth of them.

It is time to put an end to this long, rambling letter; in which, if any one thing can be of use to you, it will more than pay the trouble I have taken to write it. Adieu! Yours.

[1] The Maxims here mentioned are inserted, with a translation, at the end of the fourth volume.

LETTER CXVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 10th, O. S. 1748.

I RECKON that this letter will find you just returned from Dresden, where you have made your first court *Caravanne*. What inclination for Courts this taste of them may have given you, I cannot tell; but this I think myself sure of, from your good sense, that in leaving Dresden you have left dissipation too, and have resumed at Leipsig that application, which, if you like Courts, can alone enable you to make a good figure at them. A mere Courtier, without parts or knowledge, is the most frivolous and contemptible of all beings; as, on the other hand, a man of parts and knowledge, who acquires the easy and noble manners of a Court, is the most perfect. It is a trite, commonplace observation, that Courts are the seats of falsehood and dissimulation. That, like many, I might say most, commonplace observations, is false. Falsehood and dissimulation are certainly to be found at Courts; but where are they not to be found? Cottages have them, as well as Courts; only with worse manners. A couple of neighbouring farmers, in a village, will contrive and practise as many tricks to overreach each other at the next market, or to supplant each other in the favour of the 'Squire, as any two Courtiers can do to supplant each other in the favour of their Prince. Whatever Poets may write, or fools believe, of rural innocence and truth, and of the perfidy of Courts, this is most undoubtedly true—that Shepherds and Ministers are both men; their nature and passions the same, the modes of them only different.

Having mentioned commonplace observations, I will particularly caution you against either using, believing, or approving them. They are the common topics of witlings and coxcombs; those who really have wit, have the utmost contempt for them, and scorn even to laugh at the pert things that those would-be wits say upon such subjects.

Religion is one of their favourite topics; it is all priestcraft; and an invention contrived and carried on by Priests, of all religions, for their own power and profit: from this absurd and false principle flow the commonplace, insipid jokes and insults upon the Clergy. With these people, every Priest, of every religion, is either a public or a concealed unbeliever, drunkard, and whoremaster; whereas I conceive that Priests are extremely like other men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a gown or a surplice; but if they are different from other

people, probably it is rather on the side of religion and morality, or at least decency, from their education and manner of life.

Another common topic for false wit and cold raillery, is Matrimony. Every man and his wife hate each other cordially, whatever they may pretend, in public, to the contrary. The husband certainly wishes his wife at the devil, and the wife certainly cuckolds her husband. Whereas I presume that men and their wives neither love nor hate each other the more upon account of the form of matrimony which has been said over them. The cohabitation indeed, which is the consequence of matrimony, makes them either love or hate more, accordingly as they respectively deserve it; but that would be exactly the same between any man and woman who lived together without being married.

These and many other commonplace reflections upon nations, or professions, in general (which are at least as often false as true), are the poor refuge of people who have neither wit nor invention of their own, but endeavour to shine in company by second-hand finery. I always put these pert jack-anapeses out of countenance, by looking extremely grave when they expect that I should laugh at their pleasantries; and by saying *well, and so;* as if they had not done, and that the sting were still to come. This disconcerts them; as they have no resources in themselves, and have but one set of jokes to live upon. Men of parts are not reduced to these shifts, and have the utmost contempt for them: they find proper subjects enough for either useful or lively conversations; they can be witty without satire or commonplace, and serious without being dull. The frequentation of Courts checks this petulancy of manners; the good breeding and circumspection which are necessary, and only to be learned there, correct those pertnesses. I do not doubt but that you are improved in your manners, by the short visit which you have made at Dresden; and the other Courts, which I intend that you shall be better acquainted with, will gradually smooth you up to the highest polish. In Courts, a versatility of genius, and a softness of manners, are absolutely necessary; which some people mistake for abject flattery, and having no opinion of one's own; whereas it is only the decent and genteel manner of maintaining your own opinion, and possibly of bringing other people to it. The manner of doing things is often more important than the things themselves; and the very same thing may become either pleasing or offensive, by the manner of saying or doing it. *Materiam superabat opus*, is often said of works of Sculpture; where, though the materials

were valuable, as silver, gold, &c., the workmanship was still more so. This holds true, applied to manners; which adorn whatever knowledge or parts people may have, and even make a greater impression upon nine in ten of mankind, than the intrinsic value of the materials. On the other hand, remember that what Horace says of good writing is justly applicable to those who would make a good figure in Courts, and distinguish themselves in the shining parts of life; *Sapere est principium et fons.*[1] A man who, without a good fund of knowledge and parts, adopts a Court life, makes the most ridiculous figure imaginable. He is a machine, little superior to the Court clock; and as this points out the hours, he points out the frivolous employment of them. He is at most a comment upon the clock; and, according to the hours that it strikes, tells you, now it is levee, now dinner, now supper-time, &c. The end which I propose by your education, and which (*if you please*) I shall certainly attain, is, to unite in you all the knowledge of a Scholar with the manners of a Courtier; and to join, what is seldom joined in any of my countrymen, Books and the World. They are commonly twenty years old before they have spoken to anybody above their Schoolmaster and the Fellows of their college. If they happen to have learning, it is only Greek and Latin; but not one word of Modern History or Modern Languages. Thus prepared, they go abroad, as they call it; but, in truth, they stay at home all that while; for being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company, at least none good; but dine and sup with one another only, at the tavern. Such examples I am sure you will not imitate, but even carefully avoid. You will always take care to keep the best company in the place where you are, which is the only use of travelling: and (by the way) the pleasures of a gentleman are only to be found in the best company; for that riot which low company most falsely and impudently call pleasure, is only the sensuality of a swine.

I ask hard and uninterrupted study from you but one year more; after that, you shall have, every day, more and more time for your amusements. A few hours each day will then be sufficient for application, and the others cannot be better employed than in the pleasures of good company. Adieu.

[1] Good sense is the origin and source.

LETTER CXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 17th, O. S. 1748.

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 16th, N. S., and have, in consequence of it, written this day to Sir Charles Williams, to thank him for all the civilities he has shown you. Your first setting out at Court has, I find, been very favourable; and his Polish Majesty has distinguished you. I hope you received that mark of distinction with respect and with steadiness, which is the proper behaviour of a man of fashion. People of a low, obscure education, cannot stand the rays of greatness; they are frightened out of their wits when Kings and great men speak to them; they are awkward, ashamed, and do not know what nor how to answer: whereas *les honnêtes gens* are not dazzled by superior rank: they know and pay all the respect that is due to it; but they do it without being disconcerted; and can converse just as easily with a King as with any one of his subjects. That is the great advantage of being introduced young into good company, and being used early to converse with one's superiors. How many men have I seen here, who, after having had the full benefit of an English Education, first at school, and then at the university, when they have been presented to the King, did not know whether they stood upon their heads or their heels? If the King spoke to them, they were annihilated; they trembled, endeavoured to put their hands in their pockets and missed them, let their hats fall, and were ashamed to take them up; and, in short, put themselves in every attitude but the right, that is, the easy and natural one. The characteristic of a well-bred man is, to converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and with ease. He talks to Kings without concern; he trifles with women of the first condition, with familiarity, gaiety, but respect; and converses with his equals, whether he is acquainted with them or not, upon general, common topics, that are not, however, quite frivolous, without the least concern of mind, or awkwardness of body: neither of which can appear to advantage, but when they are perfectly easy.

The tea-things which Sir Charles Williams has given you, I would have you make a present of to your Mamma, and send them to her by Duval, when he returns. You owe her, not only duty, but likewise great obligations, for her care and tenderness;

and consequently cannot take too many opportunities of showing your gratitude.

I am impatient to receive your account of Dresden, and likewise your answers to the many questions that I asked you.

Adieu for this time, and God bless you!

LETTER CXX.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 27th, O. S. 1748.

THIS and the two next years make so important a period of your life, that I cannot help repeating to you my exhortations, my commands, and (what I hope will be still more prevailing with you than either) my earnest entreaties, to employ them well. Every moment that you now lose is so much character and advantage lost; as on the other hand, every moment that you now employ usefully, is so much time wisely laid out, at most prodigious interest. These two years must lay the foundations of all the knowledge that you will ever have; you may build upon them afterwards as much as you please, but it will be too late to lay any new ones. Let me beg of you, therefore, to grudge no labour nor pains to acquire, in time, that stock of knowledge, without which you never can rise, but must make a very insignificant figure in the world. Consider your own situation; you have not the advantage of rank and fortune to bear you up; I shall very probably be out of the world before you can properly be said to be in it. What then will you have to rely on but your own merit? That alone must raise you, and that alone will raise you, if you have but enough of it. I have often heard and read of oppressed and unrewarded merit, but I have oftener (I might say always) seen great merit make its way, and meet with its reward, to a certain degree at least, in spite of all difficulties. By merit, I mean the moral virtues, knowledge, and manners: as to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you, they speak best for themselves, nor can I suspect that they want any recommendation with you; I will, therefore, only assure you, that without them you will be most unhappy.

As to knowledge, I have often told you, and I am persuaded you are thoroughly convinced, how absolutely necessary it is to you, whatever your destination may be. But as knowledge has a most extensive meaning, and as the life of man is not long enough to acquire, nor his mind capable of entertaining and

digesting all parts of knowledge, I will point out those to which you should particularly apply, and which, by application, you may make yourself perfect master of. Classical knowledge, that is, Greek and Latin, is absolutely necessary for everybody; because everybody has agreed to think and to call it so. And the word *illiterate*, in its common acceptation, means a man who is ignorant of those two languages. You are by this time, I hope, pretty near master of both, so that a small part of the day dedicated to them, for two years more, will make you perfect in that study. Rhetoric, Logic, a little Geometry, and a general notion of Astronomy, must, in their turns, have their hours too; not that I desire you should be deep in any one of these: but it is fit you should know something of them all. The knowledge more particularly useful and necessary for you, considering your destination, consists of Modern Languages, Modern History, Chronology, and Geography; the Laws of Nations, and the *jus publicum Imperii*. You must absolutely speak all the modern languages, as purely and correctly as the natives of the respective countries: for whoever does not speak a language perfectly and easily, will never appear to advantage in conversation, nor treat with others in it upon equal terms. As for French, you have it very well already; and must necessarily, from the universal usage of that language, know it better and better every day: so that I am in no pain about that. German, I suppose, you know pretty well by this time, and will be quite master of it before you leave Leipsig: at least I am sure you may. Italian and Spanish will come in their turns, and, indeed, they are both so easy, to one who knows Latin and French, that neither of them will cost you much time or trouble. Modern History, by which I mean particularly the History of the last three centuries, should be the object of your greatest and constant attention, especially those parts of it which relate more immediately to the great Powers of Europe. This study you will carefully connect with Chronology and Geography; that is, you will remark and retain the dates of every important event; and always read with the map by you, in which you will constantly look for every place mentioned: this is the only way of retaining Geography; for, though it is soon learned by the lump, yet, when only so learned, it is still sooner forgot.

Manners, though the last, and it may be the least, ingredient of real merit are, however, very far from being useless in its composition; they adorn and give an additional force and lustre to both virtue and knowledge. They prepare and smooth the

way for the progress of both; and are, I fear, with the bulk of mankind, more engaging than either. Remember, then, the infinite advantage of Manners; cultivate and improve your own to the utmost: good sense will suggest the great rules to you, good company will do the rest. Thus you see how much you have to do, and how little time to do it in: for when you are thrown out into the world, as in a couple of years you must be, the unavoidable dissipation of company, and the necessary avocations of some kind of business or other, will leave you no time to undertake new branches of knowledge; you may indeed, by a prudent allotment of your time, reserve some to complete and finish the building; but you will never find enough to lay new foundations. I have such an opinion of your understanding, that I am convinced you are sensible of these truths; and that, however hard and laborious your present uninterrupted application may seem to you, you will rather increase than lessen it. For God's sake, my dear boy, do not squander away one moment of your time, for every moment may be now most usefully employed. Your future fortune, character, and figure in the world entirely depend upon your use and abuse of the two next years. If you do but employ them well, what may you not reasonably expect to be in time? and if you do not, what may I not reasonably fear you will be? You are the only one I ever knew, of this country, whose education was from the beginning calculated for the department of foreign affairs: in consequence of which, if you will invariably pursue and diligently qualify yourself for that object, you may make yourself absolutely necessary to the Government; and after having received orders as a Minister abroad, send orders in your turn as Secretary of State at home. Most of our Ministers abroad have taken up that department occasionally, without having ever thought of foreign affairs before; many of them without speaking any one foreign language; and all of them without the Manners which are absolutely necessary towards being well received, and making a figure at foreign Courts. They do the business accordingly, that is, very ill: they never get into the secrets of those Courts, for want of insinuation and address: they do not guess at their views, for want of knowing their interests: and, at last finding themselves very unfit for, soon grow weary of their commissions, and are impatient to return home, where they are but too justly laid aside and neglected. Every moment's conversation may, if you please, be of use to you: in this view, every public event which is the common topic of conversation gives you an opportunity of

getting some information. For example; the preliminaries of peace, lately concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle,[1] will be the common subject of most conversations; in which you will take care to ask the proper questions: as, what is the meaning of the Assiento contract for negroes, between England and Spain; what the annual ship; when stipulated; upon what account suspended, &c. You will likewise inform yourself about Guastalla, now given to Don Philip, together with Parma and Placentia; whom they belonged to before; what claim or pretensions Don Philip had to them; what they are worth; in short, everything concerning them. The cessions made by the Queen of Hungary[2] to the King of Sardinia are, by these preliminaries, confirmed and secured to him: you will inquire, therefore, what they are, and what they are worth. This is the kind of knowledge which you should be most thoroughly master of, and in which conversation will help you almost as much as books: but both are best. There are histories of every considerable Treaty, from that of Westphalia to that of Utrecht inclusively; all which I would advise you to read. Père Bougeant's, of the Treaty of Westphalia, is an excellent one; those of Nimeguen, Ryswick, and Utrecht, are not so well written, but are, however, very useful. *L'Histoire des Traités de Paix*, in two volumes folio, which I recommended to you some time ago, is a book that you should often consult when you hear mention made of any treaty concluded in the seventeenth century.

Upon the whole, if you have a mind to be considerable, and to shine hereafter, you must labour hard now. No quickness of parts, no vivacity, will do long or go far, without a solid fund of knowledge: and that fund of knowledge will amply repay all the pains that you can take in acquiring it. Reflect seriously within yourself upon all this, and ask yourself whether I can have any view, but your interest, in all that I recommend to you. It is the result of my experience, and flows from that tenderness and affection with which, while you deserve them, I shall be Yours.

Make my compliments to Mr Harte, and tell him that I have received his letter of the 24th, N. S.

[1] This was at the close of the war of the Austrian Succession. France and Spain against England, Austria, Holland, and Savoy.

[2] Maria Theresa.

LETTER CXXI.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 31st, O. S. 1748.

I HAVE received with great satisfaction your letter of the 28th, N. S., from Dresden: it finishes your short but clear account of the Reformation; which is one of those interesting periods of Modern History that cannot be too much studied nor too minutely known by you. There are many great events in History which when once they are over leave things in the situation in which they found them. As, for instance, the late war, which, excepting the establishment in Italy for Don Philip, leaves things pretty much *in statu quo*; a mutual restitution of all acquisitions being stipulated by the preliminaries of the peace. Such events undoubtedly deserve your notice, but yet not so minutely as those which are not only important in themselves, but equally (or it may be more) important by their consequences too: of this latter sort were, the progress of the Christian Religion in Europe; the invasion of the Goths; the division of the Roman Empire into Western and Eastern; the establishment and rapid progress of Mahometanism; and, lastly, the Reformation: all which events produced the greatest changes in the affairs of Europe, and to one or other of which the present situation of all the parts of it is to be traced up.

Next to these are those events which more immediately affect particular States and Kingdoms, and which are reckoned merely local, though their influence may, and indeed very often does, indirectly, extend itself further; such as civil wars and revolutions, from which a total change in the form of government frequently flows. The civil wars in England in the reign of King Charles I. produced an entire change of the Government here, from a limited Monarchy to a Commonwealth at first, and afterwards to absolute Power usurped by Cromwell under the pretence of Protection and the title of Protector.

The Revolution in 1688, instead of changing, preserved our form of government, which King James II. intended to subvert, and establish absolute power in the Crown.

These are the two great epochas in our English History which I recommend to your particular attention.

The league formed by the House of Guise and fomented by the artifices of Spain, is a most material part of the history of France. The foundation of it was laid in the reign of Henry II., but the superstructure was carried on through the successive reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., till at last it

was crushed, partly by the arms, but more by the apostasy, of Henry IV.

In Germany great events have been frequent, by which the Imperial dignity has always either gotten or lost: and so far they have affected the constitution of the Empire. The House of Austria kept that dignity to itself for near two hundred years, during which time it was always attempting to extend its power by encroaching upon the rights and privileges of the other States of the Empire; till, at the end of the *bellum tricennale*, the Treaty of Munster, of which France is guarantee, fixed the respective claims.

Italy has been constantly torn to pieces, from the time of the Goths, by the Popes and the Antipopes, severally supported by other great Powers of Europe, more as their interest than as their religion led them: by the pretensions also of France and the House of Austria upon Naples, Sicily, and the Milanese; not to mention the various lesser causes of squabbles there for the little States, such as Ferrara, Parma, Montferrat, &c.

The Popes till lately have always taken a considerable part, and had great influence, in the affairs of Europe: their Excommunications, Bulls, and Indulgences stood instead of armies in the times of ignorance and bigotry; but now that mankind is better informed, the spiritual authority of the Pope is not only less regarded but even despised by the Catholic Princes themselves; and his Holiness is actually little more than Bishop of Rome, with large temporalities, which he is not likely to keep longer than till the other greater Powers in Italy shall find their conveniency in taking them from him. Among the modern Popes, Leo the Xth, Alexander the VIth, and Sixtus Quintus, deserve your particular notice. The first, among other things, for his own learning and taste, and for his encouragement of the reviving Arts and Sciences in Italy. Under his protection the Greek and Latin Classics were most excellently translated into Italian; Painting flourished and arrived at its perfection; and Sculpture came so near the Ancients, that the works of his time, both in marble and bronze, are now called *Antico-Moderno*.

Alexander the VIth, together with his natural son, Cæsar Borgia, was famous for his wickedness; in which he and his son, too, surpassed all imagination. Their lives are well worth your reading. They were poisoned themselves by the poisoned wine which they had prepared for others: the father died of it, but Cæsar recovered.

Sixtus the Vth was the son of a swineherd and raised him-

self to the Popedom by his abilities: he was a great knave, but an able and a singular one.

Here is History enough for to-day; you shall have some more soon. Adieu.

LETTER CXXII.

DEAR BOY, London, June the 21st, O. S. 1748.

YOUR very bad enunciation runs so much in my head and gives me such real concern, that it will be the subject of this, and I believe of many more, letters. I congratulate both you and myself that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will I am sure think yourself, infinitely obliged to Sir Charles Williams for informing me of it. Good God! if this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had either by your negligence or mine become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly? Who would have liked you in the one or have attended to you in the other? Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of Enunciation, and see what a stress they lay upon the gracefulness of it; nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains that a good figure is necessary for an Orator; and particularly that he must not be *vastus*; that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shows by it that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner. Men, as well as women, are much oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit, which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him; and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem; for if a man has parts he must know of what infinite consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking and a genteel and pleasing address: he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. Your figure is a good one; you have no natural defect in the organs of speech; your address may be engaging, and your manner of speaking graceful, if you will; so that if they

are not so, neither I nor the world can ascribe it to anything but your want of parts. What is the constant and just observation as to all actors upon the stage? Is it not that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may happen not to have the best voices? They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick*, *thick*, and *ungracefully*, I will answer for it, that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by; and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner as that either people cannot understand them or will not desire to understand them. I tell you truly and sincerely that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully; for I aver that it is in your power. You will desire Mr Harte that you may read aloud to him every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you every time that you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak; to articulate every word distinctly; and to beg of Mr Harte, Mr Eliot, or whomever you speak to, to remind and stop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct yourself of that shameful trick of speaking faster than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well if you think right. Therefore, what I have said in this, and in my last, is more than sufficient, if you have sense; and ten times more would not be sufficient if you have not: so here I rest it.

Next to graceful speaking, a genteel carriage, and a graceful manner of presenting yourself, are extremely necessary, for they are extremely engaging; and carelessness in these points is much more unpardonable in a young fellow than affectation. It shows an offensive indifference about pleasing. I am told by one here who has seen you lately, that you are awkward in your motions, and negligent of your person: I am sorry for both; and so will you, when it will be too late, if you continue so some time longer. Awkwardness of carriage is very alienating; and a total negligence of dress, and air, is an impertinent insult upon custom and fashion. You remember Mr *** very well, I am sure, and you must consequently remember his extreme

awkwardness; which, I can assure you, has been a great clog to his parts and merit, that have, with much difficulty, but barely counterbalanced it at last. Many to whom I have formerly commended him, have answered me, That they were sure he could not have parts, because he was so awkward: so much are people, as I observed to you before, taken by the eye. Women have great influence as to a man's fashionable character; and an awkward man will never have their votes; which, by the way, are very numerous, and much oftener counted than weighed. You should therefore give some attention to your dress, and to the gracefulness of your motions. I believe, indeed, that you have no perfect model for either, at Leipsig, to form yourself upon; but, however, do not get a habit of neglecting either: and attend properly to both when you go to Courts where they are very necessary, and where you will have good masters and good models for both. Your exercises of riding, fencing, and dancing, will civilize and fashion your body and your limbs, and give you, if you will but take it, *l'air d'un honnête homme*.

I will now conclude with suggesting one reflection to you, which is, that you should be sensible of your good fortune, in having one who interests himself enough in you to inquire into your faults, in order to inform you of them. Nobody but myself would be so solicitous, either to know or correct them; so that you might consequently be ignorant of them yourself; for our own self-love draws a thick veil between us and our faults. But when you hear yours from me, you may be sure that you hear them from one who, for your sake only, desires to correct them; from one whom you cannot suspect of any partiality but in your favour; and from one who heartily wishes that his care of you, as a father, may in a little time render every care unnecessary but that of a friend. Adieu.

P. S. I condole with you for the untimely and violent death of the tuneful Matzel.[1]

[1] [Note in the edition of 1827]. The Editor being in possession of the original of the following Letter and Copy of Verses, which are so very apposite to the subject mentioned in the Postscript, thinks that they may be agreeable to the Public, although not written by the late Earl of Chesterfield, and already inserted in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection.

LETTER BY SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

To Philip Stanhope, Esquire, then at Leipsig.

DEAR STANHOPE, Dresden, the 10th June, 1745.

A CURSED large, frightful, bloodthirsty, horrible, fierce black cat got into my room, on Saturday night; and yesterday morning we found some

LETTER CXXIII.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 1st, O. S. 1748.

I AM extremely well pleased with the course of studies which Mr Harte informs me you are now in, and with the degree of application which he assures me you have to them. It is your

few remains of Matzel; but traces enough to prove he had been murdered in the night by that infernal cat. Stevens cried, Dick cursed and swore, and I stood dumb with grief; which I believed would have choked me, if I had not given vent to it in the following Ode: which I have addressed to you, to make you the only amends in my power for the loss of sensible, obedient, harmonious Matzel.

To Philip Stanhope, Esquire,

UPON THE DEATH OF MATZEL, A FAVOURITE BULLFINCH, THAT WAS MINE, AND WHICH HE HAD THE REVERSION OF, WHENEVER I LEFT

—Fungar inani
Munere.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage:
Give sorrow and revenge their scope;
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.

Matzel's no more——Ye Graces, Loves,
Ye Linnets, Nightingales, and Doves,
Attend the untimely bier:
Let every sorrow be express'd;
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,
And drop the natural tear.

For thee, my Bird, the sacred Nine,
Who loved thy tuneful notes, shall join
In thy funereal verse:
My painful task shall be to write
The eternal dirge which they indite,
And hang it on thy hearse.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died;
But vengeance shall have way:
On pains and torture I'll refine;
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine
His nine will ill repay.

In vain I loved, in vain I mourn,
My bird, who, never to return,
Is fled to happier shades;
Where Lesbias shall for him prepare
The place most charming and most fair
Of all the Elysian glades.

interest to do so, as the advantage will be all your own. My affection for you makes me both wish and endeavour that you may turn out well; and according as you do turn out, I shall be either proud or ashamed of you. But as to mere interest, in the common acceptation of that word, it would be mine that you should turn out ill; for you may depend upon it that whatever you have from me shall be most exactly proportioned to your desert. Deserve a great deal, and you shall have a great deal; deserve little, and you shall have but a little; and be good for nothing at all, and, I assure you, you shall have nothing at all.

Solid knowledge, as I have often told you, is the first and great foundation of your future fortune and character; for I never mention to you the two much greater points of Religion and Morality, because I cannot possibly suspect you as to either of them. This solid knowledge you are in a fair way of acquiring; you may if you please; and I will add that nobody ever had the means of acquiring it more in their power than you have. But remember that Manners must adorn Knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet, by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine, if it is not polished. It is upon this article, I confess, that I suspect you the most, which makes me recur to it so often; for I fear that you are apt to show too little attention to everybody, and too much contempt to many. Be convinced that there are no persons so insignificant and inconsiderable, but may, some time or other, and in some thing or other, have it in their power to be of use to you; which they certainly will not, if you have once shown them contempt. Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is. Our pride remembers it for ever. It implies a discovery of weaknesses, which we are much more careful to conceal than crimes. Many a man will confess his crimes to a common friend, but I never knew a man who would tell his silly weaknesses to his most intimate one. As many a friend will tell us our faults without reserve, who will not so much as hint at our follies: that discovery is too mortifying to our self-love, either to tell another, or to be told of one's self. You must, therefore, never expect to hear of your weaknesses or

> There shall thy notes in cypress grove
> Soothe wretched ghosts that died for love;
> There shall thy plaintive strain
> Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,
> To Procris yield some short relief,
> And soften Dido's pain.

your follies from anybody but me; those I will take pains to discover, and whenever I do, shall tell you of them.

Next to Manners are exterior graces of person and address, which adorn Manners, as Manners adorn Knowledge. To say that they please, engage, and charm, as they most indisputably do, is saying that one should do everything possible to acquire them. The graceful manner of speaking is particularly what I shall always halloo in your ears, as Hotspur hallooed *Mortimer* to Henry IV; and, like him too, I have aimed to have a Starling taught to say, *Speak distinctly and gracefully*, and send him you, to replace your loss of the unfortunate Matzel; who, by the way, I am told, spoke his language very distinctly and gracefully.

As by this time you must be able to write German tolerably well, I desire that you will not fail to write a German letter, in the German character, once every fortnight, to Mr Grevenkop; which will make it more familiar to you, and enable me to judge how you improve in it.

Do not forget to answer me the questions which I asked you a great while ago, in relation to the constitution of Saxony; and also the meaning of the words *Landsassii* and *Amptsassii*.

I hope you do not forget to inquire into the affairs of Trade and Commerce, nor to get the best accounts you can of the commodities and manufactures, exports and imports, of the several countries where you may be, and their gross value.

I would likewise have you attend to the respective Coins, gold, silver, copper, &c., and their value, compared with our Coins: for which purpose, I would advise you to put up, in a separate piece of paper, one piece of every kind, wherever you shall be, writing upon it the name and the value. Such a collection will be curious enough in itself; and that sort of knowledge will be very useful to you in your way of business, where the different value of money often comes in question.

I am going to Cheltenham to-morrow, less for my health, which is pretty good, than for the dissipation and amusement of the journey. I shall stay about a fortnight.

L'Abbé Mably's *Droit de l'Europe*, which Mr Harte is so kind as to send me, is worth your reading. Adieu.

LETTER CXXIV.

DEAR BOY, Cheltenham, July the 6th, O. S. 1748.

YOUR school-fellow, Lord Pulteney, set out last week for Holland, and will, I believe, be at Leipsig soon after this letter: you will take care to be extremely civil to him, and to do him any service that you can, while you stay there; let him know that I wrote to you to do so. As being older, he should know more than you; in that case, take pains to get up to him; but if he does not, take care not to let him feel his inferiority. He will find it out of himself, without your endeavours; and that cannot be helped: but nothing is more insulting, more mortifying, and less forgiven, than avowedly to take pains to make a man feel a mortifying inferiority in knowledge, rank, fortune, &c. In the two last articles, it is unjust, they not being in his power; and, in the first, it is both ill-bred and ill-natured. Good breeding, and good nature, do incline us rather to help and raise people up to ourselves, than to mortify and depress them: and, in truth, our own private interest concurs in it, as it is making ourselves so many friends, instead of so many enemies. The constant practice of what the French call *les Attentions* is a most necessary ingredient in the art of pleasing; they flatter the self-love of those to whom they are shown; they engage, they captivate, more than things of much greater importance. The duties of social life every man is obliged to discharge; but these Attentions are voluntary acts, the free-will offerings of good breeding and good nature; they are received, remembered, and returned as such. Women particularly have a right to them; and any omission, in that respect, is downright ill breeding.

Do you employ your whole time in the most useful manner? I do not mean, do you study all day long? nor do I require it. But I mean, do you make the most of the respective allotments of your time? While you study, is it with attention? When you divert yourself, it is with spirit? Your diversions may, if you please, employ some part of your time very usefully. It depends entirely upon the nature of them. If they are futile and frivolous, it is time worse than lost, for they will give you a habit of futility. All gaming, field sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think, or do not love to think. But the pleasures of a man of parts either flatter the

senses or improve the mind; I hope, at least, that there is not one minute of the day in which you do nothing at all. Inaction, at your age, is unpardonable.

Tell me what Greek and Latin books you can now read with ease. Can you open Demosthenes at a venture, and understand him? Can you get through an Oration of Cicero, or a Satire of Horace, without difficulty? What German book do you read, to make yourself master of that language? And what French books do you read for your amusement? Pray give me a particular and true account of all this; for I am not indifferent as to any one thing that relates to you. As, for example, I hope you take great care to keep your whole person, particularly your mouth, very clean: common decency requires it; besides that, great cleanliness is very conducive to health. But if you do not keep your mouth excessively clean, by washing it carefully every morning, and after every meal, it will not only be apt to smell, which is very disgusting and indecent, but your teeth will decay and ache, which is both a great loss and a great pain. A spruceness of dress is also very proper and becoming at your age; as the negligence of it implies an indifferency about pleasing which does not become a young fellow. To do, whatever you do at all, to the utmost perfection, ought to be your aim, at this time of your life: if you can reach perfection, so much the better; but, at least, by attempting it, you will get much nearer than if you never attempted it at all.

Adieu! *Speak gracefully and distinctly*, if you intend to converse ever with Yours.

P. S. As I was making up my letter, I received yours of the 6th, N. S. I like your dissertation upon Preliminary Articles and Truces. Your definitions of both are true. Those are matters of which I would have you be master; they belong to your future department. But remember, too, that they are matters upon which you will much oftener have occasion to speak than to write; and that consequently it is full as necessary to speak gracefully and distinctly upon them, as to write clearly and elegantly. I find no authority among the ancients, nor indeed among the moderns, for indistinct and unintelligible utterance. The Oracles indeed meaned to be obscure; but then it was by the ambiguity of the expression, and not by the inarticulation of the words. For, if people had not thought, at least they understood them, they would neither have frequented nor presented them as they did. There was likewise, among the ancients, and is still among the moderns, a sort of people

called *Ventriloqui*, who speak from their bellies, or make the voice seem to come from some other part of the room than that where they are. But these *Ventriloqui* speak very distinctly and intelligibly. The only thing, then, that I can find like a precedent for your way of speaking (and I would willingly help you to one if I could) is the modern art *de Persister*, practised with great success by the *petits maitres* at Paris. This noble art consists in picking out some grave, serious man, who neither understands nor expects raillery, and talking to him very quick, and in inarticulate sounds; while the man, who thinks that he either did not hear well, or attend sufficiently, says, *Monsieur*, or *Plait-il?* a hundred times; which affords matter of much mirth to those ingenious gentlemen. Whether you would follow this precedent I submit to you.

Have you carried no English or French comedies or tragedies with you to Leipsig? If you have, I insist upon your reciting some passages of them every day to Mr Harte, in the most distinct and graceful manner, as if you were acting them upon a stage.

The first part of my letter is more than an answer to your question concerning Lord Pulteney.

LETTER CXXV.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 26th, O.S. 1748.

THERE are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything, but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attended with some), stops short, contents itself with easy, and consequently superficial, knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think or represent most things as impossible, whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views, and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of

this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion. Do not, then, be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito;* and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences which are peculiar to certain professions need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As, for instance, fortification and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little inquiry on your part, will give you, is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversations; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille, in Moliere's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie Lune; Ma foi, c'étoit bien une Lune toute entière.* But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, history, and geography ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and, for you particularly, the constitution, and the civil and military state, of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid. The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c., are the objects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dress, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a Play, than to the sense of it; and to the ceremonies of a Court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it. You have now, at most, three years to employ either well or ill; for as I have often told you, you will be all your life what you shall be three years hence. For God's sake, then, reflect: Will you throw away this time, either in laziness, or in trifles? Or will you not rather employ every moment of it in a manner that must so soon reward you, with so much pleasure, figure, and character? I cannot, I will not, doubt of your choice. Read only useful

books; and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject, but *à portée* of that company. Points of history, matters of literature, the customs of particular countries, the several Orders of Knighthood, as Teutonic, Malthese, &c., are surely better subjects of conversation than the weather, dress, or fiddle-faddle stories, that carry no information along with them. The characters of Kings, and great Men, are only to be learned in conversation; for they are never fairly written during their lives. This, therefore, is an entertaining and instructive subject of conversation, and will likewise give you an opportunity of observing how very differently characters are given, from the different passions and views of those who give them. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions; for if they lead to information, and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. All these things, in the common course of life, depend entirely upon the manner; and in that respect the vulgar saying is true, That one man may better steal a horse, than another look over the hedge. There are few things that may not be said, in some manner or other; either in a seeming confidence, or a genteel irony, or introduced with wit: and one great part of the knowledge of the world consists in knowing when and where to make use of these different manners. The graces of the person, the countenance, and the way of speaking, contribute so much to this, that I am convinced the very same thing said by a genteel person, in an engaging way, and *gracefully* and distinctly spoken, would please; which would shock, if *muttered* out by an awkward figure, with a sullen, serious countenance. The Poets always represent Venus as attended by the three Graces, to intimate that even Beauty will not do without. I think they should have given Minerva three also; for without them, I am sure, learning is very unattractive. Invoke them, then, *distinctly*, to accompany all your words and motions. Adieu.

P. S. Since I wrote what goes before, I have received your letter, *of no date*, with the enclosed state of the Prussian forces: of which, I hope you have kept a copy; this you should lay in a *porte-feuille*, and add to it all the military establishments that you can get of other States and Kingdoms: the Saxon establishment you may, doubtless, easily find. By the way, do not forget to send me answers to the questions which I sent you

some time ago, concerning both the civil and the ecclesiastical affairs of Saxony.

Do not mistake me, and think I only mean that you should speak elegantly with regard to style, and the purity of language; but I mean that you should deliver and pronounce what you say gracefully and distinctly, for which purpose I will have you frequently read, very loud, to Mr Harte, recite parts of orations and speak passages of plays. For without a graceful and pleasing enunciation, all your elegancy of style in speaking is not worth one farthing.

I am very glad that Mr Lyttelton approves of my new house, and particularly of my *Canonical* pillars. My bust of Cicero is a very fine one, and well preserved; it will have the best place in my library, unless at your return you bring me over as good a modern head of your own, which I should like still better. I can tell you that I shall examine it as attentively as ever antiquary did an old one.

Make my compliments to Mr Harte, whose recovery I rejoice at.

LETTER CXXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 2nd, O. S. 1748.

DUVAL, the jeweller, is arrived, and was with me three or four days ago. You will easily imagine that I asked him a few questions concerning you; and I will give you the satisfaction of knowing that upon the whole I was very well pleased with the account he gave me. But though he seemed to be much in your interest, yet he fairly owned to me that your utterance was rapid, thick, and ungraceful. I can add nothing to what I have already said upon this subject; but I can and do repeat the absolute necessity of speaking distinctly and gracefully, or else of not speaking at all, and having recourse to signs. He tells me that you are pretty fat for one of your age: this you should attend to in a proper way; for if, while very young, you should grow fat, it would be troublesome, unwholesome, and ungraceful: you should, therefore, when you have time take very strong exercise, and in your diet avoid fattening things. All malt liquors fatten, or at least bloat; and I hope you do not deal much in them. I look upon wine and water to be in every respect much wholesomer.

Duval says there is a great deal of very good company at Madame Valentin's, and at another Lady's, I think one Madam

Ponce's, at Leipsig. Do you ever go to either of those houses, at leisure times? It would not in my mind be amiss if you did, and would give you a habit of *attentions*: they are a tribute which all women expect, and which all men, who would be well received by them, must pay. And whatever the mind may be, manners at least are certainly improved by the company of women of fashion.

I have formerly told you that you should inform yourself of the several Orders, whether military or religious, of the respective countries where you may be. The Teutonic Order is the great Order of Germany, of which I send you enclosed a short account. It may serve to suggest questions to you, for more particular inquiries as to the present state of it; of which you ought to be minutely informed. The Knights at present make vows, of which they observe none, except it be that of not marrying; and their only object now is to arrive, by seniority, at the *Commanderies* in their respective provinces; which are, many of them, very lucrative. The Order of Maltha is by a very few years prior to the Teutonic, and owes its foundation to the same causes. These Knights were first called Knights Hospitaliers of St John of Jerusalem; then Knights of Rhodes; and in the year 1530, Knights of Maltha, the Emperor Charles V. having granted them that island, upon condition of their defending his island of Sicily against the Turks: which they effectually did. L'Abbé de Vertot has written the History of Maltha, but it is the least valuable of all his works; and moreover too long for you to read. But there is a short history of all the military Orders whatsoever, which I would advise you to get; as there is also of all the religious Orders; both which are worth your having and consulting, whenever you meet with any of them in your way; as you will very frequently in Catholic countries. For my own part, I find that I remember things much better when I recur to my books for them, upon some particular occasion, than by reading them *tout de suite*. As, for example, if I were to read the history of all the military or religious Orders regularly, one after another, the latter puts the former out of my head; but when I read the history of any one, upon account of its having been the object of conversation or dispute, I remember it much better. It is the same in Geography; where looking for any particular place in the map, upon some particular account, fixes it in one's memory for ever. I hope you have worn out your maps, by frequent use of that sort. Adieu.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

In the ages of ignorance, which is always the mother of superstition, it was thought not only just but meritorious to propagate religion by fire and sword, and to take away the lives and properties of unbelievers. This enthusiasm produced the several Croisadoes, in the eleventh, twelfth, and following centuries; the object of which was to recover the Holy Land out of the hands of the Infidels; who, by the way, were the lawful possessors. Many honest enthusiasts engaged in these Croisadoes, from a mistaken principle of religion, and from the pardons granted by the Popes for all the sins of those pious adventurers; but many more knaves adopted these holy wars, in hopes of conquest and plunder.

After Godfrey of Bouillon, at the head of these knaves and fools, had taken Jerusalem, in the year 1099, Christians of various nations remained in that city; among the rest one good honest German, that took particular care of his countrymen, who came thither in pilgrimages. He built a house for their reception, and an hospital dedicated to the Virgin. This little establishment soon became a great one, by the enthusiasm of many considerable people who engaged in it, in order to drive the Saracens out of the Holy Land. This society then began to take its first form; and its members were called Marian Teutonic Knights. Marian, from their chapel, sacred to the Virgin Mary; Teutonic, from the German, or Teuton, who was the author of it; and Knights, from the wars which they were to carry on against the Infidels.

These Knights behaved themselves so bravely, at first, that Duke Frederick of Suabia, who was General of the German army, in the Holy Land, sent in the year 1191 to the Emperor Henry VI. and Pope Celestin III. to desire that this brave and charitable fraternity might be incorporated into a regular Order of Knighthood; which was accordingly done, and rules and a particular habit were given them. Forty Knights, all of noble families, were at first created, by the King of Jerusalem, and other Princes then in the army. The first Grand Master of this Order was Henry Wallpot, of a noble family upon the Rhine. This Order soon began to operate in Europe; drove all the Pagans out of Prussia, and took possession of it. Soon after, they got Livonia and Courland, and invaded even Russia, where they introduced the Christian religion. In 1510, they elected Albert Marquis of Brandenburg for their Grand Master: who, turning

Protestant, soon afterwards took Prussia from the Order, and kept it for himself, with the consent of Sigismund, King of Poland, of whom it was to hold. He then quitted his Grand-Mastership, and made himself Hereditary Duke of that country, which is thence called Ducal Prussia. This Order now consists of twelve provinces; *viz.* Alsatia, Austria, Coblentz, and Etsch; which are the four under the Prussian jurisdiction: Franconia, Hesse, Biessen, Westphalia, Lorrain, Thuringia, Saxony, and Utrecht; which eight are of the German jurisdiction. The Dutch now possess all that the Order had in Utrecht. Every one of these provinces have their particular *Commanderies;* and the most ancient of these *Commandeurs* is called the *Commandeur Provincial.* These twelve *Commandeurs* are all subordinate to the Grand Master of Germany, as their Chief, and have a right of electing the Grand Master. The Elector of Cologne is at present *Grand Maitre.*

This Order, founded by mistaken Christian zeal, upon the Antichristian principles of violence and persecution, soon grew strong, by the weakness and ignorance of the times; acquired unjustly great possessions, of which they justly lost the greatest part by their ambition and cruelty, which made them feared and hated by all their neighbours.

I have this moment received your letter of the 4th, N. S., and have only time to tell you, that I can by no means agree to your cutting off your hair. I am very sure that your headaches cannot proceed from thence. And as for the pimples upon your head, they are only owing to the heat of the season; and consequently will not last long. But your own hair is, at your age, such an ornament, and a wig, however well made, such a disguise, that I will upon no account whatsoever have you cut off your hair. Nature did not give it you for nothing, still less to cause you the headache. Mr Eliot's hair grew so ill and bushy, that he was in the right to cut it off. But you have not the same reason.

LETTER CXXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 23rd, O. S. 1748.

YOUR friend Mr Eliot has dined with me twice since I returned hither; and I can say with truth that, while I had the seals, I never examined or sifted a state prisoner with so much care and curiosity as I did him. Nay, I did more; for, con-

trary to the laws of this country, I gave him, in some manner, the *Question* ordinary and extraordinary; and I have infinite pleasure in telling you that the rack, which I put him to, did not extort from him one single word that was not such as I wished to hear of you. I heartily congratulate you upon such an advantageous testimony from so creditable a witness. *Laudari a laudato viro*, is one of the greatest pleasures and honours a rational being can have; may you long continue to deserve it! Your aversion to drinking, and your dislike to gaming, which Mr Eliot assures me are both very strong, give me the greatest joy imaginable, for your sake; as the former would ruin both your constitution and understanding, and the latter your fortune and character. Mr Harte wrote me word some time ago, and Mr Eliot confirms it now, that you employ your pin money in a very different manner from that in which pin money is commonly lavished. Not in gewgaws and baubles, but in buying good and useful books. This is an excellent symptom, and gives me very good hopes. Go on thus, my dear boy, but for these two next years, and I ask no more. You must then make such a figure and such a fortune in the world, as I wish you, and as I have taken all these pains to enable you to do. After that time, I allow you to be as idle as ever you please; because I am sure that you will not then please to be so at all. The ignorant and the weak only are idle; but those who have once acquired a good stock of knowledge, always desire to increase it. Knowledge is like power, in this respect; that those who have the most, are most desirous of having more. It does not clog, by possession, but increases desire; which is the case of very few pleasures.

Upon receiving this congratulatory letter, and reading your own praises, I am sure that it must naturally occur to you how great a share of them you owe to Mr Harte's care and attention; and consequently that your regard and affection for him must increase, if there be room for it, in proportion as you reap, which you do daily, the fruits of his labours.

I must not, however, conceal from you, that there was one article in which your own witness, Mr Eliot, faltered; for upon my questioning him home as to your manner of speaking, he could not say that your utterance was either distinct or graceful. I have already said so much to you upon this point, that I can add nothing. I will therefore only repeat this truth, which is, That if you will not speak distinctly and gracefully, nobody will desire to hear you.

I am glad to learn that Abbé Mably's *Droit Public de*

l'Europe makes a part of your evening amusements. It is a very useful book, and gives a clear deduction of the affairs of Europe, from the Treaty of Munster to this time. Pray read it with attention, and with the proper maps; always recurring to them for the several countries or towns yielded, taken, or restored. Père Bougeant's third volume will give you the best idea of the Treaty of Munster, and open to you the several views of the belligerent and contracting parties: and there never were greater than at that time. The House of Austria, in the war immediately preceding that Treaty, intended to make itself absolute in the Empire, and to overthrow the rights of the respective States of it. The view of France was, to weaken and dismember the House of Austria to such a degree, as that it should no longer be a counterbalance to that of Bourbon. Sweden wanted possessions upon the continent of Germany, not only to supply the necessities of its own poor and barren country, but likewise to hold the balance in the Empire between the House of Austria and the States. The House of Brandenburg wanted to aggrandize itself by pilfering in the fire, changed sides occasionally, and made a good bargain at last: for I think it got, at the peace, nine or ten bishoprics secularized. So that we may date, from the Treaty of Munster, the decline of the House of Austria, the great power of the House of Bourbon, and the aggrandizement of that of Brandenburg: and I am much mistaken if it stops where it is now.

Make my compliments to Lord Pulteney, to whom I would have you be not only attentive, but useful, by setting him (in case he wants it) a good example of application and temperance. I begin to believe that, as I shall be proud of you, others will be proud too of imitating you. Those expectations of mine seem now so well grounded, that my disappointment, and consequently my anger, will be so much the greater if they fail; but as things stand now, I am most affectionately and tenderly Yours.

LETTER CXXVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 30th, O. S. 1748.

YOUR reflections upon the conduct of France, from the Treaty of Munster to this time, are very just; and I am very glad to find by them that you not only read, but that you think and reflect upon what you read. Many great readers load their

memories, without exercising their judgments; and make lumber-rooms of their heads, instead of furnishing them usefully: facts are heaped upon facts, without order or distinction, and may justly be said to compose that

> —Rudis indigestaque moles
> Quam dixere chaos.[1]

Go on, then, in the way of reading that you are in; take nothing for granted upon the bare authority of the author; but weigh and consider in your own mind the probability of the facts, and the justness of the reflections. Consult different authors upon the same facts, and form your opinion upon the greater or lesser degree of probability arising from the whole; which, in my mind, is the utmost stretch of historical faith: certainty (I fear) not being to be found. When an Historian pretends to give you the causes and motives of events, compare those causes and motives with the characters and interests of the parties concerned, and judge for yourself whether they correspond or not. Consider whether you cannot assign others more probable; and in that examination, do not despise some very mean and trifling causes of the actions of great men: for so various and inconsistent is human nature, so strong and so changeable are our passions, so fluctuating are our wills, and so much are our minds influenced by the accidents of our bodies, that every man is more the man of the day, than a regular and consequential character. The best have something bad, and something little; the worst have something good, and sometimes something great; for I do not believe what Velleius Paterculus (for the sake of saying a pretty thing) says of Scipio, *Qui nihil non laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit.* As for the reflections of Historians, with which they think it necessary to interlard their Histories, or at least to conclude their chapters (and which, in the French Histories, are always introduced with *a tant il est vrai*, and in the English, *so true it is*), do not adopt them implicitly upon the credit of the author, but analyze them yourself, and judge whether they are true or not.

But to return to the politics of France, from which I have digressed:—you have certainly made one farther reflection, of an advantage which France has over and above its abilities in the cabinet, and the skill of its negotiators; which is (if I may use the expression) its *soleness*, continuity of riches and power within itself, and the nature of its government. Near twenty millions of people, and the ordinary revenue of above thirteen

[1] Unshaped, unordered mass, which is called chaos.

millions sterling a year, are at the absolute disposal of the Crown. This is what no other Power in Europe can say; so that different Powers must now unite to make a balance against France; which union, though formed upon the principle of their common interest, can never be so intimate as to compose a machine so compact and simple as that of one great kingdom, directed by one will, and moved by one interest. The Allied Powers (as we have constantly seen) have, besides the common and declared object of their alliance, some separate and concealed view, to which they often sacrifice the general one; which makes them, either directly or indirectly, pull different ways. Thus the design upon Toulon failed, in the year 1706, only from the secret view of the House of Austria upon Naples; which made the Court of Vienna, notwithstanding the representations of the other Allies to the contrary, send to Naples the twelve thousand men that would have done the business at Toulon. In this last war, too, the same causes had the same effects: the Queen of Hungary, in secret, thought of nothing but recovering Silesia, and what she had lost in Italy; and therefore never sent half that quota, which she promised and we paid for, into Flanders; but left that country to the Maritime Powers to defend as they could. The King of Sardinia's real object was Savona, and all the Riviera di Ponente; for which reason he concurred so lamely in the invasion of Provence: where the Queen of Hungary, likewise, did not send one-third of the force stipulated; engrossed as she was, by her oblique views upon the plunder of Genoa, and the recovery of Naples. Insomuch that the expedition into Provence, which would have distressed France to the greatest degree, and have caused a great detachment from their army in Flanders, failed shamefully, for want of everything necessary for its success. Suppose, therefore, any four or five Powers, who, all together, shall be equal, or even a little superior, in riches and strength to that one Power against which they are united; the advantage will still be greatly on the side of that single Power, because it is but one. The power and riches of Charles V. were in themselves certainly superior to those of Francis I.; and yet, upon the whole, he was not an overmatch for him. Charles the Fifth's dominions, great as they were, were scattered and remote from each other; their constitutions different; and wherever he did not reside, disturbances arose: whereas the compactness of France made up the difference in the strength. This obvious reflection convinced me of the absurdity of the Treaty of Hanover, in 1725, between France and England, to which the

Dutch afterwards acceded; for it was made upon the apprehensions, either real or pretended, that the marriage of Don Carlos with the eldest Archduchess, now Queen of Hungary, was settled in the Treaty of Vienna, of the same year, between Spain and the late Emperor, Charles VI.; which marriage, those consummate politicians said, would revive in Europe the exorbitant power of Charles V. I am sure I heartily wish it had; as in that case there had been, what there certainly is not now, one Power in Europe to counterbalance that of France; and then the Maritime Powers would, in reality, have held the balance of Europe in their hands. Even supposing that the Austrian power would then have been an overmatch for that of France; which (by the way) is not clear; the weight of the Maritime Powers, then thrown into the scale of France, would infallibly have made the balance at least even. In which case, too, the moderate efforts of the Maritime Powers, on the side of France, would have been sufficient; whereas now they are obliged to exhaust and beggar themselves, and that too ineffectually, in hopes to support the shattered, beggared, and insufficient House of Austria.

This has been a long political dissertation, but I am informed that political subjects are your favourite ones; which I am glad of, considering your destination. You do well to get your materials all ready before you begin your work. As you buy, and (I am told) read, books of this kind, I will point out two or three for your purchase and perusal: I am not sure that I have not mentioned them before; but that is no matter, if you have not got them. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du 17me Siècle*, is a most useful book for you to recur to, for all the facts and chronology of that century; it is in four volumes octavo, and very correct and exact. If I do not mistake, I have formerly recommended to you, *Les Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz*; however, if you have not yet read them, pray do, and with the attention which they deserve. You will there find the best account of a very interesting period of the minority of Lewis XIV. The characters are drawn short, but in a strong and masterly manner; and the political reflections are the only just and practical ones that I ever saw in print: they are well worth your transcribing. *Le Commerce des Anciens, par Monsieur Huet, Evêque d'Avranches*, in one little volume octavo, is worth your perusal, as commerce is a very considerable part of your political knowledge. I need not, I am sure, suggest to you, when you read the course of Commerce, either of the ancients or of the moderns, to follow it upon your map; for there

is no other way of remembering Geography correctly, than by looking perpetually in the map for the places one reads of, even though one knows before pretty nearly where they are.

Adieu! As all the accounts which I receive of you grow better and better, so I grow more and more affectionately yours.

LETTER CXXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 5th, O. S. 1748.

I HAVE received yours, with the enclosed German letter to Mr Grevenkop, which he assures me is extremely well written, considering the little time that you have applied yourself to that language. As you have now got over the most difficult part, pray go on diligently, and make yourself absolutely master of the rest. Whoever does not entirely possess a language will never appear to advantage, or even equal to himself, either in speaking or writing it. His ideas are fettered, and seem imperfect or confused, if he is not master of all the words and phrases necessary to express them. I therefore desire that you will not fail writing a German letter once every fortnight to Mr Grevenkop, which will make the writing of that language familiar to you: and, moreover, when you shall have left Germany, and be arrived at Turin, I shall require you to write even to me in German; that you may not forget with ease what you have with difficulty learned. I likewise desire that whilst you are in Germany you will take all opportunities of conversing in German, which is the only way of knowing that or any other language accurately. You will also desire your German master to teach you the proper titles and superscriptions to be used to people of all ranks; which is a point so material in Germany, that I have known many a letter returned unopened, because one title in twenty has been omitted in the direction.

St Thomas's day now draws near, when you are to leave Saxony and go to Berlin; and I take it for granted that if anything is yet wanting to complete your knowledge of the state of that Electorate, you will not fail to procure it before you go away. I do not mean, as you will easily believe, the number of churches, parishes, or towns; but I mean the constitution, the revenues, the troops, and the trade of that Electorate. A few questions, sensibly asked of sensible people, will procure you the necessary informations; which I desire you will enter in your little book. Berlin will be entirely a new scene to you,

and I look upon it, in a manner, as your first step into the great world: take care that step be not a false one, and that you do not stumble at the threshold. You will there be in more company than you have yet been; Manners and Attentions will therefore be more necessary. Pleasing in company is the only way of being pleased in it yourself. Sense and Knowledge are the first and necessary foundations for pleasing in company; but they will by no means do alone, and they will never be perfectly welcome, if they are not accompanied with Manners and Attentions. You will best acquire these by frequenting the companies of people of fashion; but then you must resolve to acquire them in those companies by proper care and observation; for I have known people who, though they have frequented good company all their lifetime, have done it in so inattentive and unobserving a manner, as to be never the better for it, and to remain as disagreeable, as awkward, and as vulgar, as if they had never seen any person of fashion. When you go into good company (by good company is meant the people of the first fashion of the place) observe carefully their turn, their manners, their address; and conform your own to them. But this is not all neither; go deeper still; observe their characters, and pry as far as you can into both their hearts and their heads. Seek for their particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness; and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them. Man is a composition of so many and such various ingredients, that it requires both time and care to analyze him: for though we have all the same ingredients in our general composition, as Reason, Will, Passions, and Appetites, yet the different proportions and combinations of them in each individual produce that infinite variety of characters, which in some particular or other distinguishes every individual from another. Reason ought to direct the whole, but seldom does. And he who addresses himself singly to another man's reason, without endeavouring to engage his heart in his interest also, is no more likely to succeed, than a man who should apply only to a King's nominal Minister, and neglect his Favourite. I will recommend to your attentive perusal, now you are going into the world, two books, which will let you as much into the characters of men as books can do. I mean, *Les Réflexions Morales de Monsieur de la Rochefoucault*, and *Les Caracterès de la Bruyère:* but remember, at the same time, that I only recommend them to you as the best general maps to assist you in your journey, and not as marking out every particular turning and winding that you will meet

with. There your own sagacity and observation must come to their aid. La Rochefoucault is, I know, blamed, but I think without reason, for deriving all our actions from the source of self-love. For my own part, I see a great deal of truth, and no harm at all, in that opinion. It is certain that we seek our own happiness in everything we do; and it is as certain that we can only find it in doing well, and in conforming all our actions to the rule of right reason, which is the great law of Nature. It is only a mistaken self-love that is a blamable motive, when we take the immediate and indiscriminate gratification of a passion or appetite, for real happiness. But am I blamable if I do a good action, upon account of the happiness which that honest consciousness will give me? Surely not. On the contrary, that pleasing consciousness is a proof of my virtue. The reflection which is the most censured in Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's book, as a very ill-natured one is this; *On trouve dans le malheur de son meilleur ami, quelque chose qui ne déplait pas.*[1] And why not? Why may I not feel a very tender and real concern for the misfortune of my friend, and yet at the same time feel a pleasing consciousness at having discharged my duty to him, by comforting and assisting him to the utmost of my power in that misfortune? Give me but virtuous actions, and I will not quibble and chicane about the motives. And I will give anybody their choice of these two truths, which amount to the same thing: He who loves himself best is the honestest man; or, The honestest man loves himself best.

The characters of la Bruyere are pictures from the life; most of them finely drawn and highly-coloured. Furnish your mind with them first; and when you meet with their likeness, as you will every day, they will strike you the more. You will compare every feature with the original; and both will reciprocally help you to discover the beauties and the blemishes.

As women are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous, part of company; and as their suffrages go a great way towards establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world (which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it), it is necessary to please them. I will, therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain *Arcana*, that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must, with the utmost care, conceal, and never seem to know. Women, then, are only children of a larger growth; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit; but for solid, reason-

[1] Men find in the misfortune of their best friends something not altogether displeasing.

ing good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four and twenty hours together. Some little passion or humour always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct, that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters; though he often makes them believe that he does both; which is the thing in the world that they are proud of; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil); and being justly distrustful, that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them: I say, who seems; for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding, down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings: but those who are in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces; for every woman, who is not absolutely ugly, thinks herself handsome; but not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so: whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty, only as her due; but wants to shine, and to be considered on the side of her understanding: and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is, consequently (and probably in more senses than one), her weak side. But these are secrets, which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex: on the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world, must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all Courts: they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them; and never to discover the

least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive; but in this they are not singular, for it is the same with men; who will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the least slight and contempt. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known, than their crimes; and, if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more, and longer, than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue. Never yield to that temptation which, to most young men, is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or of showing your own superiority. You may get the laugh on your side by it, for the present; but you will make enemies by it for ever; and even those who laugh with you then will, upon reflection, fear, and consequently hate you: besides that, it is ill-natured; and that a good heart desires rather to conceal, than expose, other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If you have wit, use it to please, and not to hurt: you may shine, like the sun in the temperate Zones, without scorching. Here it is wished for; under the Line it is dreaded.

These are some of the hints, which my long experience in the great world enables me to give you; and which, if you attend to them, may prove useful to you in your journey through it. I wish it may be a prosperous one; at least, I am sure that it must be your own fault if it is not.

Make my compliments to Mr Harte, who, I am very sorry to hear, is not well. I hope by this time he is recovered.

Adieu.

LETTER CXXX.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 13th, O. S. 1748.

I HAVE more than once recommended to you the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, and to attend particularly to the political reflections interspersed in that excellent work. I will now preach a little upon two or three of those texts.

In the disturbances at Paris, Monsieur de Beaufort, who was a very popular though a very weak man, was the Cardinal's tool with the populace. Proud of his popularity, he was always

for assembling the people of Paris together, thinking that he made a great figure at the head of them. The Cardinal, who was factious enough, was wise enough, at the same time, to avoid gathering the people together, except when there was occasion, and when he had something particular for them to do. However, he could not always check Monsieur de Beaufort; who having assembled them once very unnecessarily, and without any determined object, they ran riot, would not be kept within bounds by their leaders, and did their cause a great deal of harm; upon which the Cardinal observes, most judiciously, *Que Monsieur de Beaufort ne savoit pas, que qui assemble le peuple, l'émeut.* It is certain that great numbers of people, met together, animate each other, and will do something, either good or bad, but oftener bad: and the respective individuals, who were separately very quiet, when met together in numbers, grow tumultuous as a body, and ripe for any mischief that may be pointed out to them by the leaders; and, if their leaders have no business for them, they will find some for themselves. The Demagogues, or leaders of popular factions, should therefore be very careful not to assemble the people unnecessarily, and without a settled and well-considered object. Besides that, by making those popular assemblies too frequent, they make them likewise too familiar, and consequently less respected by their enemies. Observe any meetings of people, and you will always find their eagerness and impetuosity rise or fall in proportion to their numbers: when the numbers are very great, all sense and reason seem to subside, and one sudden frenzy to seize on all, even the coolest of them.

Another very just observation of the Cardinal's is, That the things which happen in our own times, and which we see ourselves, do not surprise us near so much as the things which we read of in times past, though not in the least more extraordinary; and adds, that he is persuaded that, when Caligula made his horse a Consul, the people of Rome at that time were not greatly surprised at it, having necessarily been in some degree prepared for it, by an insensible gradation of extravagancies from the same quarter. This is so true, that we read every day with astonishment, things which we see every day without surprise. We wonder at the intrepidity of a Leonidas, a Codrus, and a Curtius; and are not the least surprised to hear of a sea-captain, who has blown up his ship, his crew, and himself, that they might not fall into the hands of the enemies of his country. I cannot help reading of Porsenna and Regulus with surprise and reverence, and yet I remember that I saw,

without either, the execution of Shepherd, a boy of eighteen years old, who intended to shoot the late King, and who would have been pardoned if he would have expressed the least sorrow for his intended crime; but, on the contrary, he declared, That, if he was pardoned, he would attempt it again; that he thought it a duty which he owed his country; and that he died with pleasure for having endeavoured to perform it. Reason equals Shepherd to Regulus; but prejudice, and the recency of the fact, make Shepherd a common malefactor, and Regulus a hero.

Examine carefully, and reconsider all your notions of things; analyze them, and discover their component parts, and see if habit and prejudice are not the principal ones; weigh the matter, upon which you are to form your opinion, in the equal and impartial scales of reason. It is not to be conceived how many people capable of reasoning, if they would, live and die in a thousand errors, from laziness; they will rather adopt the prejudices of others, than give themselves the trouble of forming opinions of their own. They say things, at first, because other people have said them, and then they persist in them, because they have said them themselves.

The last observation that I shall now mention of the Cardinal's is, 'That a secret is more easily kept by a good many people than one commonly imagines.' By this he means a secret of importance, among people interested in the keeping of it. And it is certain that people of business know the importance of secrecy, and will observe it, where they are concerned in the event. And the Cardinal does not suppose that anybody is silly enough to tell a secret, merely from the desire of telling it, to any one that is not some way or other interested in the keeping of it, and concerned in the event. To go and tell any friend, wife, or mistress, any secret with which they have nothing to do, is discovering to them such an unretentive weakness, as must convince them that you will tell it to twenty others, and consequently that they may reveal it without the risk of being discovered. But a secret properly communicated, only to those who are to be concerned in the thing in question, will probably be kept by them, though they should be a good many. Little secrets are commonly told again, but great ones generally kept. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXI.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 20th, O. S. 1748.

I WAIT with impatience for your accurate History of the *Chevaliers Porte Epées*, which you promised me in your last, and which I take to be the forerunner of a larger work, that you intend to give the public, containing a general account of all the Religious and Military Orders of Europe. Seriously; you will do well to have a general notion of all those Orders, ancient and modern, both as they are frequently the subjects of conversation, and as they are more or less interwoven with the histories of those times. Witness the Teutonic Order, which, as soon as it gained strength, began its unjust depredations in Germany, and acquired such considerable possessions there; and the Order of Maltha also, which continues to this day its piracies upon the Infidels. Besides, one can go into no company in Germany, without running against *Monsieur le Chevalier*, or *Monsieur le Commandeur de l'Ordre Teutonique*. It is the same in all the other parts of Europe, with regard to the Order of Maltha; where you never go into company without meeting two or three *Chevaliers*, or *Commandeurs*, who talk of their *Preuves*, their *Langues*, their *Caravanes*, &c., of all which things I am sure you would not willingly be ignorant. On the other hand, I do not mean that you should have a profound and minute knowledge of these matters, which are of a nature that a general knowledge of them is fully sufficient. I would not recommend to you to read Abbé Vertot's History of the Order of Maltha, in four quarto volumes; that would be employing a great deal of good time very ill. But I would have you know the foundations, the objects, the *Insignia*, and the short general history of them all.

As for the ancient religious military Orders, which were chiefly founded in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; such as Maltha, the Teutonic, the Knights Templars, &c., the injustice and the wickedness of those establishments cannot, I am sure, have escaped your observation. Their pious object was, to take away by force other people's property, and to massacre the proprietors themselves, if they refused to give up that property and adopt the opinions of these invaders. What right or pretence had these confederated Christians of Europe to the Holy Land? Let them produce their grant of it in the Bible. Will they say, that the Saracens had possessed themselves of it by force, and that, consequently, they had the same right? Is it

lawful them to steal goods, because they were stolen before? Surely not. The truth is, that the wickedness of many, and the weakness of more, in those ages of ignorance and superstition, concurred to form those flagitious conspiracies against the lives and properties of unoffending people. The Pope sanctified the villany, and annexed the pardon of sins to the perpetration of it. This gave rise to the Croisadoes, and carried such swarms of people from Europe to the conquests of the Holy Land. Peter the Hermit, an active and ambitious Priest, by his indefatigable pains, was the immediate author of the first Croisade; Kings, Princes, all Professions and Characters united, from different motives, in this great undertaking, as every sentiment, except true religion and morality, invited to it. The ambitious hoped for kingdoms; the greedy and the necessitous for plunder; and some were enthusiasts enough to hope for salvation, by the destruction of a considerable number of their fellow-creatures, who had done them no injury. I cannot omit, upon this occasion, telling you that the Eastern Emperors at Constantinople (who, as Christians, were obliged at least to seem to favour these expeditions), seeing the immense numbers of the *Croisés*, and fearing that the Western Empire might have some mind to the Eastern Empire too, if it succeeded against the Infidels, as *l'appétit vient en mangeant;* these Eastern Emperors, very honestly, poisoned the waters where the *Croisés* were to pass, and so destroyed infinite numbers of them.

The later Orders of Knighthood, such as the Garter in England, the Elephant in Denmark, the Golden Fleece in Burgundy, the St Esprit, St Michael, St Louis, and St Lazare, in France, &c., are of a very different nature and institution. They were either the invitations to or the rewards of brave actions in fair war; and are now rather the decorations of the favour of the Prince, than the proofs of the merit of the subject. However, they are worth your inquiries to a certain degree; and conversation will give you frequent opportunities for them. Wherever you are, I would advise you to inquire into the respective Orders of that country, and to write down a short account of them. For example; while you are in Saxony, get an account of *l'Aigle Blanc*, and of what other Orders there may be, either Polish or Saxon; and, when you shall be at Berlin, inform yourself of the three Orders *l'Aigle Noir, la Générosité, et le Vrai Mérite*, which are the only ones that I know of there. But whenever you meet with straggling ribands and stars, as you will with a thousand in Germany, do not fail to inquire what they are, and to take a minute of them in your memorandum-

book: for it is a sort of knowledge that costs little to acquire, and yet is of some use. Young people have frequently an incuriousness about them, arising either from laziness or a contempt of the object, which deprives them of several such little parts of knowledge that they afterwards wish they had acquired. If you will put conversation to profit, great knowledge may be gained by it; and is it not better (since it is full as easy) to turn it upon useful than upon useless subjects? People always talk best upon what they know most, and it is both pleasing them, and improving one's self, to put them upon that subject. With people of a particular profession, or of a distinguished eminency in any branch of learning, one is not at a loss: but with those, whether men or women, who properly constitute what is called the *beau monde*, one must not choose deep subjects, nor hope to get any knowledge above that of Orders, Ranks, Families, and Court anecdotes; which are therefore the proper (and not altogether useless) subjects of that kind of conversation. Women, especially, are to be talked to, as below men, and above children. If you talk to them too deep, you only confound them, and lose your own labour; if you talk to them too frivolously, they perceive and resent the contempt. The proper tone for them is, what the French call the *Entregent*, and is, in truth, the polite jargon of good company. Thus, if you are a good chemist, you may extract something out of everything.

A propos of the *beau monde;* I must again and again recommend the Graces to you. There is no doing without them in that world: and to make a good figure in that world is a great step towards making one in the world of business, particularly that part of it for which you are destined. An ungraceful manner of speaking, awkward motions, and a disagreeable address, are great clogs to the ablest man of business, as the opposite qualifications are of infinite advantage to him. I am therefore very glad that you learn to dance, since I am told there is a very good dancing-master at Leipsig. I would have you dance a minuet very well, not so much for the sake of the minuet itself (though that, if danced at all, ought to be danced well) as that it will give you an habitual genteel carriage and manner of presenting yourself.

Since I am upon little things, I must mention another, which, though little enough in itself, yet, as it occurs at least once in every day, deserves some attention; I mean Carving. Do you use yourself to carve *adroitly* and genteelly, without hacking half an hour across a bone, without bespattering the

company with the sauce, and without overturning the glasses into your neighbours' pockets? These awkwardnesses are extremely disagreeable, and if often repeated bring ridicule. They are very easily avoided, by a little attention and use.

How trifling soever these things may seem, or really be in themselves, they are no longer so when above half the world thinks them otherwise. And, as I would have you *omnibus ornatum—excellere rebus*, I think nothing above or below my pointing out to you, or your excelling in. You have the means of doing it, and time before you to make use of them. Take my word for it, I ask nothing now but what you will twenty years hence most heartily wish that you had done. Attention to all these things, for the next two or three years, will save you infinite trouble and endless regrets hereafter. May you in the whole course of your life have no reason for any one just regret! Adieu.

Your Dresden china is arrived, and I have sent it to your Mamma.

LETTER CXXXII.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 27th, O. S. 1748.

I HAVE received your Latin Lecture upon War, which though it is not exactly the same Latin that Cæsar, Cicero, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid spoke, is however as good Latin as the *eruditi Germani* speak or write. I have always observed, that the most learned people, that is, those who have read the most Latin, write the worst; and this distinguishes the Latin of a Gentleman scholar from that of a Pedant. A Gentleman has, probably, read no other Latin than that of the Augustan age; and therefore can write no other: whereas the Pedant has read much more bad Latin than good; and consequently writes so too. He looks upon the best classical books as books for schoolboys, and consequently below him; but pores over fragments of obscure authors, treasures up the obsolete words which he meets with there, and uses them upon all occasions, to show his reading, at the expense of his judgment. Plautus is his favourite author, not for the sake of the wit and the *vis comica* of his comedies; but upon account of the many obsolete words, and the cant of low characters, which are to be met with nowhere else. He will rather use *olli* than *illi*, *optumè* than *optimè*, and any bad word rather than any good one, provided he can but prove that, strictly speaking, it is Latin; that is, that it was

written by a Roman. By this rule, I might now write to you in the language of Chaucer or Spenser, and assert that I wrote English, because it was English in their days; but I should be a most affected puppy if I did so, and you would not understand three words of my letter. All these, and such like affected peculiarities, are the characteristics of learned coxcombs and pedants, and are carefully avoided by all men of sense.

I dipped accidentally the other day into Pitiscus's preface to his Lexicon, where I found a word that puzzled me, and which I did not remember ever to have met with before. It is the adverb *præfiscinè;* which means, *in a good hour;* an expression which, by the superstition of it, appears to be low and vulgar. I looked for it; and at last I found that it is once or twice made use of in Plautus, upon the strength of which this learned pedant thrusts it into his preface. Whenever you write Latin, remember that every word or phrase which you make use of, but cannot find in Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid, is bad, illiberal Latin, though it may have been written by a Roman.

I must now say something as to the matter of the Lecture; in which, I confess, there is one doctrine laid down that surprises me: it is this: *Quum vero hostis sit lenta citave morte omnia dira nobis minitans quocunque bellantibus negotium est, parum sane interfuerit quo modo eum obruere et interficere satagamus si ferociam exuere cunctetur. Ergo veneno quoque uti fas est, &c.,*[1] whereas I cannot conceive that the use of poison can, upon any account, come within the lawful means of self-defence. Force may, without doubt, be justly repelled by force, but not by treachery and fraud; for I do not call the stratagems of war, such as ambuscades, masked batteries, false attacks, &c., frauds or treachery; they are mutually to be expected and guarded against; but poisoned arrows, poisoned waters, or poison administered to your enemy (which can only be done by treachery), I have always heard, read, and thought to be unlawful and infamous means of defence, be your danger ever so great: but, *si ferociam exuere cunctetur;* must I rather die than poison this enemy? Yes, certainly, much rather die than do a base or criminal action: nor can I be sure, beforehand, that this enemy may not, in the last moment, *ferociam exuere.* But the Public Lawyers now seem to use rather to warp the law, in order to

[1] But when we are at war, and have to do with an enemy who threatens us with all kinds of terrible things, and with slow or sudden destruction, it certainly matters little, if he retains his animosity, by what means we endeavour to overcome and kill him. It is therefore right even to make use of poison, &c.

authorize, than to check, those unlawful proceedings of Princes and States, which, by being become common, appear less criminal: though custom can never alter the nature of good and ill.

Pray let no quibbles of Lawyers, no refinements of Casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason and plain common sense suggest to him. To do as you would be done by is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced, that whatever breaks into it in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is notwithstanding false in itself, unjust, and criminal. I do not know a crime in the world which is not by the Casuists among the Jesuits (especially the twenty-four collected, I think, by Escobar) allowed, in some or many cases, not to be criminal. The principles first laid down by them are often specious, the reasonings plausible; but the conclusion always a lie: for it is contrary to that evident and undeniable rule of justice which I have mentioned above, of not doing to any one what you would not have him do to you. But, however, these refined pieces of casuistry and sophistry, being very convenient and welcome to people's passions and appetites, they gladly accept the indulgence, without desiring to detect the fallacy of the reasoning: and indeed many, I might say most people, are not able to do it, which makes the publication of such quibblings and refinements the more pernicious. I am no skilful Casuist, nor subtle Disputant; and yet I would undertake to justify, and qualify, the profession of a highwayman, step by step, and so plausibly, as to make many ignorant people embrace the profession, as an innocent, if not even a laudable, one; and to puzzle people of some degree of knowledge, to answer me point by point. I have seen a book, entitled *Quidlibet ex Quolibet*, or the art of making anything out of anything; which is not so difficult as it would seem, if once one quits certain plain truths, obvious in gross to every understanding, in order to run after the ingenious refinements of warm imaginations and speculative reasonings. Doctor Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, a very worthy, ingenious, and learned man, has written a book to prove that there is no such thing as Matter, and that nothing exists but in idea: that you and I only fancy ourselves eating, drinking, and sleeping; you at Leipsig, and I at London: that we think we have flesh and blood, legs, arms, &c., but that we are only spirit. His arguments are, strictly speaking, unanswerable; but yet I am so far from being convinced by them, that I am determined to go on to eat and drink, and walk and ride, in order to keep that *mat-*

ter, which I so mistakenly imagine my body at present to consist of, in as good plight as possible. Common sense (which, in truth, is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of: abide by it; it will counsel you best. Read and hear, for your amusement, ingenious systems, nice questions, subtilly agitated, with all the refinements that warm imaginations suggest; but consider them only as exercitations for the mind, and return always to settle with common sense.

I stumbled, the other day, at a bookseller's upon Comte de Gabalis, in two very little volumes, which I had formerly read. I read it over again, and with fresh astonishment. Most of the extravagancies are taken from the Jewish Rabbins, who broached those wild notions, and delivered them in the unintelligible jargon which the Caballists and Rosicrucians deal in to this day. Their number is, I believe, much lessened, but there are still some; and I myself have known two, who studied and firmly believed in that mystical nonsense. What extravagancy is not man capable of entertaining, when once his shackled reason is led in triumph by fancy and prejudice! The ancient Alchemists gave very much into this stuff, by which they thought they should discover the Philosopher's Stone: and some of the most celebrated Empirics employed it in the pursuit of the Universal Medicine. Paracelsus, a bold Empiric and wild Caballist, asserted that he had discovered it, and called it his *Alkahest*. Why, or wherefore, God knows; only that those madmen call nothing by an intelligible name. You may easily get this book from the Hague; read it, for it will both divert and astonish you; and, at the same time, teach you *nil admirari*; a very necessary lesson.

Your letters, except when upon a given subject, are exceedingly laconic, and neither answer my desires nor the purpose of letters, which should be familiar conversations between absent friends. As I desire to live with you upon the footing of an intimate friend, and not of a parent, I could wish that your letters gave me more particular accounts of yourself, and of your lesser transactions. When you write to me, suppose yourself conversing freely with me by the fireside. In that case, you would naturally mention the incidents of the day; as where you had been, who you had seen, what you thought of them, &c. Do this in your letters; acquaint me sometimes with your studies, sometimes with your diversions. tell me of any new persons and characters that you meet with in company, and add your own observations upon them: in short, let me see more of you in your letters. How do you go on with Lord

Pulteney; and how does he go on at Leipsig? Has he learning? has he parts? has he application? Is he good or ill-natured? In short, What is he? at least, what do you think him? You may tell me without reserve, for I promise you secrecy. You are now of an age, that I am desirous to begin a confidential correspondence with you; and as I shall, on my part, write you, very freely, my opinion upon men and things, which I should often be very unwilling that anybody but you and Mr Harte should see; so, on your part, if you write to me without reserve, you may depend upon my inviolable secrecy. If you have ever looked into the Letters of Madame de Sevigné to her daughter, Madame de Grignan, you must have observed the ease, freedom, and friendship of that correspondence; and yet I hope and believe they did not love one another better than we do. Tell me what books you are now reading, either by way of study or amusement; how you pass your evenings when at home, and where you pass them when abroad. I know that you go sometimes to Madame Valentin's assembly. What do you do there? do you play, or sup, or is it only *la belle Conversation?* Do you mind your dancing, while your dancing-master is with you? As you will be often under the necessity of dancing a minuet, I would have you dance it very well. Remember, that the graceful motion of the arms, the giving your hand, and the putting on and pulling off your hat genteelly, are the material parts of a gentleman's dancing. But the greatest advantage of dancing well is, that it necessarily teaches you to present yourself, to sit, stand, and walk genteelly, all which are of real importance to a man of fashion.

I should wish that you were polished before you go to Berlin; where, as you will be in a great deal of good company, I would have you have the right manners for it. It is a very considerable article to have *le ton de la bonne compagnie*, in your destination particularly. The principal business of a foreign Minister is, to get into the secrets, and to know all *les allures*, of the Courts at which he resides: this he can never bring about, but by such a pleasing address, such engaging manners, and such an insinuating behaviour, as may make him sought for, and in some measure domestic, in the best company and the best families of the place. He will then, indeed, be well-informed of all that passes, either by the confidences made him, or by the carelessness of people in his company; who are accustomed to look upon him as one of them, and consequently not upon their guard before him. For a Minister who only goes to the Court he resides at in form, to ask an audience of

the Prince or the Minister, upon his last instructions, puts them upon their guard, and will never know anything more than what they have a mind that he should know. Here women may be put to some use. A King's mistress, or a Minister's wife or mistress, may give great and useful informations; and are very apt to do it, being proud to show they have been trusted. But then, in this case, the height of that sort of address which strikes women is requisite; I mean that easy politeness, genteel and graceful address, and that *extérieur brilliant*, which they cannot withstand. There is a sort of men so like women, that they are to be taken just in the same way; I mean those who are commonly called *fine men;* who swarm at all Courts; who have little reflection and less knowledge; but who, by their good breeding, and *tranran* of the world, are admitted into all companies; and, by the imprudence or carelessness of their superiors, pick up secrets worth knowing, which are easily got out of them by proper address. Adieu

LETTER CXXXIII.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 12th, O. S. 1748.

I CAME here three days ago, upon account of a disorder in my stomach, which affected my head and gave me vertigos. I already find myself something better; and consequently do not doubt that a course of these waters will set me quite right. But however and wherever I am, your welfare, your character, your knowledge, and your morals, employ my thoughts more than anything that can happen to me, or that I can fear or hope for myself. I am going off the stage, you are coming upon it: with me what has been has been, and reflection now would come too late; with you everything is to come, even in some manner reflection itself: so that this is the very time when my reflections, the result of experience, may be of use to you by supplying the want of yours. As soon as you leave Leipsig, you will gradually be going into the great world, where the first impressions that you shall give of yourself will be of great importance to you; but those which you shall receive will be decisive, for they always stick. To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you that it is pretty difficult to define,

but I will endeavour to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good Company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves; but it is that company which all the people of the place call and acknowledge to be good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character: for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company, that many people, without birth, rank, or merit, intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But, in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company, there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot, for that reason, be called good company in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words *good company*: they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed, in other companies, for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *litterati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world.

The company of professed Wits and Poets is extremely in-

viting to most young men; who, if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are silly proud of being one of it: but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A Wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid of a live Wit, in company, as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself, and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is, however, worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company, which of all others you should most carefully avoid, is that low company which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed; low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company; but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, after the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank, discredited, vilified, and undone, by keeping such company. Vanity, that source of many of our follies, and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company, in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces, and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep: people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, 'Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.' Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company, which everybody of the place allows to be the best company, next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary; for want of which many young men have been ruined even in good company. Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to and imitate it. But then he too often, and fatally, mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of genteel and fashionable vices. He there sees some people who shine, and who in general are admired and esteemed; and observes that

these people are whoremasters, drunkards, or gamesters: upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashion and their lustre to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other real accomplishments; and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own, in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices. A whoremaster, in a flux, or without a nose, is a very genteel person indeed; and well worthy of imitation. A drunkard, vomiting up at night the wine of the day, and stupefied by the headache all the next, is doubtless a fine model to copy from. And a gamester tearing his hair and blaspheming for having lost more than he had in the world, is surely a most amiable character. No; these are allays, and great ones too, which can never adorn any character, but will always debase the best. To prove this; suppose any man, without parts and some other good qualities, to be merely a whoremaster, a drunkard, or a gamester; How will he be looked upon, by all sorts of people? Why, as a most contemptible and vicious animal. Therefore it is plain that, in these mixed characters, the good part only makes people forgive, but not approve, the bad.

I will hope, and believe, that you will have no vices; but if, unfortunately, you should have any, at least I beg of you to be content with your own, and to adopt no other body's. The adoption of vice has, I am convinced, ruined ten times more young men than natural inclinations.

As I make no difficulty of confessing my past errors, where I think the confession may be of use to you, I will own that, when I first went to the university, I drank and smoked, notwithstanding the aversion I had to wine and tobacco, only because I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad I first went to the Hague, where gaming was much in fashion; and where I observed that many people, of shining rank and character, gamed too. I was then young enough, and silly enough, to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments; and as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired by error the habit of a vice, which, far from adorning my character, has, I am conscious, been a great blemish in it.

Imitate, then, with discernment and judgment, the real perfections of the good company into which you may get; copy their politeness, their carriage, their address, and the easy and

well-bred turn of their conversation; but remember that, let them shine ever so bright, their vices, if they have any, are so many spots, which you would no more imitate, than you would make an artificial wart upon your face, because some very handsome man had the misfortune to have a natural one upon his: but, on the contrary, think how much handsomer he would have been without it.

Having thus confessed some of my *égaremens*, I will now show you a little of my right side. I always endeavoured to get into the best company wherever I was, and commonly succeeded. There I pleased to some degree, by showing a desire to please. I took care never to be absent or *distrait*; but, on the contrary, attended to everything that was said, done, or even looked, in company: I never failed in the minutest attentions, and was never *journalier*. These things, and not my *égaremens*, made me fashionable.

Adieu! this letter is full long enough.

LETTER CXXXIV.

DEAR BOY, Bath, October the 19th, O. S. 1748.

HAVING in my last pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to the best models: remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to

be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbour) to whisper, or at least, in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill-bred, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation stock being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience (and at least seeming attention), if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more, than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations; which, though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the contending parties towards each other: and, if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once, by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretence or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves, by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. *They acknowledge it may, indeed, seem odd, that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused. But, in these cases, justice*

is surely due to one's self, as well as to others; and, when our character is attacked, we may say, in our own justification, what otherwise we never would have said. This thin veil of Modesty, drawn before Vanity, is much too transparent to conceal it, even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slily still (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of those weaknesses. *They cannot see people suffer without sympathizing with, and endeavouring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them: though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that, with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can.* This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by-the-by, that you will often meet with characters in nature so extravagant, that a discreet Poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post a hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good postboy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity I will believe him a liar; for if I do not I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagancies which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose: and, as Waller says, upon another subject,

> Make the wretch the most despised,
> Where most he wishes to be prized.

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is, never to speak of yourself at all. But when historically you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add lustre to your perfections: but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric, upon any occasion or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too: if you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is, to have *volto sciolto, and pensieri stretti*; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off of theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in, will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is therefore as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear, but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal, willingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity or the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favourite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray neither practise it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted; and, as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not (I believe) advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with; for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a Minister of State, a Bishop, a Philosopher, a Captain, and a Woman. A man of the world must, like the Cameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to Manners, and not to Morals.

One word only as to swearing; and that I hope and believe is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe too, that those who do so are never those who contribute, in any degree, to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true Wit or good Sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

But, to conclude this long letter; all the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, *you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully*, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please; and without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus, among the Ancients, was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us that even Youth, and Mercury, the God of Arts and Eloquence, would not do without her.

— Parum comis *sine te Juventas*
Mercuriusque.

They are not inexorable Ladies, and may be had if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXV.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 29th, O. S. 1748.

MY anxiety for your success increases in proportion as the time approaches of your taking your part upon the great stage of the world. The audience will form their opinion of you upon your first appearance (making the proper allowance for your inexperience), and so far it will be final, that though it may vary as to the degrees, it will never totally change. This consideration excites that restless attention, with which I am constantly examining how I can best contribute to the perfection of that character in which the least spot or blemish would give me more real concern than I am now capable of feeling upon any other account whatsoever.

I have long since done mentioning your great Religious and Moral duties, because I could not make your understanding so bad a compliment as to suppose that you wanted, or could receive, any new instructions upon those two important points. Mr Harte, I am sure, has not neglected them; besides, they are so obvious to common sense and reason, that commentators may (as they often do) perplex, but cannot make them clearer. My province, therefore, is to supply, by my experience, your hitherto inevitable inexperience, in the ways of the world. People at your age are in a state of natural ebriety, and want rails, and *gardefous*, wherever they go, to hinder them from breaking their necks. This drunkenness of youth is not only tolerated, but even pleases, if kept within certain bounds of discretion and decency. Those bounds are the point which it is difficult for the drunken man himself to find out; and there it is that the experience of a friend may not only serve, but save him.

Carry with you, and welcome, into company, all the gaiety and spirits, but as little of the giddiness, of youth as you can. The former will charm, but the latter will often, though innocently, implacably offend. Inform yourself of the characters and situations of the company, before you give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say. There are, in all companies, more wrong heads than right ones, and many more who deserve, than who like censure. Should you therefore expatiate in the praise of some virtue, which some in company notoriously want; or declaim against any vice, which others are notoriously infected with; your reflections, however general

and unapplied, will, by being applicable, be thought personal, and levelled at those people. This consideration points out to you, sufficiently, not to be suspicious and captious yourself, nor to suppose that things, because they may, are therefore meant at you. The manners of well-bred people secure one from those indirect and mean attacks; but if, by chance, a flippant woman, or a pert coxcomb, lets off anything of that kind, it is much better not to seem to understand, than to reply to it.

Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them, but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch somebody or other's sore place: for, in this case, there is no trusting to specious appearances; which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things, between men and their wives, parents and their children, seeming friends, &c., that, with the best intentions in the world, one often blunders disagreeably.

Remember, that the wit, humour, and jokes of most mixed companies are local. They thrive in that particular soil, but will not often bear transplanting. Every company is differently circumstanced, has its particular cant and jargon; which may give occasion to wit and mirth within that circle, but would seem flat and insipid in any other, and therefore will not bear repeating. Nothing makes a man look sillier than a pleasantry not relished or not understood; and if he meets with a profound silence when he expected a general applause, or, what is worse, if he is desired to explain the *bon mot*, his awkward and embarrassed situation is easier imagined than described. *A propos* of repeating; take great care never to repeat (I do not mean here the pleasantries) in one company what you hear in another. Things, seemingly indifferent, may, by circulation, have much graver consequences than you would imagine. Besides, there is a general tacit trust in conversation, by which a man is obliged not to report anything out of it, though he is not immediately enjoined secrecy. A retailer of this kind is sure to draw himself into a thousand scrapes and discussions, and to be shyly and uncomfortably received, wherever he goes.

You will find, in most good company, some people, who only keep their place there by a contemptible title enough; these are what we call *very good-natured fellows*, and the French, *bons diables*. The truth is, they are people without any parts or fancy, and who, having no will of their own, readily assent to, concur in, and applaud, whatever is said or done in the

company; and adopt, with the same alacrity, the most virtuous or the most criminal, the wisest or the silliest, scheme, that happens to be entertained by the majority of the company. This foolish, and often criminal, complaisance flows from a foolish cause; the want of any other merit. I hope you will hold your place in company by a nobler tenure, that you will hold it (you can bear a quibble, I believe, yet) *in capite*. Have a will and an opinion of your own, and adhere to them steadily; but then do it with good humour, good breeding, and (if you have it) with urbanity; for you have not yet heard enough either to preach or censure.

All other kinds of complaisance are not only blameless, but necessary in good company. Not to seem to perceive the little weaknesses, and the idle but innocent affectations, of the company, but even to flatter them, in a certain manner, is not only very allowable, but, in truth, a sort of a polite duty. They will be pleased with you, if you do; and will certainly not be reformed by you, if you do not. For instance; you will find, in every *group* of company, two principal figures, *viz.* the fine Lady and the fine Gentleman; who absolutely give the law of Wit, Language, Fashion, and Taste, to the rest of that society. There is always a strict, and often, for the time being, a tender alliance between these two figures. The Lady looks upon her empire as founded upon the divine right of Beauty (and full as good a divine right it is, as any King, Emperor, or Pope can pretend to); she requires, and commonly meets with, unlimited passive obedience. And why should she not meet with it? Her demands go no higher, than to have her unquestioned pre-eminence in Beauty, Wit, and Fashion firmly established. Few Sovereigns (by the way) are so reasonable. The fine Gentleman's claims of right are, *mutatis mutandis*, the same; and though, indeed, he is not always a Wit *de jure*, yet, as he is the Wit *de facto* of that company, he is entitled to a share of your allegiance; and everybody expects, at least, as much as they are entitled to, if not something more. Prudence bids you make your court to these joint Sovereigns; and no duty, that I know of, forbids it. Rebellion, here, is exceedingly dangerous, and inevitably punished by banishment, and immediate forfeiture of all your wit, manners, taste, and fashion: as, on the other hand, a cheerful submission, not without some flattery, is sure to procure you a strong recommendation, and most effectual pass, throughout all their, and probably the neighbouring, dominions. With a moderate share of sagacity, you will, before you have been half an hour in their company, easily discover these two

principal figures; both by the deference which you will observe the whole company pay them, and by that easy, careless, and serene air, which their consciousness of power gives them. As in this case, so in all others, aim always at the highest; get always into the highest company, and address yourself particularly to the highest in it. The search after the unattainable philosopher's stone has occasioned a thousand useful discoveries which otherwise would never have been made.

What the French justly call *les manières nobles*, are only to be acquired in the very best companies. They are the distinguishing characteristics of men of fashion: people of low education never wear them so close, but that some part or other of the original vulgarism appears. *Les manières nobles* equally forbid insolent contempt, or low envy and jealousy. Low people, in good circumstances, fine clothes, and equipages, will insolently show contempt for all those who cannot afford as fine clothes, as good an equipage, and who have not (as their term is) as much money in their pockets: on the other hand, they are gnawed with envy, and cannot help discovering it, of those who surpass them in any of these articles, which are far from being sure criterions of merit. They are, likewise, jealous of being slighted; and, consequently, suspicious and captious: they are eager and hot about trifles, because trifles were, at first, their affairs of consequence. *Les manières nobles* imply exactly the reverse of all this. Study them early; you cannot make them too habitual and familiar to you.

Just as I had written what goes before, I received your letter of the 24th, N.S., but I have not received that which you mention from Mr Harte. Yours is of the kind that I desire; for I want to see your private picture, drawn by yourself, at different sittings: for though, as it is drawn by yourself, I presume you will take the most advantageous likeness, yet I think I have skill enough in that kind of painting, to discover the true features, though ever so artfully coloured, or thrown into skilful lights and shades.

By your account of the German Play, which I do not know whether I should call Tragedy or Comedy, the only shining part of it (since I am in a way of quibbling) seems to have been the Fox's Tail. I presume, too, that the Play has had the same fate with the Squib, and has gone off no more. I remember a squib much better applied, when it was made the device of the colours of a French regiment of grenadiers; it was represented bursting, with this motto under it: *Peream dum luceam.*[1]

[1] Let me perish if I only shine.

I like the description of your *Pic-nic*; where I take it for granted that your cards are only to break the formality of a circle, and your *Symposion* intended more to promote conversation than drinking. Such an *amicable collision*, as Lord Shaftesbury very prettily calls it, rubs off and smooths those rough corners which mere nature has given to the smoothest of us. I hope some part, at least, of the conversation is in German. *A propos;* tell me, do you speak that language correctly, and do you write it with ease? I have no doubt of your mastering the other modern languages, which are much easier, and occur much oftener; for which reason I desire you will apply most diligently to German, while you are in Germany, that you may speak and write that language most correctly.

I expect to meet Mr Eliot in London, in about three weeks, after which you will soon see him at Leipsig. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 18th, O. S. 1748.

WHATEVER I see or whatever I hear, my first consideration is, whether it can in any way be useful to you. As a proof of this, I went accidentally the other day into a print-shop where, among many others, I found one print from a famous design of Carlo Maratti, who died about thirty years ago, and was the last eminent painter in Europe: the subject is, *il Studio del Disegno;* or, the School of Drawing. An old man, supposed to be the Master, points to his Scholars, who are variously employed, in Perspective, Geometry, and the observation of the statues of antiquity. With regard to Perspective, of which there are some little specimens; he has wrote, *Tanto che basti*, that is, *As much as is sufficient;* with regard to Geometry, *Tanto che basti* again; with regard to the contemplation of the ancient statues, there is written, *Non mai a bastanza; There never can be enough.* But in the clouds, at top of the piece, are represented the three Graces; with this just sentence written over them, *Senza di noi ogni fatica è vana;* that is, *Without us all labour is vain.* This everybody allows to be true, in painting; but all people do not seem to consider, as I hope you will, that this truth is full as applicable to every other art or science; indeed, to everything that is to be said or done. I will send you the print itself, by Mr Eliot, when he returns; and I will advise you to make the same use of it that the Roman Catholics say

they do of the pictures and images of their saints; which is, only to remind them of those; for the adoration they disclaim. Nay, I will go further, and, as the transition from Popery to Paganism is short and easy, I will classically and poetically advise you to invoke and sacrifice to them every day, and all the day. It must be owned that the Graces do not seem to be natives of Great Britain, and I doubt the best of us here have more of the rough than the polished diamond. Since barbarism drove them out of Greece and Rome, they seem to have taken refuge in France, where their temples are numerous, and their worship the established one. Examine yourself seriously, why such and such people please and engage you, more than such and such others of equal merit, and you will always find, that it is because the former have the Graces, and the latter not. I have known many a woman with an exact shape, and a symmetrical assemblage of beautiful features, please nobody; while others, with very moderate shapes and features, have charmed everybody. Why? because Venus will not charm so much without her attendant Graces, as they will without her. Among men how often have I seen the most solid merit and knowledge neglected, unwelcome, or even rejected, for want of them? While flimsy parts, little knowledge, and less merit, introduced by the Graces, have been received, cherished, and admired. Even virtue, which is moral beauty, wants some of its charms, if unaccompanied by them.

If you ask me how you shall acquire what neither you nor I can define or ascertain, I can only answer, *By observation*. Form yourself, with regard to others, upon what you feel pleases you in them. I can tell you the importance, the advantage, of having the Graces, but I cannot give them you: I heartily wish I could, and I certainly would; for I do not know a better present that I could make you. To show you that a very wise, philosophical, and retired man thinks upon that subject as I do, who have always lived in the world, I send you, by Mr Eliot, the famous Mr Locke's book upon Education; in which you will find the stress that he lays upon the Graces, which he calls (and very truly) Good breeding. I have marked all the parts of that book which are worth your attention; for as he begins with the child almost from its birth, the parts relative to its infancy would be useless to you. Germany is still less than England the seat of the Graces; however, you had as good not say so while you are there. But the place which you are going to, in a great degree is, for I have known as many well-bred pretty men come from Turin as from any part of Europe.

The late King Victor Amedée took great pains to form such of his subjects as were of any consideration, both to business and manners; the present King, I am told, follows his example: this, however, is certain, that in all Courts and Congresses, where there are various foreign Ministers, those of the King of Sardinia are generally the ablest, the politest, and *les plus déliés*. You will, therefore, at Turin have very good models to form yourself upon; and remember, that with regard to the best models, as well as to the antique Greek statues in the print, *non mai a bastanza*. Observe every word, look, and motion, of those who are allowed to be the most accomplished persons there. Observe their natural and careless, but genteel air; their unembarrassed good breeding; their unassuming, but yet unprostituted, dignity. Mind their decent mirth, their discreet frankness, and that *entregent*, which, as much above the frivolous as below the important and the secret, is the proper medium for conversation in mixed companies. I will observe, by-the-by, that the talent of that light *entregent* is often of great use to a foreign Minister; not only as it helps him to domesticate himself in many families, but also as it enables him to put by and parry some subjects of conversation, which might possibly lay him under difficulties, both what to say and how to look.

Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I know him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the Graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those Graces. He was eminently illiterate; wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *Parts*; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was Page to King James the Second's Queen. There the Graces protected and promoted him; for, while he was an Ensign of the Guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very Graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman. It was by this

engaging, graceful manner that he was enabled, during all his war, to connect the various and jarring Powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrongheadednesses. Whatever Court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The Pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old Minister, grown gray in business, and who had governed the Republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that Republic feels to this day. He was always cool; and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance: he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gentleness and gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, nor maintained his dignity better.

With the share of knowledge which you have already gotten, and with the much greater which, I hope, you will soon acquire, what may you not expect to arrive at, if you join all these graces to it? In your destination particularly they are, in truth, half your business; for, if you can once gain the affections, as well as the esteem, of the Prince or Minister of the Court to which you are sent, I will answer for it, that will effectually do the business of the Court that sent you; otherwise, it is up-hill work. Do not mistake, and think that these graces, which I so often and earnestly recommend to you, should only accompany important transactions, and be worn only *les jours de gala:* no; they should, if possible, accompany every the least thing that you do or say; for, if you neglect them in little things, they will leave you in great ones. I should, for instance, be extremely concerned to see you even drink a cup of coffee ungracefully, and slop yourself with it, by your awkward manner of holding it; nor should I like to see your coat buttoned nor your shoes buckled awry. But I should be outrageous if I heard you mutter your words unintelligibly, stammer in your speech, or hesitate, misplace, and mistake in your narrations: and I should run away from you, with greater rapidity, if possible, than I should now run to embrace you, if I found you destitute of all those graces, which I have set my heart upon their making you one day, *omnibus ornatum excellere rebus.*

This subject is inexhaustible, as it extends to everything

that is to be said or done; but I will leave it for the present, as this letter is already pretty long. Such is my desire, my anxiety for your perfection, that I never think I have said enough, though you may possibly think I have said too much; and though, in truth, if your own good sense is not sufficient to direct you, in many of these plain points, all that I or anybody else can say will be insufficient. But, where you are concerned, I am the insatiable Man in Horace, who covets still a little corner more, to complete the figure of his field. I dread every little corner that may deform mine, in which I would have (if possible) no one defect.

I this moment receive yours of the 17th, N. S., and cannot condole with you upon the secession of your German *Commensaux*; who, both by your and Mr Harte's description, seem to be *des gens d'une aimable absence*: and, if you can replace them by any other German conversation, you will be a gainer by the bargain. I cannot conceive, if you understand German well enough to read any German book, how the writing of the German character can be so difficult and tedious to you, the twenty-four letters being very soon learned; and I do not expect that you should write yet with the utmost purity and correctness, as to the language: what I meant by your writing once a fortnight to Grevenkop, was only to make the written character familiar to you. However, I will be content with one in three weeks, or so.

I believe you are not likely to see Mr Eliot again soon, he being still in Cornwall with his father, who, I hear, is not likely to recover. Adieu.

LETTER CXXXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 29th, O. S. 1748.

I DELAYED writing to you till I could give you some account of the motions of your friend, Mr Eliot, for whom I know you have, and very justly, the most friendly concern. His father and he came to town together, in a postchaise, a fortnight ago, the rest of the family remaining in Cornwall. His father, with difficulty, survived the journey, and died last Saturday was sevennight. Both concern and decency confined your friend, till two days ago, when I saw him: he has determined, and I think very prudently, to go abroad again; but how soon it is yet impossible for him to know, as he must

necessarily put his own private affairs in some order first: but I conjecture he may possibly join you at Turin; sooner, to be sure, not. I am very sorry that you are likely to be so long without the company and the example of so valuable a friend; and therefore I hope that you will make it up to yourself, as well as you can at this distance, by remembering and following his example. Imitate that application of his, which has made him know all thoroughly, and to the bottom. He does not content himself with the surface of knowledge; but works in the mine for it, knowing that it lies deep. Pope says, very truly, in his Essay upon Criticism;

> A little Learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

I shall send you by a ship that goes to Hamburgh next week (and by which Hawkins sends Mr Harte some things that he wrote for) all those which I proposed sending you by Mr Eliot; together with a very little box, that I am desired to forward to Mr Harte. There will be, likewise, two letters of recommendation for you, to Monsieur Andrié, and Comte Algarotti, at Berlin, which you will take care to deliver to them, as soon as you shall be rigged and fitted out to appear there. They will introduce you into the best company; and I depend upon your own good sense for your avoiding of bad. If you fall into bad and low company there, or anywhere else, you will be irrecoverably lost; whereas, if you keep good company, and company above yourself, your character and your fortune will be immoveably fixed.

I have not time, to-day, upon account of the meeting of the Parliament, to make this letter of the usual length; and indeed, after the volumes that I have written to you, all I can add must be unnecessary. However, I shall probably, *ex abundanti*, return soon to my former prolixity; and you will receive more and more last words, from Yours.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

DEAR BOY London, December the 6th, O. S. 1748.

I AM at present under very great concern for the loss of a most affectionate brother, with whom I had always lived in the closest friendship. My brother John died last Friday night, of a fit of the gout, which he had had for about a month in his

hands and feet, and which fell at last upon his stomach and head. As he grew, towards the last, lethargic, his end was not painful to himself. At the distance which you are from hence, you need not go into mourning upon this occasion, as the time of your mourning would be near over before you could put it on.

By a ship which sails this week for Hamburgh, I shall send you those things which I proposed to have sent you by Mr Eliot, *viz.* a little box from your Mamma; a less box for Mr Harte; Mr Locke's book upon Education; the print of Carlo Maratti, which I mentioned to you some time ago; and two letters of recommendation, one to Monsieur Andrié, and the other to Comte Algarotti, at Berlin. Both those gentlemen will, I am sure, be as willing as they are able to introduce you into the best company; and I hope you will not (as many of your countrymen are apt to do) decline it. It is in the best companies only that you can learn the best manners, and that *tournure*, and those graces, which I have so often recommended to you, as the necessary means of making a figure in the world.

I am most extremely pleased with the account which Mr Harte gives me of your progress in Greek, and of your having read Hesiod, almost critically. Upon this subject I suggest but one thing to you, of many that I might suggest; which is, that you have now got over the difficulties of that language, and therefore it would be unpardonable not to persevere to your journey's end, now that all the rest of your way is downhill.

I am also very well pleased to hear that you have such a knowledge of and taste for curious books, and scarce and valuable tracts. This is a kind of knowledge which very well becomes a man of sound and solid learning, but which only exposes a man of slight and superficial reading; therefore, pray make the substance and matter of such books your first object, and their title pages, indexes, letter, and binding, but your second. It is the characteristic of a man of parts and good judgment, to know, and give that degree of attention, that each object deserves. Whereas little minds mistake little objects for great ones, and lavish away upon the former that time and attention which only the latter deserve. To such mistakes we owe the numerous and frivolous tribe of insect-mongers, shell-mongers, and pursuers and driers of butterflies, &c. The strong mind distinguishes, not only between the useful and the useless, but likewise between the useful and the curious. He applies himself intensely to the former; he only amuses himself with the latter. Of this little sort of knowledge, which

I have just hinted at, you will find, at least, as much as you need wish to know, in a superficial but pretty French book, entitled, *Spectacle de la Nature;* which will amuse you while you read it, and give you a sufficient notion of the various parts of nature: I would advise you to read it at leisure hours. But that part of nature which, Mr Harte tells me, you have begun to study, with the *Rector magnificus*, is of much greater importance, and deserves much more attention; I mean Astronomy. The vast and immense planetary system, the astonishing order and regularity of those innumerable worlds, will open a scene to you, which not only deserves your attention as a matter of curiosity, or rather astonishment; but, still more, as it will give you greater, and consequently juster, ideas of that eternal and omnipotent Being, who contrived, made, and still preserves, that universe, than all the contemplation of this, comparatively, very little orb, which we at present inhabit, could possibly give you. Upon this subject Monsieur Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes*, which you may read in two hours' time, will both inform and please you. God bless you! Yours.

LETTER CXXXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 18th, O. S. 1748.

THE last four posts have brought me no letters, either from you or from Mr Harte, at which I am uneasy; not as a Mamma would be, but as a Father should be; for I do not want your letters as bills of health, you are young, strong, and healthy, and I am consequently in no pain about that: moreover, were either you or Mr Harte ill, the other would doubtless write me word of it. My impatience for yours or Mr Harte's letters arises from a very different cause, which is my desire to hear frequently of the state and progress of your mind. You are now at that critical period of life when every week ought to produce fruit or flowers answerable to your culture, which I am sure has not been neglected; and it is by your letters and Mr Harte's accounts of you, that, at this distance, I can only judge of your gradations to maturity: I desire, therefore, that one of you two will not fail to write to me once a week. The sameness of your present way of life, I easily conceive, would not make out a very interesting letter to an indifferent bystander; but, so deeply concerned as I am in the game you are playing,

even the least move is to me of importance, and helps me to judge of the final event.

As you will be leaving Leipsig pretty soon after you shall have received this letter, I here send you one enclosed, to deliver to Mr Mascow. It is to thank him for his attention and civility to you during your stay with him: and I take it for granted that you will not fail making him the proper compliments at parting; for the good name that we leave behind at one place often gets before us to another, and is of great use. As Mr Mascow is much known and esteemed in the Republic of letters, I think it would be of advantage to you if you got letters of recommendation from him to some of the learned men at Berlin. Those testimonials give a lustre which is not to be despised, for the most ignorant are forced to seem, at least, to pay a regard to learning, as the most wicked are to virtue. Such is their intrinsic worth!

Your friend Duval dined with me the other day, and complained most grievously that he had not heard from you above a year; I bade him abuse you for it himself; and advised him to do it in verse, which, if he was really angry, his indignation would enable him to do. He accordingly brought me yesterday the enclosed reproaches, and challenge, which he desired me to transmit to you. As this is his first Essay in English Poetry, the inaccuracies in the rhymes, and the numbers, are very excusable. He insists, as you will find, upon being answered in verse; which I should imagine that you and *Mr Harte* together could bring about; as the late Lady Dorchester used to say, that she and Dr Radcliffe together could cure a fever. This is however sure, that it now rests upon you; and no man can say what methods Duval may take, if you decline his challenge. I am sensible that you are under some disadvantages in this proffered combat. Your climate, at this time of the year especially, delights more in the wood fire than in the poetic fire; and I conceive the Muses, if there are any at Leipsig, to be rather shivering than singing; nay, I question whether Apollo is even known there as God of Verse, or as God of Light; perhaps a little, as God of Physic. These will be fair excuses if your performance should fall something short, though I do not apprehend it will.

While you have been at Leipsig, which is a place of study more than of pleasure or company, you have had all opportunities of pursuing your studies uninterruptedly; and have had, I believe, very few temptations to the contrary. But as the case will be quite different at Berlin, where the splendour and dissipation

of a Court, and the *beau monde*, will present themselves to you in gaudy shapes, attractive enough to all young people. Do not think now that, like an old fellow, I am going to advise you to reject them, and shut yourself up in your closet: quite the contrary; I advise you to take your share, and enter into them with spirit and pleasure; but then I advise you, too, to allot your time so prudently, as that learning may keep pace with pleasure; there is full time in the course of the day for both, if you do but manage that time right, and like a good economist. The whole morning, if diligently and attentively devoted to solid studies, will go a great way at the year's end; and the evenings spent in the pleasures of good company, will go as far in teaching you a knowledge, not much less necessary than the other; I mean the knowledge of the world. Between those two necessary studies, that of Books in the morning, and that of the World in the evening, you see that you will not have one minute to squander or slattern away. Nobody ever lent themselves more than I did, when I was young, to the pleasures and dissipation of good company; I even did it too much. But then, I can assure you, that I always found time for serious studies; and, when I could find it no other way, I took it out of my sleep; for I resolved always to rise early in the morning, however late I went to bed at night; and this resolution I have kept so sacred, that unless when I have been confined to my bed by illness, I have not for more than forty years ever been in bed at nine o'clock in the morning; but commonly up before eight.

When you are at Berlin, remember to speak German as often as you can in company, for everybody there will speak French to you unless you let them know that you can speak German, which then they will choose to speak. Adieu.

LETTER CXL.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 20th, O. S. 1748.

I RECEIVED, last Saturday, by three mails which came in at once, two letters from Mr Harte, and yours of the 8th, N. S.

It was I who mistook your meaning, with regard to your German letters, and not you who expressed it ill. I thought it was the writing of the German character that took up so much of your time, and therefore I advised you, by the frequent writing of that character, to make it easy and familiar to you.

But since it is only the propriety and purity of the German language which make your writing it so tedious and laborious, I will tell you I shall not be nice upon that article; and did not expect you should yet be master of all the idioms, delicacies, and peculiarities of that difficult language. That can only come by use, especially frequent speaking; therefore, when you shall be at Berlin, and afterwards at Turin, where you will meet many Germans, pray take all opportunities of conversing in German, in order not only to keep what you have got of that language, but likewise to improve and perfect yourself in it. As to the characters, you form them very well, and, as you yourself own, better than your English ones; but then, let me ask you this question; Why do you not form your Roman characters better? for I maintain, that it is in every man's power to write what hand he pleases; and, consequently, that he ought to write a good one. You form, particularly, your *ll* and your *ſſ* in zigzag, instead of making them straight, as thus, *ll*; a fault very easily mended. You will not, I believe, be angry with this little criticism, when I tell you, that, by all the accounts I have had of late, from Mr Harte and others, this is the only criticism that you give me occasion to make. Mr Harte's last letter, of the 14th, N. S., particularly, makes me extremely happy, by assuring me that in every respect you do exceedingly well. I am not afraid, by what I now say, of making you too vain; because I do not think that a just consciousness, and an honest pride of doing well, can be called vanity; for vanity is either the silly affectation of good qualities which one has not, or the sillier pride of what does not deserve commendation in itself. By Mr Harte's account you are got very near the goal of Greek and Latin; and therefore I cannot suppose that, as your sense increases, your endeavours and your speed will slacken, in finishing the small remains of your course. Consider what lustre and *éclat* it will give you, when you return here, to be allowed to be the best scholar, of a gentleman, in England; not to mention the real pleasure and solid comfort which such knowledge will give you throughout your whole life. Mr Harte tells me another thing, which, I own, I did not expect; it is, that when you read aloud, or repeat parts of plays, you speak very properly and distinctly. This relieves me from great uneasiness, which I was under upon account of your former bad enunciation. Go on, and attend most diligently to this important article. It is of all the Graces (and they are all necessary) the most necessary one.

Comte Pertingue, who has been here about a fortnight, far

from disavowing, confirms all that Mr Harte has said to your advantage. He thinks he shall be at Turin much about the time of your arrival there, and pleases himself with the hopes of being useful to you: though, should you get there before him, he says that Comte du Perron, with whom you are a favourite, will take that care. You see by this one instance, and in the course of your life you will see by a million of instances, of what use a good reputation is, and how swift and advantageous a harbinger it is, wherever one goes. Upon this point, too, Mr Harte does you justice, and tells me that you are desirous of praise from the praiseworthy: this is a right and generous ambition; and without which, I fear, few people would deserve praise.

But here let me, as an old stager upon the theatre of the world, suggest one consideration to you; which is, to extend your desire of praise a little beyond the strictly praiseworthy; or else you may be apt to discover too much contempt for at least three parts in five of the world; who will never forgive it you. In the mass of mankind, I fear, there is too great a majority of fools and knaves; who, singly from their number, must to a certain degree be respected, though they are by no means respectable. And a man who will show every knave or fool that he thinks him such, will engage in a most ruinous war, against numbers much superior to those that he and his allies can bring into the field. Abhor a knave, and pity a fool, in your heart; but let neither of them, unnecessarily, see that you do so. Some complaisance and attention to fools is prudent, and not mean: as a silent abhorrence of individual knaves is often necessary, and not criminal.

As you will now soon part with Lord Pulteney, with whom, during your stay together at Leipsig, I suppose you have formed a connection; I imagine that you will continue it by letters, which I would advise you to do. They tell me he is good-natured, and does not want parts; which are of themselves two good reasons for keeping it up; but there is also a third reason, which, in the course of the world, is not to be despised: his father cannot live long, and will leave him an immense fortune; which, in all events, will make him of some consequence, and if he has parts into the bargain, of very great consequence; so that his friendship may be extremely well worth your cultivating, especially as it will not cost you above one letter in one month.

I do not know whether this letter will find you at Leipsig; at least, it is the last that I shall direct there. My next, to

either you or Mr Harte, will be directed to Berlin; but, as I do not know to what house or street there, I suppose it will remain at the post-house till you send for it. Upon your arrival at Berlin you will send me your particular direction; and also, pray be minute in your accounts of your reception there by those whom I recommend you to, as well as by those to whom they present you. Remember, too, that you are going to a polite and literate Court, where the Graces will best introduce you.

Adieu. God bless you! and may you continue to deserve my love, as much as you now enjoy it!

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me tell you, that she decides entirely in your favour, against Mr Grevenkop, and even against herself; for she does not think that she could at this time write either so good a character, or so good German. Pray write her a German letter upon that subject; in which you may tell her, that, like the rest of the world, you approve of her judgment, because it is in your favour; and that you true Germans cannot allow Danes to be competent judges of your language, &c.

LETTER CXLI.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 30th, O. S. 1748.

I DIRECT this letter to Berlin, where, I suppose, it will either find you, or, at least, wait but a very little time for you. I cannot help being anxious for your success, at this your first appearance upon the great stage of the world; for though the spectators are always candid enough to give great allowances and to show great indulgence to a new actor, yet from the first impressions which he makes upon them, they are apt to decide, in their own minds at least, whether he will ever be a good one or not: if he seems to understand what he says, by speaking it properly; if he is attentive to his part, instead of staring negligently about; and if, upon the whole, he seems ambitious to please, they willingly pass over little awkwardnesses and inaccuracies, which they ascribe to a commendable modesty in a young and unexperienced actor. They pronounce that he will be a good one in time; and by the encouragement which they give him, make him so the sooner. This, I hope, will be your case: you have sense enough to understand your part; a constant attention, and ambition to excel in it, with a careful observ-

ation of the best actors, will inevitably qualify you, if not for the first, at least for considerable parts.

Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and, I believe, most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here, display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat: these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stagecoachmen, and country bumkins, so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine, where others are fine; and plain, where others are plain; but take care, always, that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

As to Manners, Good Breeding, and the Graces, I have so often entertained you upon these important subjects, that I can add nothing to what I have formerly said. Your own good sense will suggest to you the substance of them; and observation, experience, and good company, the several modes of them. Your great vivacity, which I hear of from many people, will be no hindrance to your pleasing in good company; on the con-

trary, will be of use to you, if tempered by Good Breeding, and accompanied by the Graces. But then, I suppose your vivacity to be a vivacity of parts, and not a constitutional restlessness; for the most disagreeable composition that I know in the world is that of strong animal spirits, with a cold genius. Such a fellow is troublesomely active, frivolously busy, foolishly lively; talks much, with little meaning, and laughs more, with less reason: whereas, in my opinion, a warm and lively genius, with a cool constitution, is the perfection of human nature.

Do what you will, at Berlin, provided you do but do something all day long. All that I desire of you is, that you will never slattern away one minute in idleness and in doing nothing. When you are not in company, learn what either books, masters, or Mr Harte, can teach you; and when you are in company, learn (what company only can teach you) the characters and manners of mankind. I really ask your pardon for giving you this advice; because, if you are a rational creature, and a thinking being, as I suppose and verily believe you are, it must be unnecessary, and to a certain degree injurious. If I did not know by experience that some men pass their whole time in doing nothing, I should not think it possible for any being, superior to Monsieur Descartes's Automatons, to squander away, in absolute idleness, one single minute of that small portion of time which is allotted us in this world.

I have lately seen one Mr Cranmer, a very sensible merchant, who told me he had dined with you, and seen you often at Leipsig. And yesterday I saw an old footman of mine, whom I made a Messenger, who told me that he had seen you last August. You will easily imagine that I was not the less glad to see them, because they had seen you; and I examined them both narrowly, in their respective departments; the former as to your mind, the latter as to your body. Mr Cranmer gave me great satisfaction, not only by what he told me of himself concerning you, but by what he was commissioned to tell me from Mr Mascow. As he speaks German perfectly himself, I asked him how you spoke it, and he assured me very well, for the time, and that a very little more practice would make you perfectly master of it. The messenger told me you were much grown, and to the best of his guess, within two inches as tall as I am. That you were plump, and looked healthy and strong; which was all I could expect or hope, from the sagacity of the person.

I send you, my dear child (and you will not doubt), very sincerely, the wishes of the season. May you deserve a great

number of happy New-years; and, if you deserve, may you have them! Many New-years, indeed, you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These, Virtue, Honour, and Knowledge, alone can merit, alone can procure. *Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes*,[1] was a pretty piece of poetical flattery, where it was said; I hope that in time it may be no flattery when said to you. But I assure you that, whenever I cannot apply the latter part of the line to you with truth, I shall neither say, think, nor wish the former. Adieu.

LETTER CXLII.

DEAR BOY, London, January the 10th, O. S. 1749.

I HAVE received your letter of the 31st December, N. S. Your thanks for my present, as you call it, exceed the value of the present; but the use which you assure me that you will make of it is the thanks which I desire to receive. Due attention to the inside of books, and due contempt for the outside, is the proper relation between a man of sense and his books.

Now that you are going a little more into the world, I will take this occasion to explain my intentions as to your future expenses, that you may know what you have to expect from me, and make your plan accordingly. I shall neither deny nor grudge you any money, that may be necessary, for either your improvement or your pleasures; I mean, the pleasures of a rational being. Under the head of Improvement, I mean the best Books, and the best Masters, cost what they will; I also mean, all the expense of lodgings, coach, dress, servants, &c., which, according to the several places where you may be, shall be respectively necessary, to enable you to keep the best company. Under the head of rational Pleasures, I comprehend, First, proper charities, to real and compassionate objects of it; Secondly, proper presents, to those to whom you are obliged, or whom you desire to oblige; Thirdly, a conformity of expense to that of the company which you keep; as in public spectacles, your share of little entertainments; a few pistoles at games of mere commerce; and other incidental calls of good company. The only two articles which I will never supply, are the profusion of low riot, and the idle lavishness of negligence and laziness. A fool squanders away, without credit or advantage to

[1] May the gods give thee years, for other advantages thou wilt secure from thyself.

himself, more than a man of sense spends with both. The latter employs his money as he does his time, and never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing to himself or others. The former buys whatever he does not want, and does not pay for what he does want. He cannot withstand the charms of a toy-shop; snuff-boxes, watches, heads of canes, &c., are his destruction. His servants and tradesmen conspire with his own indolence to cheat him; and in a very little time, he is astonished, in the midst of all his ridiculous superfluities, to find himself in want of all the real comforts and necessaries of life. Without care and method, the largest fortune will not, and with them, almost the smallest will, supply all necessary expenses. As far as you can possibly, pay ready money for everything you buy, and avoid bills. Pay that money, too, yourself, and not through the hands of any servant, who always either stipulates poundage, or requires a present for his good word, as they call it. Where you must have bills (as for meat and drink, clothes, &c.), pay them regularly every month, and with your own hand. Never, from a mistaken economy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is cheap; or from a silly pride, because it is dear. Keep an account, in a book, of all that you receive and of all that you pay, for no man who knows what he receives and what he pays ever runs out. I do not mean that you should keep an account of the shillings and half-crowns which you may spend in chair-hire, operas, &c.; they are unworthy of the time, and of the ink that they would consume; leave such *minutiæ* to dull, pennywise fellows; but remember, in economy, as well as in every other part of life, to have the proper attention to proper objects, and the proper contempt for little ones. A strong mind sees things in their true proportions: a weak one views them through a magnifying medium; which, like the microscope, makes an elephant of a flea; magnifies all little objects, but cannot receive great ones. I have known many a man pass for a miser, by saving a penny, and wrangling for two pence, who was undoing himself at the same time, by living above his income, and not attending to essential articles which were above his *portée*. The sure characteristic of a sound and strong mind is, to find in everything those certain bounds, *quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum*.[1] These boundaries are marked out by a very fine line, which only good sense and attention can discover; it is much too fine for vulgar eyes. In Manners, this line is Good Breeding; beyond it, is troublesome

[1] Which on either side form the limits of right conduct.

ceremony; short of it, is unbecoming negligence and inattention. In Morals, it divides ostentatious Puritanism from criminal Relaxation. In Religion, Superstition from Impiety; and, in short, every virtue from its kindred vice or weakness. I think you have sense enough to discover the line: keep it always in your eye, and learn to walk upon it; rest upon Mr Harte, and he will poize you, till you are able to go alone. By the way, there are fewer people who walk well upon that line, than upon the slack rope; and therefore a good performer shines so much the more.

Your friend, Comte Pertingue, who constantly inquires after you, has written to Compte Salmour, the Governor of the Academy at Turin, to prepare a room for you there, immediately after the Ascension; and has recommended you to him, in a manner which I hope you will give him no reason to repent or be ashamed of. As Compte Salmour's son, now residing at the Hague, is my particular acquaintance, I shall have regular and authentic accounts of all that you do at Turin.

During your stay at Berlin, I expect that you should inform yourself thoroughly of the present state of the Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical government of the King of Prussia's dominions, particularly of the Military, which is upon a better footing in that country than in any other in Europe. You will attend at the reviews, see the troops exercise, and inquire into the number of troops and companies in the respective regiments of horse, foot, and dragoons; the numbers and titles of the commissioned and noncommissioned Officers in the several troops and companies; and also, take care to learn the technical military terms in the German language: for, though you are not to be a military man, yet these military matters are so frequently the subjects of conversation, that you will look very awkwardly if you are ignorant of them. Moreover, they are commonly the objects of negotiation, and as such fall within your future profession. You must also inform yourself of the reformation which the King of Prussia has lately made in the law; by which he has both lessened the number and shortened the duration of lawsuits: a great work, and worthy of so great a Prince! As he is indisputably the ablest Prince in Europe, every part of his government deserves your most diligent inquiry and your most serious attention. It must be owned that you set out well, as a young Politician, by beginning at Berlin, and then going to Turin, where you will see the next ablest Monarch to that of Prussia; so that, if you are capable of making political reflections, those two Princes will furnish you with sufficient matter for them.

I would have you endeavour to get acquainted with Monsieur de Maupertuis, who is so eminently distinguished by all kinds of learning and merit, that one should be both sorry and ashamed of having been even a day in the same place with him, and not to have seen him. If you should have no other way of being introduced to him, I will send you a letter from hence. Monsieur Caguoni, at Berlin, to whom I know you are recommended, is a very able man of business, thoroughly informed of every part of Europe: and his acquaintance, if you deserve and improve it as you should do, may be of great use to you.

Remember to take the best dancing-master at Berlin, more to teach you to sit, stand, and walk gracefully, than to dance finely. The Graces, the Graces; remember the Graces! Adieu.

LETTER CXLIII.

DEAR BOY, London, January the 24th, O. S. 1749.

I HAVE received your letter of the 12th, N. S., in which I was surprised to find no mention of your approaching journey to Berlin, which, according to the first plan, was to be on the 20th, N. S., and upon which supposition I have for some time directed my letters to you and Mr Harte at Berlin. I should be glad that yours were more minute, with regard to your motions and transactions; and I desire that, for the future, they may contain accounts of what, and whom, you see and hear, in your several places of residence; for I interest myself as much in the company you keep, and the pleasures you take, as in the studies you pursue; and therefore equally desire to be informed of them all. Another thing I desire, which is, that you will acknowledge my letters by their dates, that I may know which you do and which you do not receive.

As you found your brain considerably affected by the cold, you were very prudent not to turn it to poetry in that situation; and not less judicious in declining the borrowed aid of a stove, whose fumigation, instead of inspiration, would, at best, have produced what Mr Pope calls a *souterkin* of wit. I will show your letter to Duval, by way of justification for not answering his challenge; and I think he must allow the validity of it; for a frozen brain is as unfit to answer a challenge in poetry, as a blunt sword is for single combat.

You may, if you please, and therefore I flatter myself that

you will, profit considerably by your stay at Berlin, in the articles of Manners and useful knowledge. Attention to what you will see and hear there, together with proper inquiries, and a little care and method in taking notes of what is most material, will procure you much useful knowledge. Many young people are so light, so dissipated, and so incurious, that they can hardly be said to see what they see, or hear what they hear; that is, they hear in so superficial and inattentive a manner, that they might as well not see or hear at all. For instance, if they see a public building, as a College, an Hospital, an Arsenal, &c., they content themselves with the first *coup d'œil*, and neither take the time nor the trouble of informing themselves of the material parts of them; which are, the constitution, the rules, and the order and economy in the inside. You will, I hope, go deeper, and make your way into the substance of things. For example, should you see a regiment reviewed at Berlin or Potsdam, instead of contenting yourself with the general glitter of the collective corps, and saying, *par manière d'acquit*, that is very fine; I hope you will ask, what number of troops or companies it consists of; what number of Officers of the *Etat Major*, and what number of *Subalterns;* how many *Bas Officiers*, or noncommissioned Officers, as *Sergeants, Corporals, Anspessades, frey Corporals, &c.*, their pay, their clothing, and by whom; whether by the Colonels or Captains, or Commissaries appointed for that purpose; to whom they are accountable, the method of recruiting, completing, &c.

The same in Civil Matters: inform yourself of the jurisdiction of a Court of Justice; of the rules, and members, and endowments of a College, or an Academy, and not only of the dimensions of the respective edifices: and let your letters to me contain these informations, in proportion as you acquire them.

I often reflect, with the most flattering hopes, how proud I shall be of you, if you should profit as you may, by the opportunities which you have had, still have, and will have, of arriving at perfection; and, on the other hand, with dread of the grief and shame you will give me, if you do not. May the first be the case. God bless you!

LETTER CXLIV.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 27th, O. S. 1748.

YOU are now come to an age capable of reflection, and I hope you will do, what however few people at your age do,

exert it, for your own sake, in the search of truth and sound knowledge. I will confess (for I am not unwilling to discover my secrets to you) that it is not many years since I have presumed to reflect for myself. Till sixteen or seventeen, I had no reflection; and, for many years after that, I made no use of what I had. I adopted the notions of the books I read, or the company I kept, without examining whether they were just or not; and I rather chose to run the risk of easy error, than to take the time and trouble of investigating truth. Thus, partly from laziness, partly from dissipation, and partly from the *mauvaise honte* of rejecting fashionable notions, I was (as I have since found) hurried away by prejudices, instead of being guided by reason; and quietly cherished error, instead of seeking for truth. But, since I have taken the trouble of reasoning for myself, and have had the courage to own that I do so, you cannot imagine how much my notions of things are altered, and in how different a light I now see them, from that in which I formerly viewed them through the deceitful medium of prejudice or authority. Nay, I may possibly still retain many errors, which, from long habit, have perhaps grown into real opinions; for it is very difficult to distinguish habits, early acquired and long entertained, from the result of our reason and reflection.

My first prejudice (for I do not mention the prejudices of boys and women, such as hobgoblins, ghosts, dreams, spilling salt, &c.) was my classical enthusiasm, which I received from the books I read, and the masters who explained them to me. I was convinced there had been no common sense nor common honesty in the world for these last fifteen hundred years; but that they were totally extinguished with the ancient Greek and Roman governments. Homer and Virgil could have no faults, because they were ancient; Milton and Tasso could have no merit, because they were modern. And I could almost have said, with regard to the ancients, what Cicero, very absurdly and unbecomingly for a philosopher, says with regard to Plato, *Cum quo errare malim quam cum aliis rectè sentire.*[1] Whereas now, without any extraordinary effort of genius, I have discovered, that nature was the same three thousand years ago, as it is at present; that men were but men then as well as now; that modes and customs vary often, but that human nature is always the same. And I can no more suppose, that men were better, braver, or wiser, fifteen hundred or three thousand years ago, than I can suppose that the animals or vegetables were

[1] With whom I would rather err than be correct with other men.

better then than they are now. I dare assert, too, in defiance of the favourers of the ancients, that Homer's Hero, Achilles, was both a brute and a scoundrel, and consequently an improper character for the Hero of an Epic Poem; he had so little regard for his country, that he would not act in defence of it, because he had quarrelled with Agamemnon about a w——e; and then afterwards, animated by private resentment only, he went about killing people basely, I will call it, because he knew himself invulnerable; and yet, invulnerable as he was, he wore the strongest armour in the world; which I humbly apprehend to be a blunder; for a horseshoe clapped to his vulnerable heel would have been sufficient. On the other hand, with submission to the favourers of the moderns, I assert, with Mr Dryden, that the Devil is in truth the Hero of Milton's poem: his plan, which he lays, pursues, and at last executes, being the subject of the Poem. From all which considerations, I impartially conclude, that the ancients had their excellencies and their defects, their virtues and their vices, just like the moderns: pedantry and affectation of learning decide clearly in favour of the former; vanity and ignorance, as peremptorily, in favour of the latter. Religious prejudices kept pace with my classical ones; and there was a time when I thought it impossible for the honestest man in the world to be saved, out of the pale of the Church of England: not considering that matters of opinion do not depend upon the will; and that it is as natural, and as allowable, that another man should differ in opinion from me, as that I should differ from him; and that, if we are both sincere, we are both blameless; and should consequently have mutual indulgence for each other.

The next prejudices I adopted were those of the *beau monde*; in which, as I was determined to shine, I took what are commonly called the genteel vices to be necessary. I had heard them reckoned so, and without farther inquiry, I believed it; or, at least, should have been ashamed to have denied it, for fear of exposing myself to the ridicule of those whom I considered as the models of fine gentlemen. But I am now neither ashamed nor afraid to assert, that those genteel vices, as they are falsely called, are only so many blemishes in the character of even a man of the world, and what is called a fine gentleman, and degrade him in the opinions of those very people, to whom he hopes to recommend himself by them. Nay, this prejudice often extends so far, that I have known people pretend to vices they had not, instead of carefully concealing those they had.

Use and assert your own reason; reflect, examine, and analyze everything, in order to form a sound and mature judgment; let no *ουτος εφα* impose upon your understanding, mislead your actions, or dictate your conversation. Be early what, if you are not, you will, when too late, wish you had been. Consult your reason betimes: I do not say that it will always prove an unerring guide, for human reason is not infallible; but it will prove the least erring guide that you can follow. Books and conversation may assist it, but adopt neither blindly and implicitly; try both by that best rule, which God has given to direct us, Reason. Of all the troubles, do not decline, as many people do, that of thinking. The herd of mankind can hardly be said to think; their notions are almost all adoptive; and, in general, I believe it is better that it should be so, as such common prejudices contribute more to order and quiet, than their own separate reasonings would do, uncultivated and unimproved as they are. We have many of those useful prejudices in this country, which I should be very sorry to see removed. The good Protestant conviction, that the Pope is both Antichrist, and the Whore of Babylon, is a more effectual preservative, in this country, against Popery, than all the solid and unanswerable arguments of Chillingworth.

The idle story of the Pretender's having been introduced in a warmingpan, into the Queen's bed, though as destitute of all probability as of all foundation, has been much more prejudicial to the cause of Jacobitism, than all that Mr Locke and others have written, to show the unreasonableness and absurdity of the doctrines of indefeasible hereditary right, and unlimited passive obedience. And that silly, sanguine notion, which is firmly entertained here, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, encourages, and has sometimes enabled one Englisman, in reality, to beat two.

A Frenchman ventures his life with alacrity *pour l'honneur du Roi;* were you to change the object, which he has been taught to have in view, and tell him that it was *pour le bien de la Patrie,* he would very probably run away. Such gross, local prejudices prevail with the herd of mankind; and do not impose upon cultivated, informed, and reflecting minds: but then there are notions equally false, though not so glaringly absurd, which are entertained by people of superior and improved understandings, merely for want of the necessary pains to investigate, the proper attention to examine, and the penetration requisite to determine the truth. Those are the prejudices

which I would have you guard against, by a manly exertion and attention of your reasoning faculty. To mention one instance, of a thousand that I could give you—It is a general prejudice, and has been propagated for these sixteen hundred years, that Arts and Sciences cannot flourish under an absolute government; and that Genius must necessarily be cramped where Freedom is restrained. This sounds plausible, but is false in fact. Mechanic arts, as Agriculture, Manufactures, &c., will indeed be discouraged, where the profits and property are, from the nature of the government, insecure. But why the despotism of a government should cramp the genius of a Mathematician, an Astronomer, a Poet, or an Orator, I confess I never could discover. It may indeed deprive the Poet, or the Orator, of the liberty of treating of certain subjects in the manner they would wish; but it leaves them subjects enough to exert genius upon, if they have it. Can an author with reason complain that he is cramped and shackled, if he is not at liberty to publish blasphemy, bawdry, or sedition? all which are equally prohibited in the freest governments, if they are wise and well-regulated ones. This is the present general complaint of the French authors; but, indeed, chiefly of the bad ones. No wonder, say they, that England produces so many great geniuses; people there may think as they please, and publish what they think. Very true; but who hinders them from thinking as they please? If, indeed, they think in a manner destructive of all religion, morality, or good manners, or to the disturbance of the State; an absolute government will certainly more effectually prohibit them from, or punish them for, publishing such thoughts, than a free one could do. But how does that cramp the genius of an epic, dramatic, or lyric Poet? Or how does it corrupt the eloquence of an Orator, in the Pulpit or at the Bar? The number of good French authors, such as Corneille, Racine, Moliere, Boileau, and La Fontaine, who seemed to dispute it with the Augustan age, flourished under the despotism of Lewis XIV.; and the celebrated authors of the Augustan age did not shine, till after the fetters were riveted upon the Roman people by that cruel and worthless Emperor. The revival of letters was not owing, either, to any free government, but to the encouragement and protection of Leo X. and Francis I.; the one as absolute a Pope, and the other as despotic a Prince, as ever reigned. Do not mistake, and imagine that, while I am only exposing a prejudice, I am speaking in favour of arbitrary power; which from my soul I abhor, and look upon as a gross and criminal violation of the natural rights of mankind. Adieu.

LETTER CXLV.

DEAR BOY, London, February the 28th, O. S. 1749.

I WAS very much pleased with the account that you gave me of your reception at Berlin; but I was still better pleased with the account which Mr Harte sent me of your manner of receiving that reception; for he says you behaved yourself to those crowned heads, with all the respect and modesty due to them; but, at the same time, without being any more embarrassed than if you had been conversing with your equals. This easy respect is the perfection of good breeding, which nothing but superior good sense, or a long usage of the world, can produce; and as in your case it could not be the latter, it is a pleasing indication to me of the former.

You will now, in the course of a few months, have been rubbed at three of the considerable Courts of Europe,—Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna; so that I hope you will arrive at Turin tolerably smooth, and fit for the last polish. There you may get the best; there being no Court, I know of, that forms more well-bred and agreeable people. Remember now, that good breeding, genteel carriage, address, and even dress (to a certain degree) are become serious objects, and deserve a part of your attention.

The day, if well employed, is long enough for them all. One half of it bestowed upon your studies, and your exercises, will finish your mind and your body; the remaining part of it, spent in good company, will form your manners, and complete your character. What would I not give, to have you read Demosthenes critically in the morning, and understand him better than anybody; at noon, behave yourself better than any person at Court; and, in the evenings, trifle more agreeably than anybody in mixed companies? All this you may compass if you please; you have the means, you have the opportunities. Employ them, for God's sake, while you may, and make yourself that all-accomplished man that I wish to have you. It entirely depends upon these two years; they are the decisive ones.

I send you here enclosed, a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Capello, at Venice, which you will deliver him immediately upon your arrival, accompanying it with compliments from me to him and Madame, both whom you have seen here. He will, I am sure, be both very civil and very useful to you there, as he will also be afterwards at Rome, where he is appointed to go Ambassador. By the way, wher-

ever you are, I would advise you to frequent, as much as you can, the Venetian Ministers, who are always better informed of the Courts they reside at than any other Minister, the strict and regular accounts, which they are obliged to give to their own government, making them very diligent and inquisitive.

You will stay at Venice as long as the Carnival lasts; for though I am impatient to have you at Turin, yet I would wish you to see thoroughly all that is to be seen at so singular a place as Venice, and at so showish a time as the Carnival. You will take, also, particular care to view all those meetings of the government, which strangers are allowed to see, as the Assembly of the Senate, &c.; and likewise, to inform yourself of that peculiar and intricate form of government. There are books that give an account of it, among which the best is Amelot de la Houssaye: this I would advise you to read previously; it will not only give you a general notion of that constitution, but also furnish you with materials for proper questions and oral informations upon the place, which are always the best. There are likewise many very valuable remains, in sculpture and paintings of the best masters which deserve your attention.

I suppose you will be at Vienna as soon as this letter will get thither; and I suppose, too, that I must not direct above one more to you there. After which, my next shall be directed to you at Venice, the only place where a letter will be likely to find you, till you are at Turin; but you may, and I desire that you will, write to me, from the several places in your way, from whence the post goes.

I will send you some other letters, for Venice, to Vienna, or to your Banker at Venice, to whom you will, upon your arrival there, send for them: for I will take care to have you so recommended from place to place, that you shall not run through them, as most of your countrymen do, without the advantage of seeing and knowing what best deserves to be seen and known; I mean, the Men and the Manners.

God bless you, and make you answer my wishes; I will now say, my hopes! Adieu.

LETTER CXLVI.

DEAR BOY,

I DIRECT this letter to your Banker at Venice, the surest place for you to meet with it, though I suppose it will be there

some time before you; for, as your intermediate stay anywhere else will be but short, and as the post from hence, in this season of Easterly winds, is uncertain, I direct no more letters to Vienna; where I hope both you and Mr Harte will have received the two letters which I sent you respectively; with a letter of recommendation to Monsieur Capello at Venice, which was enclosed in mine to you. I will suppose, too, that the inland post, on your side of the water, has not done you justice; for I received but one single letter from you, and one from Mr Harte, during your whole stay at Berlin; from whence I hoped for, and expected, very particular accounts.

I persuade myself, that the time you stay at Venice will be properly employed, in seeing all that is to be seen at that extraordinary place; and in conversing with people who can inform you, not of the raree-shows of the town, but of the constitution of the government; for which purpose I send you the enclosed letters of recommendation from Sir James Gray, the King's Resident at Venice, but who is now in England. These, with mine to Monsieur Capello, will carry you, if you will go, into all the best company at Venice.

But the important point, and the important place, is Turin; for there I propose your staying a considerable time, to pursue your studies, learn your exercises, and form your manners. I own I am not without my anxiety for the consequence of your stay there, which must be either very good or very bad. To you it will be entirely a new scene. Wherever you have hitherto been, you have conversed chiefly with people wiser and discreeter than yourself, and have been equally out of the way of bad advice or bad example; but, in the Academy at Turin, you will probably meet with both, considering the variety of young fellows of about your own age; among whom, it is to be expected, that some will be dissipated and idle, others vicious and profligate. I will believe, till the contrary appears, that you have sagacity enough to distinguish the good from the bad characters; and both sense and virtue enough to shun the latter, and connect yourself with the former: but, however, for greater security, and for your sake alone, I must acquaint you, that I have sent positive orders to Mr Harte to carry you off, instantly, to a place which I have named to him, upon the very first symptom which he shall discover in you, of Drinking, Gaming, Idleness, or Disobedience to his orders; so that, whether Mr Harte informs me or not of the particulars, I shall be able to judge of your conduct in general, by the time of your stay at Turin. If it is short I shall know why; and I promise you,

that you shall soon find that I do: but, if Mr Harte lets you continue there as long as I propose you should, I shall then be convinced that you make the proper use of your time, which is the only thing I have to ask of you. One year is the most that I propose you should stay at Turin; and that year, if you employ it well, perfects you. One year more of your late application, with Mr Harte, will complete your Classical studies. You will be, likewise, master of your exercises in that time; and will have formed yourself so well at that Court, as to be fit to appear advantageously at any other. These will be the happy effects of your year's stay at Turin, if you behave and apply yourself there as you have done at Leipsig; but, if either ill advice, or ill example, affect and seduce you, you are ruined for ever. I look upon that year as your decisive year of probation; go through it well, and you will be all-accomplished, and fixed in my tenderest affection for ever: but, should the contagion of vice or idleness lay hold of you there, your character, your fortune, my hopes, and, consequently, my favour, are all blasted, and you are undone. The more I love you now, from the good opinion that I have of you, the greater will be my indignation, if I should have reason to change it. Hitherto you have had every possible proof of my affection, because you have deserved it: but, when you cease to deserve it, you may expect every possible mark of my resentment. To leave nothing doubtful, upon this important point, I will tell you fairly, beforehand, by what rule I shall judge of your conduct. By Mr Harte's accounts. He will not, I am sure, nay, I will say more, he cannot be in the wrong with regard to you. He can have no other view but your good; and you will, I am sure, allow that he must be a better judge of it than you can possibly be, at your age. While he is satisfied, I shall be so too; but whenever he is dissatisfied with you, I shall be much more so. If he complains, you must be guilty; and I shall not have the least regard for anything that you may allege in your own defence.

I will now tell you what I expect and insist upon from you at Turin: First, That you pursue your Classical and other studies, every morning, with Mr Harte, as long and in whatever manner Mr Harte shall be pleased to require: Secondly, That you learn, uninterruptedly, your exercises, of riding, dancing, and fencing: Thirdly, That you make yourself master of the Italian language: and lastly, That you pass your evenings in the best company. I also require a strict conformity to the hours and rules of the Academy. If you will but finish your

year in this manner at Turin, I have nothing further to ask of you; and I will give you everything that you can ask of me: you shall after that be entirely your own master; I shall think you safe; shall lay aside all authority over you; and friendship shall be our mutual and only tie. Weigh this, I beg of you, deliberately in your own mind; and consider, whether the application, and the degree of restraint, which I require but for one year more, will not be amply repaid by all the advantages, and the perfect liberty, which you will receive at the end of it. Your own good sense will, I am sure, not allow you to hesitate one moment in your choice. God bless you! Adieu.

P.S. Sir James Gray's letters not being yet sent me, as I thought they would, I shall enclose them in my next, which, I believe, will get to Venice as soon as you.

LETTER CXLVII.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 12th, O. S. 1749.

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, a letter from Mr Harte, dated Prague, April the 1st, N. S., for which I desire you will return him my thanks, and assure him that I extremely approve of what he has done, and proposes eventually to do, in your way to Turin. Who would have thought you were old enough to have been so well acquainted with the Heroes of the *Bellum Tricennale*, as to be looking out for their great grandsons in Bohemia, with that affection with which, I am informed, you seek for the Wallsteins, the Kinskis, &c.? As I cannot ascribe it to your age, I must to your consummate knowledge of History, that makes every country, and every century, as it were, your own. Seriously; I am told, that you are both very strong and very correct in History, of which I am extremely glad. This is useful knowledge.

Comte du Perron and Comte Lascaris are arrived here; the former gave me a letter from Sir Charles Williams, the latter brought me your orders. They are very pretty men, and have both Knowledge and Manners, which, though they always ought, seldom do go together. I examined them, particularly Comte Lascaris, concerning you: their report is a very favourable one, especially on the side of Knowledge: the quickness of conception, which they allow you, I can easily credit; but the attention, which they add to it, pleases me the more, as, I own, I expected it less. Go on in the pursuit and the increase

of Knowledge; nay, I am sure you will, for you now know too much to stop; and, if Mr Harte would let you be idle, I am convinced that you would not. But now that you have left Leipsig, and are entered into the great world, remember there is another object that must keep pace with and accompany Knowledge; I mean, Manners, Politeness, and the Graces; in which Sir Charles Williams, though very much your friend, owns you are very deficient. The manners of Leipsig must be shook off; and in that respect you must put on the new man. No scrambling at your meals, as at a German ordinary; no awkward overturns of glasses, plates, and saltcellars; no horse-play. On the contrary, a gentleness of manners, a graceful carriage, and an insinuating address, must take their place. I repeat, and shall never cease repeating to you, *the Graces, the Graces.*

I desire that, as soon as ever you get to Turin, you will apply yourself diligently to the Italian language; that before you leave that place, you may know it well enough to be able to speak tolerably when you get to Rome, where you will soon make yourself perfectly master of Italian, from the daily necessity you will be under of speaking it. In the mean time, I insist upon your not neglecting, much less forgetting, the German you already know; which you may not only continue but improve, by speaking it constantly to your Saxon boy, and, as often as you can, to the several Germans you will meet in your travels. You remember, no doubt, that you must never write to me from Turin but in the German language and character.

I send you the enclosed letter of recommendation to Mr Smith, the King's Consul at Venice, who can, and I dare say will, be more useful to you there than anybody. Pray make your court, and behave your best, to Monsieur and Madame Capello, who will be of great use to you at Rome. Adieu! Yours, tenderly.

LETTER CXLVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 19th, O. S. 1749.

THIS letter will, I believe, still find you at Venice, in all the dissipation of Masquerades, Ridottos, Operas, &c.: with all my heart; they are decent evening amusements, and very properly succeed that serious application to which I am sure you devote your mornings. There are liberal and illiberal pleasures, as

well as liberal and illiberal arts. There are some pleasures that degrade a gentleman, as much as some trades could do. Scottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, &c., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor, and a shoemaker, which are said to *déroger*.

As you are now in a musical country, where singing, fiddling, and piping, are not only the common topics of conversation, but almost the principal objects of attention, I cannot help cautioning you against giving in to those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts) to the degree that most of your countrymen do, when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Comte du Perron and Comte Lascaris upon your subject; and I will tell you, very truly, what Comte du Perron (who is, in my opinion, a very pretty man) said of you. *Il a de l'esprit, un savoir peu commun à son âge, une grande vivacité, et quand il aura pris des manières, il sera parfait; car il faut avouer qu'il sent encore le collége; mais cela viendra.*[1] I was very glad to hear, from one whom I think so good a judge, that you wanted nothing but *des manières;* which I am convinced you will now soon acquire, in the company which henceforwards you are likely to keep. But I must add too, that, if you should not acquire them, all the rest will be of very little use to you. By *manières*, I do not mean here common civility; everybody must have that who would not be kicked out of company: but I mean engaging, insinuating, shining Manners; a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address; a superior gracefulness in all you say and do. It is this alone that can give all your other talents their full lustre and value; and, consequently, it is this which should now be the principal object of your attention. Observe minutely, wherever you go, the allowed and established

[1] He has talent, and an amount of knowledge unusual at his age. He is very lively, and with polished manners would be perfect. These will come in time, but one must allow that at present he smacks of the college.

models of good breeding, and form yourself upon them. Whatever pleases you most in others, will infallibly please others in you. I have often repeated this to you; now is your time of putting it in practice.

Pray make my compliments to Mr Harte and tell him I have received his letter from Vienna, of the 16th N. S., but that I shall not trouble him with an answer to it, till I have received the other letter, which he promises me, upon the subject of one of my last. I long to hear from him, after your settlement at Turin; the months that you are to pass there will be very decisive ones for you. The exercises of the Academy, and the manners of Courts, must be attended to and acquired, and at the same time, your other studies continued. I am sure you will not pass, nor desire, one single idle hour there; for I do not foresee that you can, in any part of your life, put out six months to greater interest, than those next six at Turin.

We will talk hereafter about your stay at Rome, and in other parts of Italy. This only I will now recommend to you; which is, to extract the spirit of every place you go to. In those places, which are only distinguished by classical fame and valuable remains of antiquity, have your Classics in your hand and in your head: compare the ancient geography and descriptions with the modern, and never fail to take notes. Rome will furnish you with business enough of that sort; but then it furnishes you with many other objects, well deserving your attention, such as deep ecclesiastical craft and policy. Adieu.

LETTER CXLIX.

DEAR BOY, London, April the 27th, O. S. 1749.

I HAVE received your letter from Vienna of the 19th, N. S., which gives me great uneasiness upon Mr Harte's account. You and I have reason to interest ourselves very particularly in everything that relates to him. I am glad, however, that no bone is broken or dislocated; which being the case, I hope he will have been able to pursue his journey to Venice: in that supposition I direct this letter to you at Turin, where it will either find, or at least not wait very long for you, as I calculate that you will be there by the end of next month, N. S. I hope you reflect how much you have to do there, and that you are determined to employ every moment of your time accordingly. You have your classical and severer studies to continue

with Mr Harte; you have your exercises to learn; the turn and manners of a Court to acquire: reserving always some time for the decent amusements and pleasures of a gentleman. You see that I am never against pleasures; I loved them myself when I was of your age; and it is as reasonable that you should love them now. But I insist upon it, that pleasures are very combinable with both business and studies, and have a much better relish from the mixture. The man who cannot join business and pleasure is either a formal coxcomb in the one, or a sensual beast in the other. Your evenings I therefore allot for company, assemblies, balls, and such sort of amusements; as I look upon those to be the best schools for the manners of a gentleman, which nothing can give but use, observation, and experience. You have, besides, Italian to learn, to which I desire you will diligently apply; for though French is, I believe, the language of the Court at Turin, yet Italian will be very necessary for you at Rome, and in other parts of Italy; and if you are well grounded in it while you are at Turin (as you easily may, for it is a very easy language), your subsequent stay at Rome will make you perfect in it. I would also have you acquire a general notion of Fortification; I mean so far as not to be ignorant of the terms, which you will often hear mentioned in company; such as *Ravelin*, *Bastion*, *Glacis*, *Contrescarpe*, &c. In order to this, I do not propose that you should make a study of Fortification, as if you were to be an Engineer: but a very easy way of knowing as much as you need know of them, will be to visit often the fortifications of Turin, in company with some old Officer or Engineer, who will show and explain to you the several works themselves; by which means you will get a clearer notion of them than if you were to see them only upon paper for seven years together. Go to originals whenever you can, and trust to copies and descriptions as little as possible. At your idle hours while you are at Turin, pray read the history of the house of Savoy, which has produced a great many very great men. The late King, Victor Amedée, was undoubtedly one, and the present King is in my opinion another. In general, I believe that little Princes are more likely to be great men than those whose more extensive dominions and superior strength flatter them with security, which commonly produces negligence and indolence. A little Prince, in the neighbourhood of great ones, must be alert, and look out sharp, if he would secure his own dominions: much more still if he would enlarge them. He must watch for conjunctures, or endeavour to make them. No Princes have ever possessed this art better

than those of the house of Savoy, who have enlarged their dominions prodigiously within a century by profiting of conjunctures.

I send you here enclosed a letter from Comte Lascaris, who is a warm friend of yours: I desire that you will answer it very soon, and very cordially; and remember to make your compliments in it to Comte du Perron. A young man should never be wanting in these attentions; they cost little and bring in a great deal, by getting you people's good words and affection. They gain the heart, to which I have always advised you to apply yourself particularly; it guides ten thousand for one that reason influences.

I cannot end this letter, or (I believe) any other, without repeating my recommendation of *the Graces*. They are to be met with at Turin; for God's sake, sacrifice to them, and they will be propitious. People mistake grossly to imagine that the least awkwardness in either matter or manner, mind or body, is an indifferent thing, and not worthy of attention. It may possibly be a weakness in me (but in short we are all so made): I confess to you fairly, that when you shall come home, and that I first see you, if I find you ungraceful in your address, and awkward in your person and dress, it will be impossible for me to love you half so well as I should otherwise do, let your intrinsic merit and knowledge be ever so great. If that would be your case with me, as it really would, judge how much worse it might be with others, who have not the same affection and partiality for you, and to whose hearts you must make your own way.

Remember to write to me constantly while you are in Italy in the German language and character, till you can write to me in Italian, which will not be till you have been some time at Rome.

Adieu, my dear boy; may you turn out what Mr Harte and I wish you! I must add that, if you do not, it will be both your own fault and your own misfortune.

LETTER CL.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 15th, O. S. 1749.

THIS letter will, I hope, find you settled to your serious studies, and your necessary exercises, at Turin, after the hurry and dissipation of the Carnival at Venice. I mean that your

stay at Turin should, and I flatter myself that it will, be a useful and ornamental period of your education; but, at the same time, I must tell you, that all my affection for you has never yet given me so much anxiety, as that which I now feel. While you are in danger, I shall be in fear; and you are in danger at Turin. Mr Harte will, by his care, arm you as well as he can against it; but your own good sense and resolution can alone make you invulnerable. I am informed there are now many English at the Academy at Turin; and I fear those are just so many dangers for you to encounter. Who they are, I do not know; but I well know the general ill conduct, the indecent behaviour, and the illiberal views of my young countrymen abroad; especially wherever they are in numbers together. Ill example is of itself dangerous enough; but those who give it seldom stop there: they add their infamous exhortations and invitations; and, if these fail, they have recourse to ridicule; which is harder for one of your age and inexperience to withstand, than either of the former. Be upon your guard, therefore, against these batteries, which will all be played upon you. You are not sent abroad to converse with your own countrymen: among them, in general, you will get little knowledge, no languages, and, I am sure, no manners. I desire that you will form no connections, nor (what they impudently call) friendships, with these people: which are, in truth, only combinations and conspiracies against good morals and good manners. There is commonly, in young people, a facility that makes them unwilling to refuse anything that is asked of them; a *mauvaise honte*, that makes them ashamed to refuse; and, at the same time, an ambition of pleasing and shining in the company they keep; these several causes produce the best effect in good company, but the very worst in bad. If people had no vices but their own, few would have so many as they have. For my own part, I would sooner wear other people's clothes than their vices; and they would sit upon me just as well. I hope you will have none; but, if ever you have, I beg at least they may be all your own. Vices of adoption are, of all others, the most disgraceful and unpardonable. There are degrees in vices, as well as in virtues; and I must do my countrymen the justice to say, they generally take their vices in the lowest degree. Their gallantry is the infamous mean debauchery of stews, justly attended and rewarded by the loss of their health, as well as their character. Their pleasures of the table end in beastly drunkenness, low riot, broken windows, and very often (as they well deserve) broken bones. They game, for the sake of the

vice, not of the amusement; and therefore carry it to excess; undo, or are undone by, their companions. By such conduct and in such company abroad, they come home, the unimproved, illiberal, and ungentlemanlike creatures, that one daily sees them; that is, in the Park, and in the streets, for one never meets them in good company; where they have neither manners to present themselves, nor merit to be received. But, with the manners of footmen and grooms, they assume their dress too; for you must have observed them in the streets here, in dirty blue frocks, with oaken sticks in their hands, and their hair greasy and unpowdered, tucked up under their hats of an enormous size. Thus finished and adorned by their travels, they become the disturbers of playhouses; they break the windows, and commonly the landlords, of the taverns where they drink; and are at once the support, the terror, and the victims, of the bawdy-houses they frequent. These poor mistaken people think they shine, and so they do, indeed; but it is as putrefaction shines, in the dark.

I am not now preaching to you, like an old fellow, upon either religious or moral texts; I am persuaded you do not want the best instructions of that kind: but I am advising you as a friend, as a man of the world, as one who would not have you old while you are young, but would have you take all the pleasures that reason points out, and that decency warrants. I will therefore suppose, for argument's sake (for upon no other account can it be supposed), that all the vices above-mentioned were perfectly innocent in themselves; they would still degrade, vilify, and sink those who practised them; would obstruct their rising in the world, by debasing their characters; and give them a low turn of mind and manners, absolutely inconsistent with their making any figure in upper life, and great business.

What I have now said, together with your own good sense, is, I hope, sufficient to arm you against the seduction, the invitations, or the profligate exhortations (for I cannot call them temptations) of those unfortunate young people. On the other hand, when they would engage you in these schemes, content yourself with a decent but steady refusal; avoid controversy upon such plain points. You are too young to convert them, and, I trust, too wise to be converted by them. Shun them, not only in reality, but even in appearance, if you would be well received in good company; for people will always be shy of receiving any man who comes from a place where the plague rages, let him look ever so healthy. There are some expressions, both in French and English, and some cha-

racters, both in those two and in other countries, which have, I dare say, misled many young men to their ruin. *Une honnête débauche, une jolie débauche ; an agreeable rake, a man of pleasure.* Do not think that this means debauchery and profligacy: nothing like it. It means, at most, the accidental and unfrequent irregularities of youth and vivacity, in opposition to dulness, formality, and want of spirit. A *commerce gallant*, insensibly formed with a woman of fashion; a glass of wine or two too much unwarily taken, in the warmth and joy of good company; or some innocent frolic, by which nobody is injured; are the utmost bounds of that life of pleasure, which a man of sense and decency, who has a regard for his character, will allow himself, or be allowed by others. Those who transgress them in the hopes of shining miss their aim, and become infamous, or at least contemptible.

The length or shortness of your stay at Turin will sufficiently inform me (even though Mr Harte should not) of your conduct there; for, as I have told you before, Mr Harte has the strictest orders to carry you away immediately from thence, upon the first and least symptom of infection that he discovers about you; and I know him to be too conscientiously scrupulous, and too much your friend and mine, not to execute them exactly. Moreover, I will inform you that I shall have constant accounts of your behaviour from Comte Salmour, the Governor of the Academy, whose son is now here, and my particular friend. I have, also, other good channels of intelligence, of which I do not apprize you. But, supposing that all turns out well at Turin, yet, as I propose your being at Rome for the Jubilee at Christmas, I desire that you will apply yourself diligently to your exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding, at the Academy; as well for the sake of your health and growth, as to fashion and supple you. You must not neglect your dress neither, but take care to be *bien mis*. Pray send for the best Operator for the teeth, at Turin, where, I suppose there is some famous one; and let him put yours in perfect order; and then take care to keep them so, afterwards, yourself. You had very good teeth, and I hope they are so still; but even those who have bad ones should keep them clean; for a dirty mouth is, in my mind, ill manners. In short, neglect nothing that can possibly please. A thousand nameless little things, which nobody can describe, but which everybody feels, conspire to form that *whole* of pleasing; as the several pieces of a Mosaic work, though separately of little beauty or value, when properly joined, form those beautiful figures which please everybody. A look, a ges-

ture, an attitude, a tone of voice, all bear their parts in the great work of pleasing. The art of pleasing is more particularly necessary in your intended profession than perhaps in any other; it is, in truth, the first half of your business; for if you do not please the Court you are sent to, you will be of very little use to the Court you are sent from. Please the eyes and the ears, they will introduce you to the heart; and, nine times in ten, the heart governs the understanding.

Make your court particularly, and show distinguished attentions, to such men and women as are best at Court, highest in the fashion, and in the opinion of the public; speak advantageously of them behind their backs, in companies who you have reason to believe will tell them again. Express your admiration of the many great men that the house of Savoy has produced; observe, that nature, instead of being exhausted by those efforts, seems to have redoubled them, in the persons of the present King, and the Duke of Savoy: wonder, at this rate, where it will end, and conclude that it will end in the government of all Europe. Say this, likewise, where it will probably be repeated; but say it unaffectedly, and, the last especially, with a kind of *enjouement*. These little arts are very allowable, and must be made use of in the course of the world; they are pleasing to one party, useful to the other, and injurious to nobody.

What I have said, with regard to my countrymen in general, does not extend to them all without exception; there are some who have both merit and manners. Your friend, Mr Stevens, is among the latter, and I approve of your connection with him. You may happen to meet with some others, whose friendship may be of great use to you hereafter, either from their superior talents, or their rank and fortune; cultivate them: but then I desire that Mr Harte may be the judge of those persons.

Adieu, my dear child! Consider seriously the importance of the two next years, to your character, your figure, and your fortune.

LETTER CLI.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 22nd, O. S. 1749.

I RECOMMENDED to you, in my last, an innocent piece of art; that of flattering people behind their backs, in presence of those who, to make their own court, much more than for your sake,

will not fail to repeat, and even amplify, the praise to the party concerned. This is, of all flattery, the most pleasing, and consequently the most effectual. There are other, and many other, inoffensive arts of this kind, which are necessary in the course of the world, and which he who practises the earliest, will please the most, and rise the soonest. The spirits and vivacity of youth are apt to neglect them as useless, or reject them as troublesome. But subsequent knowledge and experience of the world remind us of their importance, commonly when it is too late. The principal of these things is the mastery of one's temper, and that coolness of mind, and serenity of countenance, which hinders us from discovering, by words, actions, or even looks, those passions or sentiments, by which we are inwardly moved or agitated; and the discovery of which, gives cooler and abler people such infinite advantages over us, not only in great business, but in all the most common occurrences of life. A man who does not possess himself enough to hear disagreeable things, without visible marks of anger and change of countenance, or agreeable ones without sudden bursts of joy and expansion of countenance, is at the mercy of every artful knave or pert coxcomb: the former will provoke or please you by design, to catch unguarded words or looks; by which he will easily decipher the secrets of your heart, of which you should keep the key yourself, and trust it with no man living: the latter will, by his absurdity, and without intending it, produce the same discoveries, of which other people will avail themselves. You will say, possibly, that this coolness must be constitutional, and consequently does not depend upon the will: and I will allow that constitution has some power over us; but I will maintain, too, that people very often, to excuse themselves, very unjustly accuse their constitutions. Care and reflection if properly used, will get the better; and a man may as surely get a habit of letting his reason prevail over his constitution, as of letting, as most people do, the latter prevail over the former. If you find yourself subject to sudden starts of passion, or madness (for I see no difference between them, but in their duration), resolve within yourself, at least, never to speak one word, while you feel that emotion within you. Determine, too, to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible; which steadiness you may get a habit of, by constant attention. I should desire nothing better, in any negotiation, than to have to do with one of these men of warm, quick passions; which I would take care to set in motion. By artful provocations, I would extort rash and unguarded expres-

sions; and, by hinting at all the several things that I could suspect, infallibly discover the true one, by the alteration it occasioned in the countenance of the person. *Volto sciolto con pensieri stretti* is a most useful maxim in business. It is so necessary at some games, such as *Berlan*, *Quinze*, *&c.*, that a man, who had not the command of his temper and countenance, would infallibly be undone by those who had, even though they played fair. Whereas, in business, you always play with sharpers; to whom, at least, you should give no fair advantages. It may be objected, that I am now recommending dissimulation to you; I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare:* [1] I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on at all. It is *simulation* that is false, mean, and criminal: that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made use of but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says, that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards, whereas simulation is put on in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke, in his 'Idea of a patriot King,' which he has lately published, and which I will send you by the first opportunity, says, very justly, that simulation is a *stiletto;* not only an unjust but an unlawful weapon, and the use of it very rarely to be excused, never justified. Whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour; and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business, without some degree of dissimulation, than it is to succeed in business without secrecy. He goes on, and says, that those two arts, of dissimulation and secrecy, are like the alloy mingled with pure ore: a little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed (that is, simulation and cunning) the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.

Make yourself absolute master, therefore, of your temper, and your countenance, so far, at least, as that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly. This may be difficult, but it is by no means impossible; and, as a man of sense never attempts impossibilities on one hand, on the other he is never discouraged by difficulties: on the contrary, he redoubles his industry and his diligence, he perseveres, and infallibly prevails at last. In any point, which prudence bids you pursue, and which a manifest utility attends, let difficulties only animate your industry, not deter you from the pursuit. If one way has failed, try another; be active, persevere,

[1] He who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign.

and you will conquer. Some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing; but, in general, all are to be brought into it at last, if skilfully applied to, properly managed, and indefatigably attacked in their several weak places. The time should likewise be judiciously chosen: every man has his *mollia tempora*, but that is far from being all day long; and you would choose your time very ill, if you applied to a man about one business, when his head was full of another, or when his heart was full of grief, anger, or any other disagreeable sentiment.

In order to judge of the inside of others, study your own; for men in general are very much alike; and though one has one prevailing passion, and another has another, yet their operations are much the same; and whatever engages or disgusts, pleases or offends you, in others, will, *mutatis mutandis*, engage, disgust, please, or offend others, in you. Observe, with the utmost attention, all the operations of your own mind, the nature of your passions, and the various motives that determine your will; and you may, in a great degree, know all mankind. For instance; do you find yourself hurt and mortified, when another makes you feel his superiority, and your own inferiority, in knowledge, parts, rank, or fortune? you will certainly take great care not to make a person, whose good will, good word, interest, esteem, or friendship, you would gain, feel that superiority in you, in case you have it. If disagreeable insinuations, sly sneers, or repeated contradictions, tease and irritate you, would you use them where you wish to engage and please? Surely not; and I hope you wish to engage and please, almost universally. The temptation of saying a smart and witty thing, or *bon mot*, and the malicious applause with which it is commonly received, have made people who can say them, and, still oftener, people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try, more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any one other thing that I know of. When such things, then, shall happen to be said at your expense (as sometimes they certainly will), reflect seriously upon the sentiments of uneasiness, anger, and resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent, by the same means, to excite the same sentiments in others, against you. It is a decided folly, to lose a friend for a jest; but, in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person, for the sake of a *bon mot*. When things of this kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent way is to seem not to suppose that they are meant at you, but to dissemble and conceal what-

ever degree of anger you may feel inwardly; and should they be so plain, that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their meaning, to join in the laugh of the company against yourself; acknowledge the hit to be a fair one, and the jest a good one, and play off the whole thing in seeming good humour: but by no means reply in the same way; which only shows that you are hurt, and publishes the victory which you might have concealed. Should the thing said, indeed, injure your honour, or moral character, there is but one proper reply; which I hope you never will have occasion to make.

As the female part of the world has some influence, and often too much, over the male, your conduct with regard to women (I mean women of fashion, for I cannot suppose you capable of conversing with any others) deserves some share in your reflections. They are a numerous and loquacious body: their hatred would be more prejudicial than their friendship can be advantageous to you. A general complaisance and attention to that sex is, therefore, established by custom, and certainly necessary. But where you would particularly please any one, whose situation, interest, or connections can be of use to you, you must show particular preference. The least attentions please, the greatest charm them. The innocent but pleasing flattery of their persons, however gross, is greedily swallowed, and kindly digested, but a seeming regard for their understandings, a seeming desire of, and deference for, their advice, together with a seeming confidence in their moral virtues, turns their head entirely in your favour. Nothing shocks them so much as the least appearance of that contempt, which they are apt to suspect men of entertaining of their capacities: and you may be very sure of gaining their friendship, if you seem to think it worth gaining. Here, dissimulation is very often necessary, and even simulation sometimes allowable; which, as it pleases them, may be useful to you, and is injurious to nobody.

This torn sheet,[1] which I did not observe when I began upon it, as it alters the figure, shortens too the length of my letter. It may very well afford it: my anxiety for you carries me insensibly to these lengths. I am apt to flatter myself, that my experience, at the latter end of my life, may be of use to you at the beginning of yours; and I do not grudge the greatest trouble, if it can procure you the least advantage. I even repeat frequently the same things, the better to imprint

[1] The original is written upon a sheet of paper, the corner of which is torn.

them on your young, and, I suppose, yet giddy mind; and I shall think that part of my time the best employed, that contributes to make you employ yours well. God bless you, child!

LETTER CLII.

DEAR BOY, London, June the 16th, O. S. 1749.

I DO not guess where this letter will find you; but I hope it will find you well: I direct it, eventually, to Laubach, from whence, I suppose, you have taken care to have your letters sent after you. I received no account from Mr Harte by last post; and the mail due this day is not yet come in; so that my informations come down no lower than the 2nd June, N. S., the date of Mr Harte's last letter. As I am now easy about your health, I am only curious about your motions, which, I hope, have been either to Inspruck or Verona; for I disapprove extremely of your proposed long and troublesome journey to Switzerland. Wherever you may be, I recommend to you to get as much Italian as you can, before you go either to Rome or Naples: a little will be of great use to you upon the road; and the knowledge of the grammatical part, which you can easily acquire in two or three months, will not only facilitate your progress, but accelerate your perfection in that language, when you go to those places where it is generally spoken; as Naples, Rome, Florence, &c.

Should the state of your health not yet admit of your usual application to books, you may, in a great degree, and I hope you will, repair that loss by useful and instructive conversations with Mr Harte: you may, for example, desire him to give you in conversation the outlines, at least, of Mr Locke's Logic; a general notion of Ethics, and a verbal epitome of Rhetoric; of all which Mr Harte will give you clearer ideas in half an hour by word of mouth, than the books of most of the dull fellows who have written upon those subjects would do in a week.

I have waited so long for the post, which I hoped would come, that the post, which is just going out, obliges me to cut this letter short. God bless you, my dear child, and restore you soon to perfect health!

My compliments to Mr Harte, to whose care your life is the least thing that you owe.

LETTER CLIII.

DEAR BOY, London, June the 22nd, O. S. 1749.

THE outside of your letter of the 7th, N. S., directed by your own hand, gave me more pleasure than the inside of any other letter ever did. I received it yesterday, at the same time with one from Mr Harte, of the 6th. They arrived at a very proper time, for they found a consultation of Physicians in my room, upon account of a fever, which I had for four or five days, but which has now entirely left me. As Mr Harte says *that your lungs now and then give you a little pain*, and that *your swellings come and go variably;* but, as he mentions nothing of your coughing, spitting, or sweating, the Doctors take it for granted that you are entirely free from those three bad symptoms; and from thence conclude that the pain which you sometimes feel upon your lungs is only symptomatical of your rheumatic disorder from the pressure of the muscles, which hinders the free play of the lungs. But, however, as the lungs are a point of the utmost importance and delicacy, they insist upon your drinking, in all events, asses' milk twice a day, and goats' whey as often as you please, the oftener the better: in your common diet they recommend an attention to pectorals, such as sago, barley, turnips, &c. These rules are equally good in rheumatic as in consumptive cases; you will, therefore, I hope, strictly observe them; for I take it for granted you are above the silly likings, or dislikings, in which silly people indulge their tastes at the expense of their healths.

I approve of your going to Venice as much as I disapproved of your going to Switzerland. I suppose that you are by this time arrived, and in that supposition I direct this letter there. But if you should find the heat too great, or the water offensive at this time of the year, I would have you go immediately to Verona, and stay there till the great heats are over before you return to Venice.

The time you will probably pass at Venice will allow you to make yourself master of that intricate and singular form of government, which few of our travellers know anything of. Read, ask, and see everything that is relative to it. There are, likewise, many valuable remains of the remotest antiquity, and many fine pieces of the *Antico Moderno;* all which deserve a different sort of attention from that which your countrymen commonly give them. They go to see them as they go to see the Lions and Kings on horseback at the Tower here, only to

say that they have seen them. You will, I am sure, view them in another light; you will consider them as you would a Poem, to which indeed they are akin. You will observe whether the sculptor has animated his stone, or the painter his canvas, into the just expression of those sentiments and passions, which should characterize and mark their several figures. You will examine, likewise, whether, in their groups, there be a unity of action or proper relation; a truth of dress and manners. Sculpture and painting are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either: which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed even above the other two: a proof of the decline of that country. The Venetian school produced many great painters, such as Paul Veronese, Titian, Palma, &c., by whom you will see, as well in private houses as in churches, very fine pieces. The Last Supper, by Paul Veronese, in the church of St George, is reckoned his capital performance, and deserves your attention; as does also the famous picture of the Cornaro family, by Titian. A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with History and Poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of but bad company.

Learn Italian as fast as ever you can, that you may be able to understand it tolerably and speak it a little before you go to Rome and Naples. There are many good Historians in that language, and excellent Translations of the ancient Greek and Latin Authors, which are called the *Collana:* but the only two Italian Poets that deserve your acquaintance are Ariosto and Tasso; and they undoubtedly have great merit.

Make my compliments to Mr Harte, and tell him that I have consulted about his leg; and that if it was only a sprain, he ought to keep a tight bandage about the part for a considerable time, and do nothing else to it. Adieu! *Jubeo te bene valere.*

LETTER CLIV.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 6th, O. S. 1749.

As I am no longer in pain about your health, which, I trust, is perfectly restored; and as, by the various accounts I have had of you, I need not be in pain about your learning; our correspondence may, for the future, turn upon less important

points, comparatively, though still very important ones: I mean, the Knowledge of the World, Decorum, Manners, Address, and all those (commonly called little) accomplishments, which are absolutely necessary, to give greater accomplishments their full value and lustre.

Had I the admirable ring of Gyges, which rendered the wearer invisible; and had I, at the same time, those magic powers, which were very common formerly, but are now very scarce, of transporting myself by a wish to any given place; my first expedition would be to Venice, there to *reconnoitre* you, unseen myself. I would, first, take you in the morning, at breakfast with Mr Harte, and attend to your natural and unguarded conversation with him; from whence, I think, I could pretty well judge of your natural turn of mind. How I should rejoice, if I overheard you asking him pertinent questions upon useful subjects! or making judicious reflections upon the studies of that morning, or the occurrences of the former day! Then, I would follow you into the different companies of the day, and carefully observe, in what manner you presented yourself to, and behaved yourself with, men of sense and dignity: whether your address was respectful, and yet easy; your air modest, and yet unembarrassed: and I would, at the same time, penetrate into their thoughts, in order to know whether your first *abord* made that advantageous impression upon their fancies, which a certain address, air, and manners never fail doing. I would, afterwards, follow you to the mixed companies of the evening; such as assemblies, suppers, &c., and there watch if you trifled gracefully and genteelly; if your good breeding and politeness made way for your parts and knowledge. With what pleasure should I hear people cry out, *Che garbato Cavaliere, com' è pulito, disinvolto, spiritoso!*[1] If all these things turned out to my mind, I would immediately assume my own shape, become visible, and embrace you: but if the contrary happened, I would preserve my invisibility, make the best of my way home again, and sink my disappointment upon you and the world. As, unfortunately, these supernatural powers of Genii, Fairies, Sylphs, and Gnomes, have had the fate of the oracles they succeeded, and have ceased for some time, I must content myself (till we meet naturally, and in the common way) with Mr Harte's written accounts of you, and the verbal ones which I now and then receive from people who have seen you. However, I believe it would do you no harm, if you would always

[1] That elegant gentleman,—how polite, easy, and witty he is!

imagine that I were present, and saw and heard everything you did and said.

There is a certain concurrence of various little circumstances, which compose what the French call *l'aimable;* and which, now you are entering into the world, you ought to make it your particular study to acquire. Without them, your learning will be pedantry, your conversation often improper, always unpleasant, and your figure, however good in itself, awkward and unengaging. A diamond, while rough, has indeed its intrinsic value; but, till polished, is of no use, and would neither be sought for nor worn. Its great lustre, it is true, proceeds from its solidity, and strong cohesion of parts; but without the last polish, it would remain for ever a dirty, rough mineral, in the cabinets of some few curious collectors. You have, I hope, that solidity and cohesion of parts; take now as much pains to get the lustre. Good company, if you make the right use of it, will cut you into shape, and give you the true brilliant polish. *A propos* of diamonds, I have sent you, by Sir James Gray, the King's Minister, who will be at Venice about the middle of September, my own diamond buckles, which are fitter for your young feet than for my old ones: they will properly adorn you; they would only expose me. If Sir James finds anybody whom he can trust, and who will be at Venice before him, he will send them by that person; but if he should not, and that you should be gone from Venice before he gets there, he will in that case give them to your Banker, Monsieur Cornet, to forward to you wherever you may then be. You are now of an age at which the adorning your person is not only not ridiculous, but proper and becoming. Negligence would imply either an indifference about pleasing, or else an insolent security of pleasing, without using those means to which others are obliged to have recourse. A thorough cleanliness in your person is as necessary for your own health, as it is not to be offensive to other people. Washing yourself, and rubbing your body and limbs frequently with a flesh-brush, will conduce as much to health as to cleanliness. A particular attention to the cleanliness of your mouth, teeth, hands, and nails, is but common decency, in order not to offend people's eyes and noses.

I send you, here enclosed, a letter of recommendation to the Duke of Nivernois, the French Embassador at Rome, who is, in my opinion, one of the prettiest men I ever knew in my life. I do not know a better model for you to form yourself upon: pray observe and frequent him as much as you can. He will show you what Manners and Graces are. I shall by successive

posts, send you more letters, both for Rome and Naples, where it will be your own fault entirely if you do not keep the very best company.

As you will meet swarms of Germans wherever you go, I desire that you will constantly converse with them in their own language, which will improve you in that language, and be, at the same time, an agreeable piece of civility to them.

Your stay in Italy will, I do not doubt, make you critically master of Italian; I know it may, if you please, for it is a very regular, and consequently a very easy language. Adieu! God bless you.

LETTER CLV.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 20th, O. S. 1749.

I WROTE to Mr Harte last Monday, the 17th, O. S., in answer to his letter of the 20th June, N. S., which I had received but the day before, after an interval of eight posts; during which I did not know whether you or he existed, and indeed I began to think that you did not. By that letter you ought at this time to be at Venice, where I hope you are arrived in perfect health, after the baths of Tieffer, in case you have made use of them. I hope they are not hot baths, if your lungs are still tender.

Your friend, the Comte d'Einsiedlen, is arrived here: he has been at my door, and I have been at his; but we have not yet met. He will dine with me some day this week. Comte Lascaris inquires after you very frequently, and with great affection: pray answer the letter which I forwarded to you a great while ago from him. You may enclose your answer to me, and I will take care to give it him. Those attentions ought never to be omitted; they cost little, and please a great deal; but the neglect of them offends more than you can yet imagine. Great merit, or great failings, will make you respected or despised; but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done, or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked, in the general run of the world. Examine yourself, why you like such and such people, and dislike such and such others; and you will find that those different sentiments proceed from very slight causes. Moral virtues are the foundation of society in general, and of friendship in particular; but Attentions, Manners, and Graces both adorn and strengthen them. My heart is so set

upon your pleasing, and consequently succeeding in the world, that possibly I have already (and probably shall again) repeat the same things over and over to you. However, to err, if I do err, on the surer side, I shall continue to communicate to you those observations upon the world, which long experience has enabled me to make, and which I have generally found to hold true. Your youth and talents, armed with my experience, may go a great way; and that armour is very much at your service, if you please to wear it. I premise, that it is not my imagination, but my memory, that gives you these rules: I am not writing pretty, useful reflections. A man of sense soon discovers, because he carefully observes, where, and how long, he is welcome; and takes care to leave the company, at least, as soon as he is wished out of it. Fools never perceive whether they are ill timed or ill placed.

I am this moment agreeably stopped, in the course of my reflections, by the arrival of Mr Harte's letter of the 13th July, N. S., to Mr Grevenkop, with one enclosed for your Mamma. I find by it, that many of his and your letters to me must have miscarried; for he says, that I have had regular accounts of you. Whereas all those accounts have been only his letter of the 6th and yours of the 7th June, N. S.; his of the 20th June, N. S., to me; and now his of the 13th July, N. S., to Mr Grevenkop. However, since you are so well, as Mr Harte says you are, all is well. I am extremely glad you have no complaint upon your lungs; but I desire that you will think you have for three or four months to come. Keep in a course of asses' or goats' milk, for one is as good as the other, and possibly the latter is the best; and let your common food be as pectoral as you can conveniently make it. Pray tell Mr Harte that, according to his desire, I have wrote a letter of thanks to Mr Firmian. I hope you write to him, too, from time to time. The letters of recommendation of a man of his merit and learning will, to be sure, be of great use to you among the learned world in Italy; that is, provided you take care to keep up to the character he gives you in them; otherwise they will only add to your disgrace.

Consider that you have lost a good deal of time by your illness; fetch it up now you are well. At present you should be a good economist of your moments, of which company and sights will claim a considerable share; so that those which remain for study, must be not only attentively, but greedily employed. But indeed I do not suspect you of one single moment's idleness in the whole day. Idleness is only the re-

fuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools. I do not call good company and liberal pleasures idleness; far from it: I recommend to you a good share of both.

I send you here enclosed, a letter for Cardinal Alexander Albani, which you will give him as soon as you can get to Rome, and before you deliver any others; the Purple expects that preference: go next to the Duc de Nivernois, to whom you are recommended by several people at Paris, as well as by myself. Then you may carry your other letters occasionally.

Remember to pry narrowly into every part of the government of Venice; inform yourself of the History of that Republic, especially of its most remarkable eras; such as the *Ligue de Cambray*, in 1509, by which it had like to have been destroyed; and the conspiracy formed by the Marquis de Bedmar, the Spanish Embassador, to subject it to the Crown of Spain. The famous disputes between that Republic and the Pope are worth your knowledge; and the writings of the celebrated and learned *Fra Paolo di Sarpi*, upon that occasion, worth your reading. It was once the greatest commercial Power in Europe, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries made a considerable figure; but at present its commerce is decayed, and its riches consequently decreased; and, far from meddling now with the affairs of the continent, it owes its security to its neutrality and inefficiency: and that security will last no longer, than till one of the great Powers in Europe engrosses the rest of Italy; an event which this century possibly may, but which the next probably will, see.

Your friend Comte d'Einsiedlen, and his Governor, have been with me this moment, and delivered me your letter from Berlin, of February the 28th, N. S. I like them both so well, that I am glad you did; and still more glad to hear what they say of you. Go on, and continue to deserve the praises of those who deserve praises themselves. Adieu.

I break open this letter to acknowledge yours of the 30th June, N. S., which I have but this instant received, though thirteen days antecedent in date to Mr Harte's last. I never in my life heard of bathing four hours a day; and I am impatient to hear of your safe arrival at Venice, after so extraordinary an operation.

LETTER CLVI.

DEAR BOY, London, July the 30th, O. S. 1749.

MR HARTE'S letters and yours drop in upon me most irregularly; for I received, by the last post, one from Mr Harte of the 9th, N. S., and that which Mr Grevenkop had received from him, the post before, was of the 13th; at last, I suppose, I shall receive them all.

I am very glad that my letter, with Dr Shaw's opinion, has lessened your bathing; for, since I was born, I never heard of bathing four hours a day; which would surely be too much, even in Medea's kettle, if you wanted (as you do not yet) new boiling.

Though, in that letter of mine, I proposed your going to Inspruck, it was only in opposition of Lausanne, which I thought much too long and painful a journey for you; but you will have found, by my subsequent letters, that I entirely approved of Venice, where I hope you have now been some time, and which is a much better place for you to reside at, till you go to Naples, than either Tieffer or Laubach. I love Capitals extremely; it is in Capitals that the best company is always to be found; and, consequently, the best manners to be learned. The very best Provincial places have some awkwardnesses, that distinguish their manners from those of the Metropolis. *A propos* of Capitals; I send you here two letters of recommendation to Naples, from Monsieur Finochetti, the Neapolitan Minister at the Hague; and, in my next, I shall send you two more, from the same person, to the same place.

I have examined Count Einsiedlen so narrowly concerning you, that I have extorted from him a confession, that you do not care to speak German, unless to such as understand no other language. At this rate, you will never speak it well, which I am very desirous that you should do, and of which you would, in time, find the advantage. Whoever has not the command of a language, and does not speak it with facility, will always appear below himself, when he converses in that language: the want of words and phrases will cramp and lame his thoughts. As you now know German enough to express yourself tolerably, speaking it very often will soon make you speak it very well; and then you will appear in it whatever you are. What with your own Saxon servant, and the swarms of Germans you will meet with wherever you go, you may have opportunities

of conversing in that language half the day; and I do very seriously desire that you will, or else all the pains you have already taken about it are lost. You will remember likewise, that, till you can write in Italian, you are always to write to me in German.

Mr Harte's conjecture, concerning your distemper, seems to me a very reasonable one; it agrees entirely with mine, which is the universal rule by which every man judges of another man's opinion. But, whatever may have been the cause of your rheumatic disorder, the effects are still to be attended to; and, as there must be a remaining acrimony in your blood, you ought to have regard to that, in your common diet, as well as in your medicines; both which should be of a sweetening alkaline nature, and promotive of perspiration. Rheumatic complaints are very apt to return, and those returns would be very vexatious and detrimental to you, at your age, and in your course of travels. Your time is, now particularly, inestimable; and every hour of it, at present, worth more than a year will be to you twenty years hence. You are now laying the foundation of your future character and fortune; and one single stone wanting in that foundation, is of more consequence than fifty in the superstructure; which can always be mended and embellished, if the foundation is solid. To carry on the metaphor of building. I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate. The Tuscan column is coarse, clumsy, and unpleasant; nobody looks at it twice: the Corinthian fluted column is beautiful and attractive; but, without a solid foundation, can hardly be seen twice, because it must soon tumble down. Yours affectionately.

LETTER CLVII.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 7th, O. S. 1749.

BY Mr Harte's letter to me of the 18th July, N.S., which I received by the last post, I am at length informed of the particulars both of your past distemper, and of your future motions. As to the former, I am now convinced, and so is Doctor Shaw, that your lungs were only symptomatically affected; and that the rheumatic tendency is what you are chiefly now to guard against, but (for greater security) with due attention still to

your lungs, as if they had been, and still were, a little affected. In either case, a cooling, pectoral regimen is equally good. By cooling, I mean cooling in its consequences, not cold to the palate; for nothing is more dangerous than very cold liquors, at the very time that one longs for them the most, which is, when one is very hot. Fruit, when full ripe, is very wholesome; but then it must be within certain bounds as to quantity; for I have known many of my countrymen die of bloody fluxes, by indulging in too great a quantity of fruit, in those countries where, from the goodness and ripeness of it, they thought it could do them no harm. *Ne quid nimis* is a most excellent rule in everything; but commonly the least observed, by people of your age, in anything.

As to your future motions, I am very well pleased with them, and greatly prefer your intended stay at Verona, to Venice, whose almost stagnating waters must, at this time of the year, corrupt the air. Verona has a pure and clear air, and has, I am informed, a great deal of good company. Marquis Maffei, alone, would be worth going there for. You may, I think, very well leave Verona about the middle of September, when the great heats will be quite over, and then make the best of your way to Naples, where, I own, I want to have you, by way of precaution (I hope it is rather over-caution) in case of the least remains of a pulmonic disorder. The amphitheatre at Verona is worth your attention; as are also many buildings there and at Vicenza, of the famous Andrea Palladio, whose taste and style of building were truly *antique*. It would not be amiss, if you employed three or four days in learning the five Orders of Architecture, with their general proportions; and you may know all that you need know of them in that time. Palladio's own book of Architecture is the best you can make use of for that purpose, skipping over the lowest mechanical parts of it, such as the materials, the cement, &c.

Mr Harte tells me, that your acquaintance with the Classics is renewed; the suspension of which has been so short, that I dare say it has produced no coldness. I hope, and believe, you are now so much master of them, that two hours every day, uninterruptedly, for a year or two more, will make you perfectly so; and I think you cannot now allot them a greater share than that of your time, considering the many other things you have to learn and to do. You must know how to speak and write Italian perfectly: you must learn some Logic, some Geometry, and some Astronomy; not to mention your Exercises, where they are to be learnt; and, above all, you must learn

the World, which is not soon learnt, and only to be learnt by frequenting good and various companies.

Consider, therefore, how precious every moment of time is to you now. The more you apply to your business, the more you will taste your pleasures. The exercise of the mind in the morning whets the appetite for the pleasures of the evening, as much as the exercise of the body whets the appetite for dinner. Business and pleasure, rightly understood, mutually assist each other; instead of being enemies, as silly or dull people often think them. No man tastes pleasures truly who does not earn them by previous business; and few people do business well, who do nothing else. Remember, that when I speak of pleasures, I always mean the elegant pleasures of a rational being, and not the brutal ones of a swine. I mean *la bonne Chere*, short of gluttony; Wine, infinitely short of Drunkenness; Play, without the least Gaming; and Gallantry, without Debauchery. There is a line in all these things, which men of sense, for greater security, take care to keep a good deal on the right side of: for sickness, pain, contempt, and infamy lie immediately on the other side of it. Men of sense and merit in all other respects, may have had some of these failings; but then those few examples, instead of inviting us to imitation, should only put us the more upon our guard against such weaknesses. Whoever thinks them fashionable will not be so himself: I have often known a fashionable man have some one vice; but I never in my life knew a vicious man a fashionable man. Vice is as degrading as it is criminal. God bless you, my dear child!

LETTER CLVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 10th, 1749.

LET us resume our reflections upon Men, their characters, their manners; in a word, our reflections upon the World. They may help you to form yourself, and to know others. A knowledge very useful at all ages, very rare at yours: it seems as if it were nobody's business to communicate it to young men. Their Masters teach them, singly, the languages or the sciences of their several departments; and are indeed generally incapable of teaching them the World: their Parents are often so too, or at least neglect doing it; either from avocations, indifference, or from an opinion, that throwing them into the world (as they call it) is the best way of teaching it them. This last

notion is in a great degree true; that is, the World can doubtless never be well known by theory; practice is absolutely necessary: but, surely, it is of great use to a young man, before he sets out for that country, full of mazes, windings, and turnings, to have at least a general map of it, made by some experienced traveller.

There is a certain dignity of Manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow, and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependant, and led captain. It gives your inferiors just but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit, and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever *is had* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of Manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address,

vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness, in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral character. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the το πρεπον, even though affected and put on! Pray read frequently, and with the utmost attention, nay, get by heart if you can, that incomparable chapter in Cicero's Offices, upon the το πρεπον, or the *Decorum*. It contains whatever is necessary for the dignity of Manners.

In my next I will send you a general map of Courts, a region yet unexplored by you, but which you are one day to inhabit. The ways are generally crooked and full of turnings, sometimes strewed with flowers, sometimes choked up with briars; rotten ground and deep pits frequently lie concealed under a smooth and pleasing surface: all the paths are slippery, and every slip is dangerous. Sense and discretion must accompany you at your first setting out; but, notwithstanding those, till experience is your guide, you will every now and then step out of your way, or stumble.

Lady Chesterfield has just now received your German letter, for which she thanks you; she says the language is very correct; and I can plainly see the character is well formed, not to say better than your English character. Continue to write

German frequently, that it may become quite familiar to you. Adieu.

LETTER CLIX.

DEAR BOY, London, August the 21st, O. S. 1719.

BY the last letter that I received from Mr Harte, of the 31st July, N. S., I suppose you are now either at Venice or Verona, and perfectly recovered of your late illness; which, I am daily more and more convinced, had no consumptive tendency: however, for some time still, *faites comme s'il y en avoit*, be regular, and live pectorally.

You will soon be at Courts, where, though you will not be concerned, yet reflection and observation upon what you see and hear there may be of use to you, when hereafter you may come to be concerned in Courts yourself. Nothing in Courts is exactly as it appears to be; often very different; sometimes directly contrary. Interest, which is the real spring of everything there, equally creates and dissolves friendships, produces and reconciles enmities; or, rather, allows of neither real friendships nor enmities; for, as Dryden very justly observes, *Politicians neither love nor hate.* This is so true, that you may think you connect yourself with two friends to-day, and be obliged, to-morrow, to make your option between them as enemies: observe, therefore, such a degree of reserve with your friends, as not to put yourself in their power, if they should become your enemies; and such a degree of moderation with your enemies, as not to make it impossible for them to become your friends.

Courts are, unquestionably, the seats of Politeness and Good Breeding; were they not so, they would be the seats of slaughter and desolation. Those who now smile upon, and embrace, would affront and stab each other, if Manners did not interpose: but Ambition and Avarice, the two prevailing passions at Courts, found Dissimulation more effectual than Violence; and Dissimulation introduced that habit of Politeness, which distinguishes the Courtier from the Country Gentleman. In the former case, the strongest body would prevail; in the latter, the strongest mind.

A man of parts and efficiency need not flatter everybody at Court; but he must take great care to offend nobody personally; it being in the power of very many to hurt him, who cannot serve him. Homer supposes a chain let down from

Jupiter to the earth, to connect him with Mortals. There is, at all Courts, a chain, which connects the Prince, or the Minister, with the Page of the back-stairs, or the Chambermaid. The King's Wife, or Mistress, has an influence over him; a Lover has an influence over her; the Chambermaid, or the Valet de Chambre, has an influence over both; and so *ad infinitum*. You must, therefore, not break a link of that chain, by which you hope to climb up to the Prince.

You must renounce Courts, if you will not connive at Knaves, and tolerate Fools. Their number makes them considerable. You should as little quarrel, as connect yourself with either.

Whatever you say or do at Court, you may depend upon it will be known; the business of most of those, who crowd levees and antechambers, being, to repeat all that they see or hear, and a great deal that they neither see nor hear, according as they are inclined to the persons concerned, or according to the wishes of those to whom they hope to make their court. Great caution is therefore necessary; and if, to great caution, you can join seeming frankness and openness, you will unite what *Machiavel* reckons very difficult, but very necessary to be united; *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti.*

Women are very apt to be mingled in Court intrigues; but they deserve attention better than confidence: to hold by them is a very precarious tenure.

I am agreeably interrupted in these reflections, by a letter which I have this moment received from Baron Firmian. It contains your panegyric, and with the strongest protestations imaginable, that he does you only justice. I received this favourable account of you with pleasure, and I communicate it to you with as much. While you deserve praise, it is reasonable you should know that you meet with it; and I make no doubt, but it will encourage you in persevering to deserve it. This is one paragraph of the Baron's letter. '*Ses mœurs dans un âge si tendre, reglées selon toutes les loix d'une morale exacte et sensée; son application* (that is what I like) *à tout ce qui s'appelle étude sérieuse, et Belles Lettres, éloignée de l'ombre même d'un Faste pédantesque, le rendent très digne de vos tendres soins; et j'ai l'honneur de vous assurer que chacun se louera beaucoup de son commerce aisé, et de son amitié: j'en ai profité avec plaisir ici et à Vienne, et je me crois très heureux de la permission, qu'il m'a accordée de la continuer par la voie de lettres:*'[1]—Reputation, like

[1] 'Notwithstanding his great youth, his Manners are regulated by the most unexceptionable rules of sense, and of morality. His application (*that*

health, is preserved and increased by the same means by which it is acquired. Continue to desire and deserve praise, and you will certainly find it: Knowledge, adorned by Manners, will infallibly procure it. Consider, that you have but a little way farther to get to your journey's end; therefore, for God's sake, do not slacken your pace: one year and a half more of sound application, Mr Harte assures me, will finish his work: and when his work is finished well, your own will be very easily done afterwards. *Les Manières et les Grâces*, are no immaterial parts of that work; and I beg that you will give as much of your attention to them as to your books. Everything depends upon them: *senza di noi ogni fatica è vana.*[1] The various companies you now go into, will procure them you, if you will carefully observe, and form yourself upon those who have them.

Adieu! God bless you! and may you ever deserve that affection with which I am now Yours!

LETTER CLX.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 5th, O. S. 1749.

I HAVE received yours from Lanbach, of the 17th of August, N. S., with the enclosed for Comte Lascaris; which I have given him, and with which he is extremely pleased, as I am with your account of Carniola. I am very glad that you attend to, and inform yourself of the political objects of the countries you go through. Trade and Manufactures are very considerable, not to say the most important ones: for, though Armies and Navies are the shining marks of the strength of countries, they would be very ill paid, and consequently fight very ill, if manufactures and commerce did not support them. You have certainly observed in Germany, the inefficiency of great Powers, with great tracts of country, and swarms of men; which are absolutely useless, if not paid by other Powers, who have the resources of manufactures and commerce. This we have lately experienced to be the case of the two Empresses of

is what I like) to every kind of serious study, as well as to polite literature, without even the least appearance of ostentatious pedantry, render him worthy of your most tender affection; and I have the honour of assuring you, that every one cannot but be pleased with the acquisition of his acquaintance, or of his friendship. I have profited of it, both here and at Vienna; and shall esteem myself very happy to make use of the permission he has given me of continuing it by letter.'

[1] Without us all labour is vain.

Germany and Russia:[1] England, France, and Spain must pay their respective allies, or they may as well be without them.

I have not the least objection to your taking, into the bargain, the observation of natural curiosities: they are very welcome, provided they do not take up the room of better things. But the forms of government, the maxims of policy, the strength or weakness, the trade and commerce, of the several countries you see or hear of, are the important objects, which I recommend to your most minute inquiries, and most serious attention. I thought that the Republic of Venice had, by this time, laid aside that silly and frivolous piece of policy, of endeavouring to conceal their form of government; which anybody may know, pretty nearly, by taking the pains to read four or five books, which explain all the great parts of it; and as for some of the little wheels of that machine, the knowledge of them would be as little useful to others, as dangerous to themselves. Their best policy (I can tell them) is to keep quiet, and to offend no one great Power, by joining with another. Their escape after the *Ligue of Cambray* should prove a useful lesson to them.

I am glad you frequent the assemblies at Venice. Have you seen Monsieur and Madame Capello; and how did they receive you? Let me know who are the Ladies whose houses you frequent the most. Have you seen the Comtesse d'Orselska, Princess of Holstein? Is Comte Algarotti, who was the *tenant* there, at Venice.

You will, in many parts of Italy, meet with numbers of the Pretender's people (English, Scotch, and Irish fugitives) especially at Rome, and probably the Pretender himself. It is none of your business to declare war on these people; as little as it is your interest, or, I hope, your inclination, to connect yourself with them: and therefore I recommend to you a perfect neutrality. Avoid them as much as you can with decency and good manners; but, when you cannot avoid any political conversation or debates with them, tell them that you do not concern yourself with political matters; that you are neither a maker nor a deposer of Kings; that, when you left England, you left a King in it, and have not since heard either of his death, or of any revolution that has happened, and that you take Kings and Kingdoms as you find them: but enter no further into matters with them, which can be of no use, and might bring on heat and quarrels. When you speak of the old Pretender, you will call him only, the Chevalier de St George; but mention him as seldom as possible. Should he chance to speak to you

[1] Maria Theresa and Elizabeth of Russia.

at any assembly (as, I am told, he sometimes does to the English), be sure that you seem not to know him; and answer him civilly, but always either in French or in Italian; and give him, in the former, the appellation of *Monsieur*, and in the latter of *Signore*. Should you meet with the Cardinal of York, you will be under no difficulty, for he has, as Cardinal, an undoubted right to *Eminenza*. Upon the whole, see any of those people as little as possible; when you do see them, be civil to them, upon the footing of strangers; but never be drawn into any altercations with them, about the imaginary right of their King, as they call him.

It is to no sort of purpose to talk to those people of the natural rights of mankind, and the particular constitution of this country. Blinded by prejudices, soured by misfortunes, and tempted by their necessities, they are as incapable of reasoning rightly, as they have hitherto been of acting wisely. The late Lord Pembroke never would know anything that he had not a mind to know; and, in this case, I advise you to follow his example. Never know either the father or the two sons, any otherwise than as foreigners; and so not knowing their pretensions you have no occasion to dispute them.

I can never help recommending to you the utmost attention and care, to acquire *les Manières, la Tournure, et les Grâces d'un Galant Homme, et d'un Homme de Cour.*[1] They should appear in every look, in every action; in your address, and even in your dress, if you would either please or rise in the world. That you may do both (and both are in your power) is most ardently wished you, by Yours.

P. S. I made Comte Lascaris show me your letter, which I liked very well: the style was easy and natural, and the French pretty correct. There were so few faults in the orthography, that a little more observation of the best French authors will make you a correct master of that necessary language.

I will not conceal from you, that I have lately had extraordinary good accounts of you, from an unsuspected and judicious person; who promises me that, with a little more of the world, your Manners and Address will equal your Knowledge. This is the more pleasing to me, as those were the two articles of which I was the most doubtful. These commendations will not, I am persuaded, make you vain and coxcomical, but only encourage you to go on the right way.

[1] The carriage, the elegance, and the graces of a finished gentleman and courtier.

LETTER CLXI.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 12th, O. S. 1749.

IT seems extraordinary, but it is very true, that my anxiety for you increases in proportion to the good accounts which I receive of you from all hands. I promise myself so much from you, that I dread the least disappointment. You are now so near the port, which I have so long wished and laboured to bring you into, that my concern would be doubled should you be shipwrecked within sight of it. The object, therefore, of this letter is (laying aside all the authority of a parent), to conjure you as a friend, by the affection you have for me (and surely you have reason to have some), and by the regard you have for yourself, to go on, with assiduity and attention, to complete that work, which, of late, you have carried on so well, and which is now so near being finished. My wishes, and my plan, were to make you shine, and distinguish yourself equally in the learned and the polite world. Few have been able to do it. Deep learning is generally tainted with pedantry, or at least unadorned by manners; as, on the other hand, polite manners, and the turn of the world, are too often unsupported by knowledge, and consequently end contemptibly in the frivolous dissipation of drawing-rooms and *ruelles*.[1] You are now got over the dry and difficult parts of learning; what remains requires much more time than trouble. You have lost time by your illness; you must regain it now or never. I therefore most earnestly desire, for your own sake, that for these next six months, at least six hours every morning, uninterruptedly, may be inviolably sacred to your studies with Mr Harte. I do not know whether he will require so much, but I know that I do, and hope you will, and consequently prevail with him to give you that time: I own it is a good deal; but when both you and he consider, that the work will be so much better and so much sooner done, by such an assiduous and continued application, you will neither of you think it too much, and each will find his account in it. So much for the mornings which, from your own good sense, and Mr Harte's tenderness and care of you, will, I am sure, be thus well employed. It is not only reasonable, but useful, too, that your evenings should be devoted to amusements and pleasures; and therefore I not only allow, but recommend, that they should be employed at assemblies,

[1] Receptions in the bed-rooms of fashionable ladies.

balls, *spectacles*, and in the best companies; with this restriction only, that the consequences of the evening's diversions may not break in upon the morning's studies, by breakfastings, visits, and idle parties into the country. At your age, you need not be ashamed, when any of these morning parties are proposed, to say you must beg to be excused, for you are obliged to devote your mornings to Mr Harte; that I will have it so; and that you dare not do otherwise. Lay it all upon me, though I am persuaded it will be as much your own inclination as it is mine. But those frivolous, idle people, whose time hangs upon their own hands, and who desire to make others lose theirs too, are not to be reasoned with; and indeed it would be doing them too much honour. The shortest civil answers are the best; *I cannot, I dare not*, instead of *I will not*; for, if you were to enter with them into the necessity of study, and the usefulness of knowledge, it would only furnish them with matter for their silly jests; which, though I would not have you mind, I would not have you invite. I will suppose you at Rome, studying six hours interruptedly with Mr Harte, every morning, and passing your evenings with the best company of Rome, observing their manners and forming your own; and I will suppose a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another, supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each other's lodgings; commonly in riots and scrapes when drunk; and never in good company when sober. I will take one of these pretty fellows, and give you the dialogue between him and yourself; such as I dare say it will be on his side, and such as I hope it will be on yours.

Englishman. Will you come and breakfast with me to-morrow; there will be four or five of our countrymen; we have provided chaises, and we will drive somewhere out of town after breakfast?

Stanhope. I am very sorry I cannot, but I am obliged to be at home all morning.

Englishman. Why, then, we will come and breakfast with you.

Stanhope. I can't do that neither, I am engaged.

Englishman. Well, then, let it be the next day.

Stanhope. To tell you the truth, it can be no day in the morning, for I neither go out nor see anybody at home before twelve.

Englishman. And what the devil do you do with yourself till twelve o'clock?

Stanhope. I am not by myself I am with Mr Harte.

Englishman. Then what the devil do you do with him?

Stanhope. We study different things; we read, we converse.

Englishman. Very pretty amusement indeed! Are you to take Orders, then?

Stanhope. Yes, my father's orders, I believe, I must take.

Englishman. Why, hast thou no more spirit than to mind an old fellow a thousand miles off?

Stanhope. If I don't mind his orders he won't mind my draughts.

Englishman. What, does the old prig threaten, then? threatened folks live long; never mind threats.

Stanhope. No, I can't say that he has ever threatened me in his life; but I believe I had best not provoke him.

Englishman. Pooh! you would have one angry letter from the old fellow, and there would be an end of it.

Stanhope. You mistake him mightily; he always does more than he says. He has never been angry with me yet, that I remember, in his life; but if I were to provoke him I am sure he would never forgive me; he would be coolly immoveable, and I might beg and pray, and write my heart out to no purpose.

Englishman. Why, then, he is an old dog, that's all I can say; and pray, are you to obey your dry-nurse too, this same, what's his name—Mr Harte?

Stanhope. Yes.

Englishman. So he stuffs you all morning with Greek, and Latin, and Logic, and all that. Egad, I have a dry-nurse, too, but I never looked into a book with him in my life; I have not so much as seen the face of him this week, and don't care a louse if I never see it again.

Stanhope. My dry-nurse never desires anything of me that is not reasonable and for my own good, and therefore I like to be with him.

Englishman. Very sententious and edifying, upon my word! at this rate you will be reckoned a very good young man.

Stanhope. Why, that will do me no harm.

Englishman. Will you be with us to-morrow in the evening, then? We shall be ten with you, and I have got some excellent good wine, and we'll be very merry.

Stanhope. I am very much obliged to you, but I am engaged for all the evening to-morrow; first at Cardinal Albani's, and then to sup at the Venetian Embassadress's.

Englishman. How the devil can you like being always with these foreigners? I never go amongst them, with all their

formalities and ceremonies. I am never easy in company with them, and I don't know why, but I am ashamed.

Stanhope. I am neither ashamed nor afraid; I am very easy with them; they are very easy with me; I get the language, and I see their characters by conversing with them; and that is what we are sent abroad for. Is it not?

Englishman. I hate your modest women's company; your women of fashion, as they call 'em. I don't know what to say to them, for my part.

Stanhope. Have you ever conversed with them?

Englishman. No. I never conversed with them; but I have been sometimes in their company, though much against my will.

Stanhope. But at least they have done you no hurt, which is, probably, more than you can say of the women you do converse with.

Englishman. That's true, I own; but for all that, I would rather keep company with my surgeon half the year than with your women of fashion the year round.

Stanhope. Tastes are different, you know, and every man follows his own.

Englishman. That's true; but thine's a devilish odd one, Stanhope. All morning with thy dry-nurse, all the evening in formal fine company, and all day long afraid of old Daddy in England. Thou art a queer fellow, and I am afraid there's nothing to be made of thee.

Stanhope. I am afraid so too.

Englishman. Well then, good-night to you; you have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be.

Stanhope. Not in the least; nor to your being sick to-morrow, which you as certainly will be; and so good-night too.

You will observe that I have not put into your mouth those good arguments which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you, as piety and affection towards me, regard and friendship for Mr Harte, respect for your own moral character, and for all the relative duties of Man, Son, Pupil, and Citizen. Such solid arguments would be thrown away upon such shallow puppies. Leave them to their ignorance, and to their dirty, disgraceful vices. They will severely feel the effects of them, when it will be too late. Without the comfortable refuge of learning, and with all the sickness and pains of a ruined stomach, and a rotten carcass, if they happen to arrive at old

age, it is an uneasy and ignominious one. The ridicule which such fellows endeavour to throw upon those who are not like them is, in the opinion of all men of sense, the most authentic panegyric. Go on, then, my dear child, in the way you are in, only for a year and half more; that is all I ask of you. After that, I promise that you shall be your own master, and that I will pretend to no other title than that of your best and truest friend. You shall receive advice, but no orders, from me; and in truth you will want no other advice but such as youth and inexperience must necessarily require. You shall certainly want nothing that is requisite, not only for your convenience, but also for your pleasures, which I always desire should be gratified. You will suppose that I mean the pleasures *d'un honnête homme*.

While you are learning Italian, which I hope you do with diligence, pray take care to continue your German, which you may have frequent opportunities of speaking; I would also have you keep up your knowledge of the *Jus Publicum Imperii*, by looking over now and then those *inestimable manuscripts* which Sir Charles Williams, who arrived here last week, assures me you have made upon that subject. It will be of very great use to you when you come to be concerned in foreign affairs, as you shall be (if you qualify yourself for them) younger than ever any other was; I mean, before you are twenty. Sir Charles tells me that he will answer for your learning, and that he believes you will acquire that address and those graces which are so necessary to give it its full lustre and value. But he confesses that he doubts more of the latter than of the former. The justice which he does Mr Harte, in his panegyrics of him, makes me hope that there is likewise a great deal of truth in his encomiums of you. Are you pleased with and proud of the reputation which you have already acquired? Surely you are, for I am sure I am. Will you do anything to lessen or forfeit it? Surely you will not. And will you not do all you can to extend and increase it? Surely you will. It is only going on for a year and a half longer, as you have gone on for the two years last past, and devoting half the day only to application; and you will be sure to make the earliest figure and fortune in the world that ever man made. Adieu.

LETTER CLXII.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 22nd, O. S. 1749.

IF I had faith in philters and love potions, I should suspect that you had given Sir Charles Williams some, by the manner in which he speaks of you, not only to me, but to everybody else. I will not repeat to you what he says of the extent and correctness of your knowledge, as it might either make you vain, or persuade you that you had already enough of what nobody can have too much. You will easily imagine how many questions I asked, and how narrowly I sifted him upon your subject; he answered me, and I dare say with truth, just as I could have wished; till, satisfied entirely with his accounts of your character and learning, I inquired into other matters, intrinsically indeed of less consequence, but still of great consequence to every man, and of more to you than to almost any man; I mean your address, manners, and air. To these questions, the same truth which he had observed before, obliged him to give me much less satisfactory answers. And, as he thought himself, in friendship both to you and me, obliged to tell me the disagreeable, as well as the agreeable truths, upon the same principle I think myself obliged to repeat them to you.

He told me, then, that in company you were frequently most *provokingly* inattentive, absent, and *distrait*. That you came into a room and presented yourself very awkwardly; that at table you constantly threw down knives, forks, napkins, bread, &c., and that you neglected your person and dress, to a degree unpardonable at any age, and much more so at yours.

These things, how immaterial soever they may seem to people who do not know the world and the nature of mankind, give me, who know them to be exceedingly material, very great concern. I have long distrusted you, and therefore frequently admonished you, upon these articles; and I tell you plainly that I shall not be easy till I hear a very different account of them. I know no one thing more offensive to a company than that inattention and *distraction*. It is showing them the utmost contempt, and people never forget contempt. No man is *distrait* with the man he fears, or the woman he loves; which is a proof that every man can get the better of that *distraction* when he thinks it worth his while to do so; and, take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part, I would rather be in company with a dead man than with an absent one; for if the dead man gives me no

pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt; whereas the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which, if I were they, I would not) and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is in truth a practical blunder to address ourselves to a man, who we see plainly neither hears, minds, nor understands us. Moreover, I aver that no man is, in any degree, fit for either business or conversation, who cannot, and does not, direct and command his attention to the present object, be that what it will. You know by experience that I grudge no expense in your education, but I will positively not keep you a Flapper. You may read in Dr Swift the description of these Flappers, and the use they were of to your friends the Laputans, whose minds (Gulliver says) are so taken up with intense speculations that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason those people who are able to afford it always keep a Flapper in their family as one of their domestics, nor ever walk about or make visits without him. This Flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give a soft flap upon his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and, in the streets, of jostling others, or being jostled into the kennel himself. If *Christian* will undertake this province into the bargain, with all my heart, but I will not allow him any increase of wages upon that score. In short, I give you fair warning that when we meet, if you are absent in mind, I will soon be absent in body, for it will be impossible for me to stay in the room; and if at table you throw down your knife, plate, bread, &c., and hack the wing of a chicken for half an hour without being able to cut it off, and your sleeve all the time in another dish, I must rise from table to escape the fever you would certainly give me. Good God! how I should be shocked if you came into my room for the first time with two left legs, presenting yourself with all the graces and dignity of a Tailor, and your clothes hanging upon you like those in Monmouth-street, upon tenter-hooks! whereas I expect, nay, require to see you present yourself with the easy and genteel air of a Man of Fashion who has kept good

company. I expect you not only well dressed, but very well dressed: I expect a gracefulness in all your motions, and something particularly engaging in your address. All this I expect, and all this is in your power, by care and attention, to make me find; but to tell you the plain truth, if I do not find it, we shall not converse very much together, for I cannot stand inattention and awkwardness; it would endanger my health. You have often seen, and I have as often made you observe, L * * 's distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up, like a Laputan, in intense thought, and possibly sometimes in no thought at all; which I believe is very often the case of absent people; he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them as if he were at cross-purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them: his legs and arms, by his awkward management of them, seem to have undergone the *Question extraordinaire;* and his head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. I sincerely value and esteem him for his Parts, Learning, and Virtue; but for the soul of me I cannot love him in company. This will be universally the case in common life, of every inattentive, awkward man, let his real merit and knowledge be ever so great. When I was of your age I desired to shine, as far as I was able, in every part of life; and was as attentive to my Manners, my Dress, and my Air, in company on evenings, as to my Books and my Tutor in the mornings. A young fellow should be ambitious to shine in everything; and, of the two, always rather overdo than underdo. These things are by no means trifles; they are of infinite consequence to those who are to be thrown into the great world, and who would make a figure or a fortune in it. It is not sufficient to deserve well; one must please well too. Awkward, disagreeable merit will never carry anybody far. Wherever you find a good dancing-master, pray let him put you upon your haunches; not so much for the sake of dancing, as for coming into a room, and presenting yourself genteelly and gracefully. Women, whom you ought to endeavour to please, cannot forgive a vulgar and awkward air and gestures; *il leur faut du brillant.* The generality of men are pretty like them, and are equally taken by the same exterior graces.

I am very glad that you have received the diamond buckles safe: all I desire, in return for them, is, that they may be buckled even upon your feet, and that your stockings may not

hide them. I should be sorry you were an egregious fop; but I protest that, of the two, I would rather have you a Fop than a Sloven. I think negligence in my own dress, even at my age, when certainly I expect no advantages from my dress, would be indecent with regard to others. I have done with fine clothes; but I will have my plain clothes fit me, and made like other people's. In the evenings, I recommend to you the company of women of fashion, who have a right to attention, and will be paid it. Their company will smooth your manners, and give you a habit of attention and respect; of which you will find the advantage among men.

My plan for you, from the beginning, has been to make you shine, equally in the learned and in the polite world; the former part is almost completed to my wishes, and will, I am persuaded, in a little time more, be quite so. The latter part is still in your power to complete; and I flatter myself that you will do it, or else the former part will avail you very little, especially in your department, where the exterior address and graces do half the business; they must be the harbingers of your merit, or your merit will be very coldly received: all can and do judge of the former, few of the latter.

Mr Harte tells me that you have grown very much since your illness: if you get up to five feet ten, or even nine, inches, your figure will, probably, be a good one; and, if well dressed and genteel, will probably please, which is a much greater advantage to a man than people commonly think. Lord Bacon calls it a letter of recommendation.

I would wish you to be the *omnis homo*, *l'homme universel*. You are nearer it, if you please, than ever anybody was at your age; and if you will but, for the course of this next year only, exert your whole attention to your studies in the mornings, and to your address, manners, air, and *tournure*, in the evenings, you will be the man I wish you, and the man that is rarely seen.

Our letters go, at best, so irregularly, and so often miscarry totally, that, for greater security, I repeat the same things. So, though I acknowledge by last post Mr Harte's letter of the 8th September, N. S., I acknowledge it again by this to you. If this should find you still at Verona, let it inform you that I wish you would set out soon for Naples, unless Mr Harte should think it better for you to stay at Verona, or any other place on this side Rome, till you go there for the Jubilee. Nay, if he likes it better, I am very willing that you should go directly from Verona to Rome; for you cannot have too much

of Rome, whether upon account of the language, the curiosities, or the company. My only reason for mentioning Naples is for the sake of the climate, upon account of your health; but if Mr Harte thinks your health is now so well restored as to be above climate, he may steer your course wherever he thinks proper; and, for aught I know, your going directly to Rome, and consequently staying there so much the longer, may be as well as anything else. I think you and I cannot put our affairs in better hands than in Mr Harte's; and I will take his infallibility against the Pope's, with some odds on his side. *A propos* of the Pope; remember to be presented to him before you leave Rome, and go through the necessary ceremonies for it, whether of kissing his slipper or his b—h; for I would never deprive myself of anything that I wanted to do or see, by refusing to comply with an established custom. When I was in Catholic countries, I never declined kneeling in their churches at the elevation, nor elsewhere, when the Host went by. It is a complaisance due to the custom of the place, and by no means, as some silly people have imagined, an implied approbation of their doctrine. Bodily attitudes and situations are things so very indifferent in themselves, that I would quarrel with nobody about them. It may, indeed, be improper for Mr Harte to pay that tribute of complaisance, upon account of his character.

This letter is a very long, and possibly a very tedious one, but my anxiety for your perfection is so great, and particularly at this critical and decisive period of your life, that I am only afraid of omitting, but never of repeating, or dwelling too long upon anything that I think may be of the least use to you. Have the same anxiety for yourself that I have for you, and all will do well. Adieu! my dear child.

LETTER CLXIII.

DEAR BOY, London, September the 27th, O. S. 1749.

A VULGAR, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The

various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes, he both supports and adorns that opinion by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that *what is one man's Meat is another man's Poison.* If anybody attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them *Tit for Tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being, which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth;* he is *obleiged* not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards* and not towards such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms, uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce

properly; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word), loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched something, at least, of their air and motions. A new raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous encumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les Grâces, le je ne sais quoi, qui plaît,[1] are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge, as the polish is to the diamond, which, without that polish, would never be worn, whatever it might weigh. Do not imagine that these accomplishments are only useful with women; they are much more so with men. In a public assembly, what an advantage has a graceful speaker, with genteel motions, a handsome figure, and a liberal air, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but destitute of these ornaments! In business, how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them! By the help of these I have known some men refuse favours less offensively than others granted them. The utility of them in Courts, and Negotiations, is inconceivable. You gain the hearts and consequently the secrets, of nine in ten that you have to do with,

[1] A carriage at once dignified and easy, the elegance of a man of quality, the style common in good society, the graces, that undefinable something which gives pleasure.

in spite even of their prudence, which will, nine times in ten, be the dupe of their hearts, and of their senses. Consider the importance of these things as they deserve, and you will not lose one moment in the pursuit of them.

You are travelling now in a country once so famous both for arts and arms, that (however degenerated at present) it still deserves your attention and reflection. View it therefore with care, compare its former with its present state, and examine into the causes of its rise, and its decay. Consider it classically and politically, and do not run through it, as too many of your young countrymen do, musically, and (to use a ridiculous word) *knick-knackically*. No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible *Intaglios* and *Cameos:* and do not become a Virtuoso of small wares. Form a taste of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, if you please, by a careful examination of the works of the best ancient and modern artists; those are liberal arts, and a real taste and knowledge of them become a man of fashion very well. But, beyond certain bounds, the Man of Taste ends, and the frivolous Virtuoso begins.

Your friend Mendes, the good Samaritan, dined with me yesterday. He has more good nature and generosity than parts. However, I will show him all the civilities that his kindness to you so justly deserves; he tells me that you are taller than I am, which I am very glad of. I desire you may excel me in everything else too; and, far from repining, I shall rejoice at your superiority. He commends your friend Mr Stevens extremely; of whom, too, I have heard so good a character from other people, that I am very glad of your connection with him. It may prove of use to you hereafter. When you meet with such sort of Englishmen abroad, who, either from their parts or their rank, are likely to make a figure at home, I would advise you to cultivate them, and get their favourable testimony of you here, especially those who are to return to England before you. Sir Charles Williams has puffed you (as the mob called it) here extremely. If three or four more people of parts do the same, before you come back, your first appearance in London will be to great advantage. Many people do, and indeed ought, to take things upon trust; many more do who need not; and few dare dissent from an established opinion. Adieu.

LETTER CLXIV.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 2nd, O. S. 1749.

I RECEIVED by the last post your letter of the 22nd September, N. S., but I have not received that from Mr Harte, to which you refer, and which, you say, contained your reasons for leaving Verona, and returning to Venice; so that I am entirely ignorant of them. Indeed, the irregularity and negligence of the post provoke me, as they break the thread of the accounts I want to receive from you, and of the instructions and orders which I send you almost every post. Of these last twenty posts, I am sure that I have wrote eighteen, either to you or to Mr Harte, and it does not appear, by your letter, that all, or even any, of my letters have been received. I desire, for the future, that both you and Mr Harte will, constantly, in your letters, mention the dates of mine. Had it not been for their miscarriage, you would not have been in the uncertainty you seem to be in at present, with regard to your future motions. Had you received my letters, you would have been by this time at Naples: but we must, now, take things where they are.

Upon the receipt, then, of this letter, you will, as soon as conveniently you can, set out for Rome, where you will not arrive too long before the Jubilee, considering the difficulties of getting lodgings and other accommodations there at this time. I leave the choice of the *route* to you; but I do by no means intend that you should leave Rome after the Jubilee, as you seem to hint in your letter; on the contrary, I will have Rome your head-quarters for six months, at least; till you shall have in a manner acquired the *Jus Civitatis* there. More things are to be seen and learned there than in any other town in Europe; there are the best masters to instruct, and the best companies to polish you. In the spring you may make (if you please) frequent excursions to Naples; but Rome must still be your head-quarters, till the heats of June drive you from thence to some other place in Italy, which we shall think of by that time. As to the expense which you mention, I do not regard it in the least; from your infancy to this day, I never grudged any expense in your education, and still less do it now, that it is become more important and decisive. I attend to the objects of your expenses, but not to the sums. I will certainly not pay one shilling for your losing your nose, your money, or your reason; that is, I will not contribute to women, gaming, and drink-

ing. But I will most cheerfully supply, not only every necessary, but every decent expense you can make. I do not care what the best masters cost. I would have you as well dressed, lodged, and attended, as any reasonable man of fashion is in his travels. I would have you have that pocket-money that should enable you to make the proper expense, *d'un honnête homme*. In short, I bar no expense, that has neither vice nor folly for its object; and under those two reasonable restrictions, draw and welcome.

As for Turin, you may go there hereafter, as a traveller, for a month or two; but you cannot conveniently reside there as an academician, for reasons which I have formerly communicated to Mr Harte, and which Mr Villettes, since his return here, has shown me in a still stronger light than he had done by his letters from Turin, of which I sent copies to Mr Harte, though probably he never received them.

After you have left Rome, Florence is one of the places with which you should be thoroughly acquainted. I know that there is a great deal of gaming there; but, at the same time, there are, in every place, some people whose fortunes are either too small, or whose understandings are too good, to allow them to play for anything above trifles; and with those people you will associate yourself, if you have not (as I am assured you have not, in the least) the spirit of gaming in you. Moreover, at suspected places, such as Florence, Turin, and Paris, I shall be more attentive to your draughts, and such as exceed a proper and handsome expense will not be answered; for I can easily know whether you game or not, without being told.

Mr Harte will determine your *route* to Rome as he shall think best: whether along the coast of the Adriatic, or that of the Mediterranean, it is equal to me; but you will observe to come back a different way from that you went.

Since your health is so well restored, I am not sorry that you are returned to Venice, for I love Capitals. Everything is best at Capitals; the best masters, the best companies, and the best manners. Many other places are worth seeing, but Capitals only are worth residing at. I am very glad that Madame Capello received you so well; Monsieur, I was sure, would: pray assure them both of my respects, and of my sensibility of their kindness to you. Their house will be a very good one for you at Rome; and I would advise you to be domestic in it, if you can. But Madame, I can tell you, requires great attentions. Madame Micheli has written a very favourable account of you to my friend, the Abbé Grossa Testa, in a letter, which he showed me, and in which there are so many civil things to

myself, that I would wish to tell her how much I think myself obliged to her. I approve very much of the allotment of your time at Venice; pray go on so, for a twelvemonth at least, wherever you are. You will find your own account in it.

I like your last letter, which gives me an account of yourself, and your own transactions; for, though I do not recommend the *egotism* to you, with regard to anybody else, I desire that you will use it with me, and with me only. I interest myself in all that you do; and as yet (excepting Mr Harte) nobody else does. He must of course know all, and I desire to know a great deal.

I am glad you have received, and that you like, the diamond buckles. I am very willing that you should make, but very unwilling that you should *cut*, a figure with them at the Jubilee, the *cutting a figure* being the very lowest vulgarism in the English language; and equal in elegancy to Yes, my Lady, and No, my Lady. The words *vast* and *vastly*, you will have found by my former letter, that I had proscribed out of the diction of a gentleman, unless in their proper signification of *size* and *bulk*. Not only in language, but in everything else, take great care that the first impressions you give of yourself may be not only favourable, but pleasing, engaging, nay, seducing. They are often decisive; I confess they are a good deal so with me: and I cannot wish for farther acquaintance with a man whose first *abord* and address displease me.

So many of my letters have miscarried, and I know so little which, that I am forced to repeat the same thing over and over again eventually. This is one. I have wrote twice to Mr Harte, to have your picture drawn in miniature, while you were at Venice, and to send it me in a letter: it is all one to me whether in enamel or in water-colours, provided it is but very like you. I would have you drawn exactly as you are, and in no whimsical dress. I lay more stress upon the likeness of the picture, than upon the taste and skill of the painter. If this be not already done, I desire that you will have it done forthwith, before you leave Venice; and enclose it in a letter to me; which letter, for greater security, I would have you desire Sir James Gray to enclose in his packet to the office; as I, for the same reason, send this under his cover. If the picture be done upon vellum, it will be the most portable. Send me, at the same time, a thread or silk of your own length, exactly. I am solicitous about your figure; convinced, by a thousand instances, that a good one is a real advantage. *Mens sana in corpore sano*[1] is the first and greatest blessing. I would add, *et*

[1] A healthy mind in a healthy body.

pulchro,[1] to complete it. May you have that, and every other! Adieu.

Have you received my letters of recommendation to Cardinal Albani, and the Duke de Nivernois, at Rome?

LETTER CLXV.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 9th, O. S. 1749.

IF this letter finds you at all, of which I am very doubtful, it will find you at Venice, preparing for your journey to Rome; which, by my last letter to Mr Harte, I advised you to make along the coast of the Adriatic, through Rimini, Loretto, Ancona, &c., places that are all worth seeing, but are not worth staying at. And such I reckon all places, where the eyes only are employed. Remains of antiquity, public buildings, paintings, sculptures, &c., ought to be seen, and that with a proper degree of attention; but this is soon done, for they are only outsides. It is not so with more important objects; the insides of which must be seen; and they require and deserve much more attention. The Characters, the Heads, and the Hearts of men, are the useful science of which I would have you perfect master. That science is best taught and best learnt in Capitals, where every human passion has its object, and exerts all its force or all its art in the pursuit. I believe there is no place in the world, where every passion is busier, appears in more shapes, and is conducted with more art, than at Rome. Therefore, when you are there, do not imagine that the Capitol, the Vatican, and the Pantheon, are the principal objects of your curiosity. But, for one minute that you bestow upon those, employ ten days in informing yourself of the nature of that government, the rise and decay of the Papal power, the politics of that Court, the *Brigues*[2] of the Cardinals, the tricks of the Conclaves; and, in general, everything that relates to the interior of that extraordinary government; founded originally upon the ignorance and superstition of mankind, extended by the weakness of some Princes, and the ambition of others; declining of late, in proportion as knowledge has increased; and owing its present precarious security not to the religion, the affection, or the fear, of the Temporal Powers, but to the jealousy of each other. The Pope's Excommunications are no longer dreaded;

[1] And in a handsome one. [2] Cabals.

his Indulgences little solicited, and sell very cheap; and his territories, formidable to no Power, are coveted by many, and will, most undoubtedly, within a century, be scantled out among the great Powers who have now a footing in Italy, whenever they can agree upon the division of the Bear's skin. Pray inform yourself thoroughly of the history of the Popes and of the Popedom; which, for many centuries, is interwoven with the History of all Europe. Read the best authors who treat of these matters, and especially *Frà Paolo, de Beneficiis*, a short, but very material book. You will find at Rome some of all the religious Orders in the Christian world. Inform yourself carefully of their origin, their founders, their rules, their reforms, and even their dresses: get acquainted with some of all of them, but particularly with the Jesuits, whose Society I look upon to be the most able and best governed Society in the world. Get acquainted, if you can, with their General, who always resides at Rome; and who, though he has no seeming power out of his own Society, has (it may be) more real influence over the whole world, than any temporal Prince in it. They have almost engrossed the education of youth. They are, in general, Confessors to most of the Princes of Europe; and they are the principal Missionaries out of it: which three articles give them a most extensive influence, and solid advantages; witness their settlement in Paraguay. The Catholics, in general, declaim against that Society; and yet are all governed by individuals of it. They have, by turns, been banished, and with infamy, almost every country in Europe; and have always found means to be restored, even with triumph. In short, I know no government in the world that is carried on upon such deep principles of policy, I will not add morality. Converse with them, frequent them, court them; but know them.

Inform yourself too of that infernal Court, the Inquisition; which, though not so considerable at Rome as in Spain and Portugal, will, however, be a good sample to you of what the villany of some men can contrive, the folly of others receive, and both together establish; in spite of the first natural principles of reason, justice, and equity.

These are the proper and useful objects of the attention of a man of sense, when he travels; and these are the objects for which I have sent you abroad; and I hope you will return thoroughly informed of them.

I receive, this very moment, Mr Harte's letter of the 1st October, N. S., but I have never received his former, to which he refers in this, and you refer in your last; in which he gave

me the reasons for your leaving Verona so soon: nor have I ever received that letter in which your case was stated by your physicians. Letters to and from me have worse luck than other people's; for you have written to me, and I to you, for these last three months, by way of Germany, with as little success as before.

I am edified with your morning applications, and your evening gallantries, at Venice, of which Mr Harte gives me an account. Pray go on with both, there, and afterwards at Rome; where, provided you arrive in the beginning of December, you may stay at Venice as much longer as you please.

Make my compliments to Sir James Gray and Mr Smith, with my acknowledgments for the great civilities they show you.

I wrote to Mr Harte by the last post, October the 6th, O. S., and will write to him in a post or two, upon the contents of his last. Adieu! *Point de distractions*, and remember the *Graces*.

LETTER CLXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 17th, O. S. 1749.

I HAVE, at last, received Mr Harte's letter of the 19th September, N. S., from Verona. Your reasons for leaving that place were very good ones; and, as you staid there long enough to see what was to be seen, Venice (as a Capital) is, in my opinion, a much better place for your residence. Capitals are always the seats of Arts and Sciences, and the best companies. I have stuck to them all my lifetime, and I advise you to do so too.

You will have received, in my three or four last letters, my directions for your further motions to another Capital, where I propose that your stay shall be pretty considerable. The expense, I am well aware, will be so too; but that, as I told you before, will have no weight, when your improvement and advantage are in the other scale. I do not care a groat what it is, if neither Vice nor Folly are the objects of it, and if Mr Harte gives his sanction.

I am very well pleased with your account of Carniola: those are the kind of objects worthy of your inquiries and knowledge. The Produce, the Taxes, the Trade, the Manufactures, the Strength, the Weakness, the Government, of the several countries, which a man of sense travels through, are the material

points to which he attends; and leaves the Steeples, the Market-places, and the Signs, to the laborious and curious researches of Dutch and German travellers.

Mr Harte tells me, that he intends to give you, by means of Signor Vicentini, a general notion of Civil and Military Architecture, with which I am very well pleased. They are frequent subjects of conversation; and it is very right that you should have some idea of the latter, and a good taste of the former; and you may very soon learn as much as you need know of either. If you read about one-third of Palladio's Book of Architecture, with some skilful person, and then, with that person, examine the best buildings by those rules, you will know the different proportions of the different Orders; the several diameters of their columns; their intercolumniations, their several uses, &c. The Corinthian Order is chiefly used in magnificent buildings, where ornament and decoration are the principal objects; the Doric is calculated for strength; and the Ionic partakes of the Doric strength and of the Corinthian ornaments. The Composite and the Tuscan Orders are more modern, and were unknown to the Greeks: the one is too light, and the other too clumsy. You may soon be acquainted with the considerable parts of Civil Architecture; and for the minute and mechanical parts of it, leave them to masons, bricklayers, and Lord Burlington, who has, to a certain degree, lessened himself, by knowing them too well. Observe the same method as to Military Architecture: understand the terms, know the general rules, and then see them in execution with some skilful person. Go with some Engineer or old Officer, and view, with care, the real fortifications of some strong place; and you will get a clearer idea of Bastions, Half-moons, Horn-works, Ravelins, Glacis, &c., than all the masters in the world could give you upon paper. And thus much I would, by all means, have you know of both Civil and Military Architecture.

I would also have you acquire a liberal taste of the two liberal arts of Painting and Sculpture, but without descending into those *minutiæ*, which our modern Virtuosi most affectedly dwell upon. Observe the great parts attentively; see if nature be truly represented; if the passions are strongly expressed; if the characters are preserved: and leave the trifling parts, with their little jargon, to affected puppies. I would advise you, also, to read the history of the Painters and Sculptors; and I know none better than Felibien's. There are many in Italian; you will inform yourself which are the best. It is a part of History, very entertaining, curious enough, and

not quite useless. All these sorts of things I would have you know, to a certain degree; but remember, that they must only be the amusements, and not the business, of a man of parts.

Since writing to me in German would take up so much of your time, of which I would not now have one moment wasted, I will accept of your composition, and content myself with a moderate German letter, once a fortnight, to Lady Chesterfield, or Mr Grevenkop. My meaning was, only that you should not forget what you had already learned of the German language and character; but, on the contrary, that, by frequent use, it should grow more easy and familiar. Provided you take care of that, I do not care by what means: but I do desire that you will, every day of your life, speak German to somebody or other (for you will meet with Germans enough) and write a line or two of it every day, to keep your hand in. Why should you not (for instance) write your own little memorandums and accounts in that language and character? by which, too, you would have this advantage into the bargain, that, if mislaid, few but yourself could read them.

I am extremely glad to hear that you like the assemblies at Venice well enough to sacrifice some suppers to them; for I hear that you do not dislike your suppers neither. It is therefore plain that there is somebody, or something, at those assemblies, which you like better than your meat. And as I know there is none but good company at those assemblies, I am very glad to find that you like good company so well. I already imagine you a little smoothed by it; and that you have either reasoned yourself, or that they have laughed you out of your absences and *distractions*; for I cannot suppose that you go there to insult them. I likewise imagine, that you wish to be welcome where you wish to go; and, consequently, that you both present and behave yourself there, *en galant homme, et pas en bourgeois*.[1]

If you have vowed, to anybody there, one of those eternal passions, which I have sometimes known, by great accident, last three months, I can tell you that without great attention, infinite politeness, and engaging air and manners, the omens will be sinister, and the Goddess unpropitious. Pray tell me what are the amusements of those assemblies? Are they little commercial play, are they music, are they *la belle conversation*, or are they all three? *Y file-t'-on le parfait amour? Y débite-t'-on*

[1] Like a finished gentleman, and not like a cit.

les beaux sentimens? On est ce qu'on y parle Epigramme?[1] And pray which is your department? *Tutis depone in auribus.*[2] Whichever it is, endeavour to shine and excel in it. Aim, at least, at the perfection of everything that is worth doing at all; and you will come nearer it than you would imagine; but those always crawl infinitely short of it whose aim is only mediocrity. Adieu.

P. S. By an uncommon diligence of the post, I have this moment received yours of the 9th, N. S.

LETTER CLXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, October the 24th, O. S. 1749.

BY my last I only acknowledged, by this I answer, your letter of the 9th October, N. S.

I am very glad that you approved of my letter of September the 12th, O. S., because it is upon that footing that I always propose living with you. I will advise you seriously, as a friend of some experience, and I will converse with you cheerfully, as a companion: the authority of a parent shall for ever be laid aside; for, wherever it is exerted, it is useless; since, if you have neither sense nor sentiments enough to follow my advice as a friend, your unwilling obedience to my orders as a father, will be a very awkward and unavailing one, both to yourself and me. Tacitus, speaking of an army that awkwardly and unwillingly obeyed its Generals, only from the fear of punishment, says, they obeyed indeed, *Sed ut qui mallent jussa Imperatorum interpretari, quam exequi.*[3] For my own part, I disclaim such obedience.

You think, I find, that you do not understand Italian; but I can tell you that, like the *Bourgeois gentilhomme*, who spoke prose without knowing it, you understand a great deal, though you do not know that you do; for, whoever understands French and Latin so well as you do, understands at least half the Italian language, and has very little occasion for a Dictionary. And for the idioms, the phrases, and the delicacies of it, conversation and a little attention will teach them you, and that

[1] Do people play the whining lover in them? utter fine sentiments? or talk in epigrams?

[2] Tell it all to trustworthy ears.

[3] But as those who chose rather to put a meaning upon the commands of their Generals than to carry them out.

soon; therefore, pray speak it in company, right or wrong, *à tort ou à travers;* as soon as ever you have got words enough to ask a common question, or give a common answer. If you can only say *buon giorno*, say it, instead of saying *bon jour*, I mean, to every Italian; the answer to it will teach you more words, and, insensibly, you will be very soon master of that easy language. You are quite right in not neglecting your German for it, and in thinking that it will be of more use to you: it certainly will, in the course of your business; but Italian has its use too, and is an ornament into the bargain, there being many very polite and good authors in that language. The reason you assign for having hitherto met with none of my swarms of Germans, in Italy, is a very solid one; and I can easily conceive, that the expense necessary for a traveller must amount to a number of *Thalers*, *Groschen*, and *Kreutzers*, tremendous to a German fortune. However, you will find several at Rome, either Ecclesiastics, or in the *suite* of the Imperial Minister; and more when you come into the Milanese, among the Queen of Hungary's officers. Besides, you have a Saxon servant, to whom, I hope, you speak nothing but German.

I have had the most obliging letter in the world from Monsieur Capello, in which he speaks very advantageously of you, and promises you his protection at Rome. I have wrote him an answer, by which I hope I have domesticated you at his *hôtel* there, which I advise you to frequent as much as you can. *Il est vrai qu'il ne païe pas beaucoup de sa figure;*[1] but he has sense and knowledge at bottom, with a great experience of business, having been already Embassador at Madrid, Vienna, and London. And I am very sure that he will be willing to give you any informations, in that way, that he can.

Madame was a capricious, whimsical fine lady, till the small-pox, which she got here, by lessening her beauty, lessened her humours too; but, as I presume it did not change her sex, I trust to that for her having such a share of them left, as may contribute to smooth and polish you. She, doubtless, still thinks that she has beauty enough remaining to entitle her to the attentions always paid to beauty; and she has certainly rank enough to require respect. Those are the sort of women who polish a young man the most; and who give him that habit of complaisance, and that flexibility and versatility of manners, which prove of great use to him with men, and in the course of business.

You must always expect to hear, more or less, from me, upon

[1] True, he is not very handsome.

that important subject of Manners, Graces, Address, and that undefinable *je ne sais quoi* that ever pleases. I have reason to believe that you want nothing else; but I have reason to fear, too, that you want these; and that want will keep you poor, in the midst of all the plenty of knowledge which you may have treasured up. Adieu.

LETTER CLXVIII.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 3rd, O. S. 1749.

FROM the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine, to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow: in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education; convinced that Education, more than Nature, is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to Virtue and Honour, before your understanding was capable of shewing you their beauty and utility. Those principles, which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And indeed they are so plain and clear, that they require but a very moderate degree of understanding either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him. I have therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should, now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful Learning. My own care first, Mr Harte's afterwards, and *of late* (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular; and, I have reason to believe, will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is Good Breeding; without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and, to a certain degree, unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this letter, therefore, shall be (and it will not be the last by a great many) upon that subject.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined Good Breeding to be, *the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.* Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me, that anybody, who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both), can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement, and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general. I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as Crowned Heads, Princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore,

the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect, which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinences, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and *agrémens* which are of common right, such as the best places, the best dishes, &c.; but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce, the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors: and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too which must by no means be violated. A certain

degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as anybody would. But notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to show you, by a manifest inattention to what you said to me, that I was thinking of something else the whole time; were I to yawn extremely, snore, or break wind, in your company, I should think that I behaved myself to you like a beast, and should not expect that you would care to frequent me. No. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, or a man and his mistress, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent, as it is ill bred, to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

I will say no more, now, upon this important subject of good breeding, upon which I have already dwelt too long, it may be, for one letter; and upon which I shall frequently refresh your memory hereafter: but I will conclude with these axioms.

That the deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet: and consequently of little or no use at all.

That a man who is not perfectly well bred, is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it, will consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it; and be reduced to solitude, or, what is worse, low and bad company.

That a man who is not well bred, is full as unfit for business as for company.

Make, then, my dear child, I conjure you, Good Breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day. Observe carefully the behaviour and manners of those who are distinguished by their good breeding; imitate, nay, endeavour to excel, that you may at least reach them; and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what Charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you! Adieu.

LETTER CLXIX.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 14th, O. S. 1749.

THERE is a natural Good Breeding which occurs to every man of common sense, and is practised by every man of common good nature. This good breeding is general, independent of modes; and consists in endeavours to please and oblige our fellow-creatures by all good offices, short of moral duties. This will be practised by a good-natured American savage, as essentially as by the best-bred European. But then, I do not take it to extend to the sacrifice of our own conveniencies, for the sake of other people's. Utility introduced this sort of good breeding, as it introduced commerce; and established a truck of the little *agrémens* and pleasures of life. I sacrifice such a conveniency to you, you sacrifice another to me; this commerce circulates, and every individual finds his account in it upon the whole. The third sort of good breeding is local, and is variously modified, in not only different countries, but in different towns of the same country. But it must be founded upon the two former sorts: they are the matter; to which, in this case, Fashion and Custom only give the different shapes and impressions. Whoever has the two first sorts will easily acquire this third sort of good breeding, which depends singly upon attention and observation. It is, properly, the polish, the lustre, the last finishing strokes of good breeding. It is to be found only in Capitals, and even there it varies: the good breeding of Rome differing, in some things, from that of Paris; that of Paris, in others, from that of Madrid; and that of Madrid, in many things, from that of London. A man of sense, therefore, carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for

his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him, which are to good breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture; and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them, liberally and not servilely; he copies, but does not mimic. These personal Graces are of very great consequence. They anticipate the sentiments, before merit can engage the understanding; they captivate the heart, and gave rise, I believe, to the extravagant notions of Charms and Philters. Their effects were so surprising, that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best bred men, and the handsomest and genteelest women, give the most Philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well dressed, but shining in your dress; let it have *du brillant:* I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. Women like and require it; they think it an attention due to them: but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely, by this time, you must have catched a good air in good company. When you went from hence, you were not naturally awkward; but your awkwardness was adventitious and West-monasterial. Leipsig, I apprehend, is not the seat of the Graces; and I presume you acquired none there. But now, if you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. Besides, *la belle danse donne du brillant à un jeune homme.*[1] And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merit and Graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif;* be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, *Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable.*[2] All this I do not mean singly

[1] Dancing with elegance gives a young man brilliancy.
[2] Where, then, is little Stanhope? Is he coming? Really he is quite nice.

with regard to women as the principal object; but with regard to men, and with a view of your making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women please men: and a man, whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and connect men, much easier and more than he would otherwise. You must be sensible that you cannot rise in the world, without forming connections, and engaging different characters to conspire in your point. You must make them your dependants without their knowing it, and dictate to them while you seem to be directed by them. Those necessary connections can never be formed, or preserved, but by an uninterrupted series of complaisance, attentions, politeness, and some constraint. You must engage their hearts, if you would have their support; you must watch the *mollia tempora*, and captivate them by the *agrémens*, and charms of conversation. People will not be called out to your service only when you want them; and, if you expect to receive strength from them, they must receive either pleasure or advantage from you.

I received in this instant a letter from Mr Harte, of the 2nd N. S., which I will answer soon; in the mean time I return him my thanks for it, through you. The constant good accounts which he gives me of you will make me suspect him of partiality, and think him *le médecin tant mieux*. Consider, therefore, what weight any future deposition of his, against you, must necessarily have with me. As, in that case, he will be a very unwilling, he must consequently be a very important witness. Adieu.

LETTER CLXX.

DEAR BOY,

MY last was upon the subject of Good Breeding; but I think it rather set before you the unfitness and disadvantages of Ill Breeding, than the utility and necessity of Good: it was rather negative than positive. This, therefore, shall go further, and explain to you the necessity which you, of all people living, lie under, not only of being positively and actively well bred, but of shining and distinguishing yourself by your good breeding. Consider your own situation in every particular, and judge whether it is not essentially your interest, by your own good breeding to others, to secure theirs to you: and that, let

me assure you, is the only way of doing it; for people will repay, and with interest too, inattention with inattention, neglect with neglect, and ill manners with worse; which may engage you in very disagreeable affairs. In the next place your profession requires, more than any other, the nicest and most distinguished good breeding. You will negotiate with very little success if you do not, previously, by your manners, conciliate and engage the affections of those with whom you are to negotiate. Can you ever get into the confidence and the secrets of the Courts where you may happen to reside, if you have not those pleasing, insinuating manners, which alone can procure them? Upon my word, I do not say too much when I say that superior good breeding, insinuating manners, and genteel address, are half your business. Your Knowledge will have but very little influence upon the mind, if your Manners prejudice the heart against you; but, on the other hand, how easily will you *dupe* the understanding, where you have first engaged the heart? and hearts are, by no means, to be gained by that mere common civility which everybody practises. Bowing again to those who bow to you, answering drily those who speak to you, and saying nothing offensive to anybody, is such negative good breeding, that it is only not being a brute, as it would be but a very poor commendation of any man's cleanliness to say that he did not stink. It is an active, cheerful, officious, seducing good breeding, that must gain you the good will and first sentiments of the men, and the affections of the women. You must carefully watch and attend to their passions, their tastes, their little humours and weaknesses, and *aller au devant*. You must do it, at the same time, with alacrity and *empressement*, and not as if you graciously condescended to humour their weaknesses.

For instance; suppose you invited anybody to dine or sup with you, you ought to recollect if you had observed that they had any favourite dish, and take care to provide it for them: and, when it came, you should say, *You seemed to me, at such and such a place, to give this dish a preference, and therefore I ordered it. This is the wine that I observed you liked, and therefore I procured some.* The more trifling these things are, the more they prove your attention for the person, and are consequently the more engaging. Consult your own breast, and recollect how these little attentions, when shown you by others, flatter that degree of self-love and vanity, from which no man living is free. Reflect how they incline and attract you to that person, and how you are propitiated afterwards to all which that

person says or does. The same causes will have the same effects in your favour. Women, in a great degree, establish or destroy every man's reputation of good breeding; you must, therefore, in a manner, overwhelm them with those attentions: they are used to them, they expect them; and, to do them justice, they commonly requite them. You must be sedulous, and rather over officious than under, in procuring them their coaches, their chairs, their conveniences in public places; not see what you should not see; and rather assist, where you cannot help seeing. Opportunities of showing these attentions present themselves perpetually; but if they do not, make them. As Ovid advises his Lover, when he sits in the *Circus* near his mistress, to wipe the dust off her neck, even if there be none. *Si nullus, tamen excute nullum.* Your conversation with women should always be respectful; but, at the same time, *enjoué*, and always addressed to their vanity. Everything you say or do should convince them of the regard you have (whether you have it or not) for their beauty, their wit, or their merit. Men have possibly as much vanity as women, though of another kind; and both art and good breeding require that, instead of mortifying, you should please and flatter it, by words and looks of approbation. Suppose (which is by no means improbable) that, at your return to England, I should place you near the person of some one of the Royal Family; in that situation good breeding, engaging address, adorned with all the graces that dwell at Courts, would very probably make you a favourite, and, from a favourite, a Minister: but all the knowledge and learning in the world, without them, never would. The penetration of Princes seldom goes deeper than the surface. It is the exterior that always engages their hearts; and I would never advise you to give yourself much trouble about their understandings. Princes in general (I mean those *Porphyrogenets* who are born and bred in purple) are about the pitch of women; bred up like them, and are to be addressed and gained in the same manner. They always see, they seldom weigh. Your lustre, not your solidity, must take them; your inside will afterwards support and secure what your outside has acquired. With weak people (and they undoubtedly are three parts in four of mankind) good breeding, address, and manners are everything; they can go no deeper: but let me assure you, that they are a great deal even with people of the best understandings. Where the eyes are not pleased, and the heart is not flattered, the mind will be apt to stand out. Be this right or wrong, I confess, I am so made myself. Awk-

wardness and ill breeding shock me, to that degree, that where I meet with them I cannot find in my heart to inquire into the intrinsic merit of that person; I hastily decide in myself, that he can have none; and am not sure I should not even be sorry to know that he had any. I often paint you in my imagination, in your present *lotaranza*; and, while I view you in the light of ancient and modern learning, useful and ornamental knowledge, I am charmed with the prospect; but when I view you in another light, and represent you awkward, ungraceful, ill bred, with vulgar air and manners, shambling towards me with inattention and *distractions*, I shall not pretend to describe to you what I feel, but will do as a skilful painter did formerly, draw a veil before the countenance of the Father.

I dare say you know already enough of Architecture to know that the Tuscan is the strongest and most solid of all the Orders; but, at the same time, it is the coarsest and clumsiest of them. Its solidity does extremely well for the foundation and base floor of a great edifice; but, if the whole building be Tuscan, it will attract no eyes, it will stop no passengers, it will invite no interior examination; people will take it for granted that the finishing and furnishing cannot be worth seeing, where the front is so unadorned and clumsy. But if, upon the solid Tuscan foundation, the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian Orders, rise gradually with all their beauty, proportions, and ornaments, the fabric seizes the most incurious eye, and stops the most careless passenger; who solicits admission as a favour, nay, often purchases it. Just so will it fare with your little fabric, which, at present, I fear, has more of the Tuscan than of the Corinthian Order. You must absolutely change the whole front, or nobody will knock at the door. The several parts, which must compose this new front, are elegant, easy, natural, superior good breeding; an engaging address; genteel motions; an insinuating softness in your looks, words, and actions; a spruce, lively air, fashionable dress; and all the glitter that a young fellow should have.

I am sure you would do a great deal for my sake; and therefore consider, at your return here, what a disappointment and concern it would be to me, if I could not safely depute you to do the honours of my house and table; and if I should be ashamed to present you to those who frequent both. Should you be awkward, inattentive, and *distrait*, and happen to meet Mr L** at my table, the consequences of that meeting must be fatal; you would run your heads against each other, cut each

other's fingers instead of your meat, or die by the precipitate infusion of scalding soup.

This is really so copious a subject, that there is no end of being either serious or ludicrous upon it. It is impossible, too, to enumerate or state to you the various cases in good breeding; they are infinite; there is no situation or relation in the world, so remote or so intimate, that does not require a degree of it. Your own good sense must point it out to you; your own good nature must incline, and your interest prompt you to practise it; and observation and experience must give you the manner, the air, and the graces, which complete the whole.

This letter will hardly overtake you till you are at or near Rome. I expect a great deal, in every way, from your six months' stay there. My morning hopes are justly placed in Mr Harte, and the masters he will give you; my evening ones, in the Roman Ladies: pray be attentive to both. But I must hint to you, that the Roman Ladies are not *les femmes savantes, et ne vous embrasseront point pour l'amour du Grec.*[1] They must have *il garbato, il leggiadro, il disinvolto, il lusinghiero, quel non sò che, che piace, che alletta, che incanta.*[2]

I have often asserted that the profoundest learning and the politest manners were by no means incompatible, though so seldom found united in the same person; and I have engaged myself to exhibit you, as a proof of the truth of this assertion. Should you, instead of that, happen to disprove me, the concern indeed will be mine, but the loss will be yours. Lord Bolingbroke is a strong instance on my side of the question; he joins, to the deepest erudition, the most elegant politeness and good breeding that ever any Courtier and Man of the World was adorned with. And Pope very justly called him All-accomplished St John, with regard to his knowledge and his manners. He had, it is true, his faults, which proceeded from unbounded ambition, and impetuous passions: but they have now subsided by age and experience: and I can wish you nothing better than to be what he is now, without being what he has been formerly. His address pre-engages, his eloquence persuades, and his knowledge informs all who approach him. Upon the whole, I do desire, and insist, that, from after dinner till you go to bed, you make good breeding, address, and manners, your serious object and your only care.

[1] Learned, and will not embrace you because they like your Greek.
[2] Elegance, grace, ease, flattery, the *je ne sais quoi* which pleases, allures, bewitches.

Without them you will be nobody, with them you may be anything.

Adieu, my dear child! My compliments to Mr Harte.

LETTER CLXXI.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 24th, O. S. 1749.

EVERY rational being (I take it for granted) proposes to himself some object more important than mere respiration and obscure animal existence. He desires to distinguish himself among his fellow-creatures; and, *alicui negotio intentus, præclari facinoris, aut artis bonæ, famam quærit.*[1] Cæsar, when embarking in a storm, said that it was not necessary he should live, but that it was absolutely necessary he should get to the place to which he was going. And Pliny leaves mankind this only alternative; either of doing what deserves to be written, or of writing what deserves to be read. As for those who do neither, *eorum vitam mortemque juxta æstimo; quoniam de utraque siletur.*[2] You have, I am convinced, one or both of these objects in view; but you must know and use the necessary means, or your pursuit will be vain and frivolous. In either case, *sapere est principium et fons;* but it is by no means all. That knowledge must be adorned, it must have lustre as well as weight, or it will be oftener taken for Lead than for Gold. Knowledge you have, and will have: I am easy upon that article. But my business, as your friend, is not to compliment you upon what you have, but to tell you with freedom what you want; and I must tell you plainly that I fear you want everything but knowledge.

I have written to you so often of late upon Good Breeding, Address, *les Manières liantes*, the Graces, &c., that I shall confine this letter to another subject, pretty near akin to them, and which, I am sure, you are full as deficient in; I mean, Style.

Style is the dress of thoughts; and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received, as your person, though ever so well-proportioned, would if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters. It is not every understanding that can

[1] Occupied with work of some kind, seeks for fame either by some glorious exploit, or by distinguished ability.

[2] Their life and death are much the same to me; and nothing need be said about either.

judge of matter; but every ear can and does judge, more or less, of style: and were I either to speak or write to the public, I should prefer moderate matter, adorned with all the beauties and elegancies of style, to the strongest matter in the world, ill worded and ill delivered. Your business is, Negotiation abroad and Oratory in the House of Commons at home. What figure can you make in either case, if your style be inelegant, I do not say bad? Imagine yourself writing an office-letter to a Secretary of State, which letter is to be read by the whole Cabinet Council, and very possibly afterwards laid before Parliament; any one barbarism, solecism, or vulgarism in it would, in a very few days, circulate through the whole kingdom, to your disgrace and ridicule. For instance; I will suppose you had written the following letter from the Hague, to the Secretary of State at London; and leave you to suppose the consequences of it.

My Lord,

I *have*, last night, the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 24th, and will *set about doing* the orders contained *therein*; and *if so be* that I can get that affair done by the next post, I will not fail *for to* give your Lordship an account of it by *next post*. I have told the French Minister, *as how*, *that if* that affair be not soon concluded, your Lordship would think it *all long of him*; and that he must have neglected *for to* have wrote to his Court about it. I must beg leave to put your Lordship in mind, *as how* that I am now full three quarters in arrear; and if *so be* that I do not very soon receive at least one half year, I shall *cut a very bad figure*, for *this here* place is very dear. I shall be *vastly beholden* to your Lordship for *that there* mark of your favour; and so I *rest*, or *remain*, Your, &c.

You will tell me, possibly, that this is a *caricatura* of an illiberal and inelegant style; I will admit it: but assure you, at the same time, that a dispatch with less than half these faults would blow you up for ever. It is by no means sufficient to be free from faults in speaking and writing; you must do both correctly and elegantly. In faults of this kind it is not *ille optimus qui minimis urgetur*;[1] but he is unpardonable who has any at all, because it is his own fault: he need only attend to, observe, and imitate the best authors.

It is a very true saying, that a man must be born a Poet, but that he may make himself an Orator; and the very first

[1] He is the best who is distressed at the smallest blunders.

principle of an Orator is, to speak his own language particularly, with the utmost purity and elegancy. A man will be forgiven even great errors in a foreign language, but in his own even the least slips are justly laid hold of and ridiculed.

A person of the House of Commons, speaking two years ago upon naval affairs, asserted that we had then the finest navy *upon the face of the yearth*. This happy mixture of blunder and vulgarism, you may easily imagine, was matter of immediate ridicule; but I can assure you that it continues so still, and will be remembered as long as he lives and speaks. Another, speaking in defence of a gentleman upon whom a censure was moved, happily said, that he thought that gentleman was more *liable* to be thanked and rewarded, than censured. You know, I presume, that *liable* can never be used in a good sense.

You have with you three or four of the best English Authors, Dryden, Atterbury, and Swift; read them with the utmost care, and with a particular view to their language; and they may possibly correct that *curious infelicity of diction*, which you acquired at Westminster. Mr Harte excepted, I will admit that you have met with very few English abroad, who could improve your style; and with many, I dare say, who speak as ill as yourself, and it may be worse; you must, therefore, take the more pains, and consult your authors, and Mr Harte, the more. I need not tell you how attentive the Romans and Greeks, particularly the Athenians, were to this object. It is also a study among the Italians and the French, witness their respective Academies and Dictionaries, for improving and fixing their languages. To our shame be it spoken, it is less attended to here than in any polite country; but that is no reason why you should not attend to it; on the contrary, it will distinguish you the more. Cicero says, very truly, that it is glorious to excel other men in that very article, in which men excel brutes; *speech*.

Constant experience has shown me, that great purity and elegance of style, with a graceful elocution, cover a multitude of faults, in either a speaker or a writer. For my own part, I confess (and I believe most people are of my mind) that if a speaker should ungracefully mutter or stammer out to me the sense of an angel, deformed by barbarisms and solecisms, or larded with vulgarisms, he should never speak to me a second time, if I could help it. Gain the heart, or you gain nothing; the eyes and the ears are the only roads to the heart. Merit and knowledge will not gain hearts, though they will secure

them when gained. Pray have that truth ever in your mind. Engage the eyes, by your address, air, and motions; soothe the ears, by the elegancy and harmony of your diction: the heart will certainly follow; and the whole man, or woman, will as certainly follow the heart. I must repeat it to you, over and over again, that, with all the knowledge which you may have at present, or hereafter acquire, and with all the merit that ever man had, if you have not a graceful address, liberal and engaging manners, a prepossessing air, and a good degree of eloquence in speaking and writing, you will be nobody: but will have the daily mortification of seeing people, with not one tenth part of your merit or knowledge, get the start of you, and disgrace you, both in company and in business.

You have read Quintilian, the best book in the world to form an Orator; pray read *Cicero, de Oratore*, the best book in the world to finish one. Translate and retranslate, from and to Latin, Greek, and English; make yourself a pure and elegant English style: it requires nothing but application. I do not find that God has made you a Poet; and I am very glad that he has not; therefore, for God's sake, make yourself an Orator, which you may do. Though I still call you boy, I consider you no longer as such; and when I reflect upon the prodigious quantity of manure that has been laid upon you, I expect you should produce more at eighteen than uncultivated soils do at eight and twenty.

Pray tell Mr Harte I have received his letter of the 13th, N. S. Mr Smith was much in the right not to let you go, at this time of the year, by sea; in the summer you may navigate as much as you please: as, for example, from Leghorn to Genoa, &c. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXII.

DEAR BOY, London, November the 26th, O. S. 1749.

WHILE the Roman Republic flourished, while glory was pursued and virtue practised, and while even little irregularities and indecencies, not cognizable by law, were, however, not thought below the public care; Censors were established, discretionally to supply, in particular cases, the inevitable defects of the Law, which must and can only be general. This employment I assume to myself, with regard to your little Republic, leaving the Legislative power entirely to Mr Harte; I hope, and believe, that he will seldom, or rather never, have occasion

to exert his supreme authority; and I do by no means suspect you of any faults that may require that interposition. But, to tell you the plain truth, I am of opinion that my Censorial power will not be useless to you, nor a *sinecure* to me. The sooner you make it both the better for us both. I can now exercise this employment only upon hearsay, or, at most, written evidence; and therefore shall exercise it with great lenity, and some diffidence: but when we meet, and that I can form my judgment upon ocular and auricular evidence, I shall no more let the least impropriety, indecorum, or irregularity pass uncensured, than my predecessor Cato did. I shall read you with the attention of a critic, not with the partiality of an author: different in this respect, indeed, from most critics, that I shall seek for faults, only to correct, and not to expose them. I have often thought, and still think, that there are few things which people in general know less, than how to love, and how to hate. They hurt those they love, by a mistaken indulgence, by a blindness, nay often a partiality to their faults. Where they hate they hurt themselves, by ill-timed passion and rage: fortunately for you, I never loved you in that mistaken manner. From your infancy I made you the object of my most serious attention, and not my plaything. I consulted your real good, not your humours or fancies; and I shall continue to do so while you want it, which will probably be the case during our joint lives; for, considering the difference of our ages, in the course of nature, you will hardly have acquired experience enough of your own, while I shall be in a condition of lending you any of mine. People in general will much better bear being told of their vices or crimes, than of their little failings and weaknesses. They, in some degree, justify or excuse (as they think) the former, by strong passions, seduction, and artifices of others; but to be told of or to confess their little failings and weaknesses implies an inferiority of parts, too mortifying to that self-love and vanity, which are inseparable from our natures. I have been intimate enough with several people, to tell them that they had said or done a very criminal thing; but I never was intimate enough with any man to tell him, very seriously, that he had said or done a very foolish one. Nothing less than the relation between you and me can possibly authorize that freedom; but, fortunately for you, my Parental rights, joined to my Censorial powers, give it me in its fullest extent, and my concern for you will make me exert it. Rejoice, therefore, that there is one person in the world who can and will tell you, what will be very useful to

you to know, and yet what no other man living could or would tell you. Whatever I shall tell you, of this kind, you are very sure can have no other motive than your interest: I can neither be jealous nor envious of your reputation or your fortune, which I must be both desirous and proud to establish and promote: I cannot be your rival, either in love or in business; on the contrary, I want the Rays of your rising to reflect new lustre upon my setting Light. In order to this, I shall analyze you minutely, and censure you freely, that you may not (if possible) have one single spot, when in your Meridian.

There is nothing that a young fellow, at his first appearance in the world, has more reason to dread, and, consequently, should take more pains to avoid, than having any ridicule fixed upon him. It degrades him with the most reasonable part of mankind; but it ruins him with the rest; and I have known many a man undone by acquiring a ridiculous nickname: I would not, for all the riches in the world, that you should acquire one when you return to England. Vices and crimes excite hatred and reproach; failings, weaknesses, and awkwardnesses, excite ridicule; they are laid hold of by mimics, who, though very contemptible wretches themselves, often, by their buffoonery, fix ridicule upon their betters. The little defects in manners, elocution, address, and air (and even of figure, though very unjustly), are the objects of ridicule, and the causes of nick-names. You cannot imagine the grief it would give me, and the prejudice it would do you, if, by way of distinguishing you from others of your name, you should happen to be called Muttering Stanhope, Absent Stanhope, Ill-bred Stanhope, or Awkward, Left-legged Stanhope: therefore, take great care to put it out of the power of Ridicule itself to give you any of these ridiculous epithets; for, if you get one, it will stick to you like the envenomed shirt. The very first day that I see you I shall be able to tell you, and certainly shall tell you, what degree of danger you are in; and I hope that my admonitions, as Censor, may prevent the censures of the public. Admonitions are always useful; is this one or not? You are the best judge: it is your own picture which I send you, drawn at my request, by a Lady at Venice: pray let me know how far, in your conscience, you think it like; for there are some parts of it which I wish may, and others which I should be sorry were. I send you, literally, the copy of that part of her letter, to her friend here, which relates to you.

Tell Mr Harte that I have this moment received his letter of the 22nd, N. S., and that I approve extremely of the long

stay you have made at Venice. I love long residences at Capitals; running post through different places is a most unprofitable way of travelling, and admits of no application.

Adieu.

[1] 'Selon vos ordres, j'ai soigneusement éxaminé le jeune Stanhope, et je crois l'avoir approfondi. En voici le portrait que je crois très-fidèle. Il a le visage joli, l'air spirituel, et le regard fin. Sa figure est à présent trop quarrée, mais s'il grandit, comme il en a encore et le tems et l'étoffe, elle sera bonne. Il a certainement beaucoup d'acquit, et on m'assure qu'il sait à fond les langues savantes. Pour le Français, je sais qu'il le parle parfaitement bien; et l'on dit qu'il en est de même de l'Allemand. Les questions qu'il fait sont judicieuses, et marquent qu'il cherche à s'instruire. Je ne vous dirai pas qu'il cherche autant à plaire; puisqu'il paroit négliger les Attentions et les Grâces. Il se présente mal, et n'a rien moins que l'air et la tournure aisée et noble qu'il lui faudroit. Il est vrai qu'il est encore jeune et neuf, de sorte qu'on a lieu d'espérer que ses exercices, qu'il n'a pas encore faits, et la bonne compagnie où il est encore novice, le décrotteront, et lui donneront tout ce qui lui manque à présent. Un arrangement avec quelque femme de condition et qui a du monde, quelque Madame de l'Ursay, est précisément ce qu'il lui faut. Enfin j'ose vous assurer qu'il a tout ce que Monsieur de Chesterfield pourroit

[1] 'In compliance to your orders, I have examined young Stanhope carefully, and think I have penetrated into his character. This is his portrait, which I take to be a faithful one. His face is pleasing, his countenance sensible, and his look clever. His figure is at present rather too square; but if he shoots up, which he has matter and years for, he will then be of a good size. He has, undoubtedly, a great fund of acquired knowledge; I am assured that he is master of the learned languages. As for French, I know he speaks it perfectly, and I am told German, as well. The questions he asks are judicious, and denote a thirst after knowledge. I cannot say that he appears equally desirous of pleasing, for he seems to neglect Attentions and the Graces. He does not come into a room well, nor has he that easy, noble carriage, which would be proper for him. It is true he is as yet young and inexperienced; one may therefore reasonably hope that his exercises, which he has not yet gone through, and good company, in which he is still a novice, will polish, and give all that is wanting to complete him. What seems necessary for that purpose, would be an attachment to some woman of fashion, and who knows the world. Some Madame de L'Ursay would be the proper person. In short, I can assure you, that he has everything which Lord Chesterfield can wish him, excepting that Carriage, those Graces, and the Style, used in the best company; which he will certainly acquire in time, and by frequenting the polite world. If he should not, it would be great pity, since he so well deserves to possess them. You know their importance. My Lord, his father, knows it too, he being master of them all. To conclude, if little Stanhope acquires the Graces, I promise you he will make his way; if not, he will be stopped in a course, the goal of which he might attain with honour.'

lui souhaiter, à l'exception des Manières, des Grâces, et du ton de la bonne Compagnie, qu'il prendra sûrement avec le tems, et l'usage du grand monde. Ce seroit bien dommage au moins qu'il ne les prit point, puisqu'il mérite tant de les avoir. Et vous savez bien de quelle importance elles sont. Monsieur son Père le sait aussi, les possédant lui-même comme il fait. Bref, si le petit Stanhope acquiert les Grâces, il ira loin, je vous en réponds; si non, il s'arrêtera court dans une belle carrière, qu'il pourroit autrement fournir.'

You see by this extract of what consequence other people think these things. Therefore, I hope you will no longer look upon them as trifles. It is the character of an able man to despise little things in great business; but then he knows what things are little, and what not. He does not suppose things little because they are commonly called so; but by the consequences that may or may not attend them. If gaining people's affections, and interesting their hearts in your favour, be of consequence, as it undoubtedly is; he knows very well that a happy concurrence of all these, commonly called little things, Manners, Air, Address, Graces, &c., is of the utmost consequence, and will never be at rest till he has acquired them. The world is taken by the outside of things, and we must take the world as it is; you or I cannot set it right. I know, at this time, a man of great quality and station, who has not the parts of a porter; but raised himself to the station he is in, singly by having a graceful figure, polite manners, and an engaging address: which, by the way, he only acquired by habit; for he had not sense enough to get them by reflection. Parts and habit should conspire to complete you. You will have the habit of good company, and you have reflection in your power.

LETTER CLXXIII.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 5th, O. S. 1749.

THOSE who suppose that men in general act rationally, because they are called rational creatures, know very little of the world; and if they act themselves upon that supposition, will, nine times in ten, find themselves grossly mistaken. That man is *animal bipes, implume, risible*, I entirely agree; but for the *rationale*, I can only allow it him *in actu primo* (to talk Logic) and seldom *in actu secundo*. Thus the speculative cloistered pedant, in his solitary cell, forms systems of things as they

should be, not as they are; and writes as decisively and absurdly upon war, politics, manners, and characters, as that pedant talked, who was so kind as to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. Such closet politicians never fail to assign the deepest motives for the most trifling actions; instead of often ascribing the greatest actions to the most trifling causes, in which they would be much seldomer mistaken. They read and write of Kings, Heroes, and Statesmen, as never doing anything but upon the deepest principles of sound policy. But those who see and observe Kings, Heroes, and Statesmen, discover that they have headaches, indigestions, humours, and passions, just like other people; every one of which, in their turns, determine their wills, in defiance of their reason. Had we only read in the Life of Alexander, that he burnt Persepolis, it would doubtless have been accounted for from deep policy; we should have been told that his new conquest could not have been secured without the destruction of that Capital, which would have been the constant seat of cabals, conspiracies, and revolts. But luckily we are informed at the same time, that this hero, this demi-god, this son and heir of Jupiter Ammon, happened to get extremely drunk with his w——e; and, by way of frolic, destroyed one of the finest cities in the world. Read men, therefore, yourself, not in books, but in nature. Adopt no systems, but study them yourself. Observe their weaknesses, their passions, their humours, of all which their understandings are, nine times in ten, the dupes. You will then know that they are to be gained, influenced, or led, much oftener by little things than by great ones; and, consequently, you will no longer think those things little which tend to such great purposes.

Let us apply this now to the particular object of this letter; I mean, speaking in, and influencing, public assemblies. The nature of our constitution makes Eloquence more useful and more necessary in this country than in any other in Europe. A certain degree of good sense and knowledge is requisite for that, as well as for everything else; but beyond that, the purity of diction, the elegancy of style, the harmony of periods, a pleasing elocution, and a graceful action, are the things which a public speaker should attend to the most; because his audience certainly does, and understands them the best; or rather indeed understands little else. The late Lord Chancellor Cowper's strength, as an Orator, lay by no means in his reasonings, for he often hazarded very weak ones. But such was the purity and elegancy of his style, such the propriety and charms of his elocution, and such the gracefulness of his action, that he

never spoke without universal applause: the ears and the eyes gave him up the hearts and the understandings of the audience. On the contrary, the late Lord Townshend always spoke materially, with argument and knowledge, but never pleased. Why? His diction was not only inelegant, but frequently ungrammatical, always vulgar; his cadences false, his voice unharmonious, and his action ungraceful. Nobody heard him with patience; and the young fellows used to joke upon him, and repeat his inaccuracies. The late Duke of Argyle, though the weakest reasoner, was the most pleasing speaker I ever knew in my life. He charmed, he warmed, he forcibly ravished the audience; not by his matter certainly, but by his manner of delivering it. A most genteel figure, a graceful noble air, an harmonious voice, an elegancy of style, and a strength of emphasis, conspired to make him the most affecting, persuasive, and applauded speaker, I ever saw. I was captivated like others; but when I came home, and coolly considered what he had said, stripped of all those ornaments in which he had dressed it, I often found the matter flimsy, the arguments weak, and I was convinced of the power of those adventitious concurring circumstances, which ignorance of mankind only, calls trifling ones. Cicero in his Book *de Oratore*, in order to raise the dignity of that profession, which he well knew himself to be at the head of, asserts, that a complete Orator must be a complete everything, Lawyer, Philosopher, Divine, &c. That would be extremely well, if it were possible: but man's life is not long enough; and I hold him to be the completest Orator who speaks the best upon that subject which occurs; whose happy choice of words, whose lively imagination, whose elocution and action, adorn and grace his matter; at the same time that they excite the attention and engage the passions of his audience.

You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age; and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure or a fortune in your country. This you can never do without that correctness and elegancy in your own language, which you now seem to neglect, and which you have entirely to learn. Fortunately for you, it is to be learned. Care and observation will do it; but do not flatter yourself, that all the knowledge, sense, and reasoning in the world will ever make you a popular and applauded speaker, without the ornaments and the graces of style, elocution, and action. Sense and argument, though coarsely delivered, will have their weight in a private conversation, with two or three people

of sense; but in a public assembly they will have none, if naked and destitute of the advantages I have mentioned. Cardinal De Retz observes, very justly, that every numerous assembly is mob; influenced by their passions, humours, and affections, which nothing but eloquence ever did or ever can engage. This is so important a consideration for everybody in this country, and more particularly for you, that I earnestly recommend it to your most serious care and attention. Mind your diction, in whatever language you either write or speak; contract a habit of correctness and elegance. Consider your style, even in the freest conversation and most familiar letters. After, at least, if not before you have said a thing, reflect if you could not have said it better. Where you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of a word or a phrase, consult some good dead or living authority in that language. Use yourself to translate, from various languages, into English: correct those translations till they satisfy your ear, as well as your understanding. And be convinced of this truth, That the best sense and reason in the world will be as unwelcome in a public assembly, without these ornaments, as they will in public companies, without the assistance of manners and politeness. If you will please people, you must please them in their own way: and as you cannot make them what they should be, you must take them as they are. I repeat it again, they are only to be taken by *agrémens*, and by what flatters their senses and their hearts. Rabelais first wrote a most excellent book, which nobody liked; then, determined to conform to the public taste, he wrote *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, which everybody liked, extravagant as it was. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIV.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 9th, 1749.

IT is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider whether it was a good one or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputa-

tion I have acquired as a speaker is more owing to my constant attention to my diction, than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same of other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words, and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common sense, upon the same question; the dressing it well is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon your making a figure; it is there that I want to have you justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. The vulgar, who are always mistaken, look upon a Speaker and a Comet with the same astonishment and admiration, taking them both for preternatural phenomena. This error discourages many young men from attempting that character; and good speakers are willing to have their talent considered as something very extraordinary, if not a peculiar gift of God to his elect. But let you and I analyze and simplify this good speaker; let us strip him of those adventitious plumes, with which his own pride, and the ignorance of others have decked him, and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this:— A man of good common sense, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense, without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject; nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. What, then, does all this mighty art and mystery of speaking in parliament amount to? Why, no more than this, That the man who speaks in the House of Commons, speaks in that House, and to four hundred people, that opinion, upon a given subject, which he would make no difficulty of speaking in any house in England, round the fire, or at table, to any fourteen people whatsoever; better judges, perhaps, and severer critics of what he says, than any fourteen gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have spoken frequently in Parliament, and not always without some applause; and therefore I can assure you, from my experience, that there is very little in it. The elegancy of the style, and the turn of the periods, make the chief impression upon the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech, which they will retain and repeat; and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an

Opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and depend upon it you will catch their judgments, such as they are.

Cicero, conscious that he was at the top of his profession (for in his time Eloquence was a profession), in order to set himself off, defines, in his Treatise *de Oratore*, an Orator to be such a man as never was, or never will be; and, by this fallacious argument, says, that he must know every art and science whatsoever, or how shall he speak upon them? But with submission to so great an authority, my definition of an Orator is extremely different from, and I believe much truer than his. I call that man an Orator who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly upon whatever subject he treats. Problems in Geometry, Equations in Algebra, Processes in Chymistry, and Experiments in Anatomy, are never, that I have heard of, the objects of Eloquence; and therefore I humbly conceive that a man may be a very fine speaker, and yet know nothing of Geometry, Algebra, Chymistry, or Anatomy. The subjects of all Parliamentary debates are subjects of common sense singly.

Thus I write whatever occurs to me, that I think may contribute either to form or inform you. May my labour not be in vain! and it will not, if you will but have half the concern for yourself that I have for you. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXV.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 12th, O. S. 1749.

LORD CLARENDON, in his history, says of Mr John Hampden, *that he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute, any mischief.* I shall not now enter into the justness of this character of Mr Hampden, to whose brave stand against the illegal demand of ship-money we owe our present liberties; but I mention it to you as the character which, with the alteration of one single word, *Good*, instead of *Mischief*, I would have you aspire to, and use your utmost endeavours to deserve. The head to contrive, God must to a certain degree have given you; but it is in your own power greatly to improve it by study, observation, and reflection. As for the *tongue to persuade*, it wholly depends upon yourself; and without it the best head will contrive to very little purpose. The hand to

execute depends, likewise, in my opinion, in a great measure upon yourself. Serious reflection will always give courage in a good cause; and the courage arising from reflection is of a much superior nature to the animal and constitutional courage of a foot soldier. The former is steady and unshaken, where the *nodus* is *dignus vindice*; the latter is oftener improperly than properly exerted, but always brutally.

The second member of my text (to speak ecclesiastically) shall be the subject of my following discourse; *the tongue to persuade*. As judicious Preachers recommend those virtues which they think their several audiences want the most: such as truth and continence at Court; disinterestedness in the City; and sobriety in the Country.

You must certainly, in the course of your little experience, have felt the different effects of elegant and inelegant speaking. Do you not suffer when people accost you in a stammering or hesitating manner: in an untuneful voice, with false accents and cadences; puzzling and blundering through solecisms, barbarisms, and vulgarisms; misplacing even their bad words, and inverting all method? Does not this prejudice you against their matter, be it what it will; nay, even against their persons? I am sure it does me. On the other hand, do you not feel yourself inclined, prepossessed, nay even engaged in favour of those who address you in the direct contrary manner? The effects of a correct and adorned style of method and perspicuity, are incredible towards persuasion; they often supply the want of reason and argument, but when used in the support of reason and argument they are irresistible. The French attend very much to the purity and elegancy of their style, even in common conversation; insomuch that it is a character, to say of a man, *qu'il narre bien*. Their conversations frequently turn upon the delicacies of their language, and an Academy is employed in fixing it. The *Crusca*, in Italy, has the same object; and I have met with very few Italians who did not speak their own language correctly and elegantly. How much more necessary is it for an Englishman to do so who is to speak it in a public assembly, where the laws and liberties of his country are the subjects of his deliberation? The tongue that would persuade there must not content itself with mere articulation. You know what pains Demosthenes took to correct his naturally bad elocution; you know that he declaimed by the seaside in storms, to prepare himself for the noise of the tumultuous assemblies he was to speak to; and you can now judge of the correctness and elegancy of his style. He thought all these things of consequence,

and he thought right; pray do you think so too. It is of the utmost consequence to you to be of that opinion. If you have the least defect in your elocution, take the utmost care and pains to correct it. Do not neglect your style, whatever language you speak in, or whomever you speak to, were it your footman. Seek always for the best words and the happiest expressions you can find. Do not content yourself with being barely understood; but adorn your thoughts, and dress them as you would your person; which, however well proportioned it might be, it would be very improper and indecent to exhibit naked, or even worse dressed than people of your sort are.

I have sent you, in a packet which your Leipsig acquaintance, Duval, sends to his correspondent at Rome, Lord Bolingbroke's book,[1] which he published about a year ago. I desire that you will read it over and over again, with particular attention to the style, and to all those beauties of Oratory with which it is adorned. Till I read that book, I confess I did not know all the extent and powers of the English language. Lord Bolingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to persuade; his manner of speaking in private conversation is full as elegant as his writings; whatever subject he either speaks or writes upon, he adorns it with the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) is become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would bear the Press, without the least correction either as to method or style. If his conduct, in the former part of his life, had been equal to all his natural and acquired talents, he would most justly have merited the epithet of all-accomplished. He is himself sensible of his past errors: those violent passions, which seduced him in his youth, have now subsided by age; and, take him as he is now, the character of all-accomplished is more his due than any man's I ever knew in my life.

But he has been a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the weakness of the most exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid, colours, and both rendered more shining from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he most licentious-

[1] Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the Idea of a Patriot King.

ly triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger, Ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character, but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He has noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they are more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He receives the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returns with interest; and resents with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repays with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical Philosopher, at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he has an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and happiest memory, that ever man was blessed with, he always carries about him. It is his pocket-money, and he never has occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excels more particularly in History, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative Political and Commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, are better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he has pursued the latter, in his public conduct, his enemies, of all parties and denominations, tell with joy.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business; and his penetration was almost intuition. I am old enough to have heard him speak in Parliament. And I remember, that though prejudiced against him by party, I felt all the force and charms of his eloquence. Like Belial, in Milton, 'he made the worse appear the better cause.' All the internal and external advantages and talents of an Orator are undoubtedly his. Figure, voice, elocution, knowledge, and, above all, the purest and most florid diction, with the justest metaphors and happiest images, had raised him to the post of Secretary at War, at four-and-twenty years old; an age at which others are hardly thought fit for the smallest employments.

During his long exile in France he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of a great philosophical work. The

common bounds of human knowledge are too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination. He must go *extra flammantia mœnia Mundi*,[1] and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of Metaphysics; which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and influence.

He has had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners: he has all the dignity and good breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professes himself a Deist; believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed,) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

Upon the whole, of this extraordinary man, what can we say, but alas, poor human nature!

In your destination you will have frequent occasions to speak in public; to Princes and States abroad; to the House of Commons, at home; judge then, whether Eloquence is necessary for you or not; not only common Eloquence, which is rather free from faults, than adorned by beauties, but the highest, the most shining degree of eloquence. For God's sake, have this object always in your view, and in your thoughts. Tune your tongue early to persuasion; and let no jarring, dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract a habit of speaking well, upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good breeding, alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you? Adieu.

LETTER CLXXVI.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 16th, O. S. 1749.

THIS letter will, I hope, find you safely arrived, and well settled at Rome, after the usual distresses and accidents of a winter journey; which are very proper to teach you patience. Your stay there I look upon as a very important period of your life; and I do believe that you will fill it up well. I hope you will employ the mornings diligently with Mr Harte, in

[1] Outside the flaming walls of the universe.

acquiring weight: and the evenings in the best companies at Rome, in acquiring lustre. A formal, dull father would recommend to you to plod out the evenings, too, at home over a book by a dim taper; but I recommend to you the evenings for your pleasures, which are as much a part of your education, and almost as necessary a one, as your morning studies. Go to whatever assemblies or *spectacles* people of fashion go to, and when you are there, do as they do. Endeavour to outshine those who shine there the most; get the *Garbo*, the *Gentilezza*, the *Leggiadria* of the Italians; make love to the most impertinent beauty of condition that you meet with, and be gallant with all the rest. Speak Italian, right or wrong, to everybody; and if you do but laugh at yourself first for your bad Italian, nobody else will laugh at you for it. That is the only way to speak it perfectly; which I expect you will do, because I am sure you may, before you leave Rome. View the most curious remains of antiquity, with a classical spirit, and they will clear up to you many passages of the classical authors, particularly the Trajan and Antonine Columns, where you find the warlike instruments, the dresses, and the triumphal ornaments of the Romans. Buy also the prints and explanations of all those respectable remains of Roman grandeur, and compare them with the originals. Most young travellers are contented with the general view of those things, say they are very fine, and then go about their business. I hope you will examine them in a very different way. *Approfondisses* everything you see or hear; and learn, if you can, the *why* and the *wherefore*. Inquire into the meaning and the objects of the innumerable processions which you will see at Rome at this time. Assist at all the ceremonies, and know the reason, or at least the pretences, of them; and, however absurd they may be, see and speak of them with great decency. Of all things, I beg of you not to herd with your own countrymen, but to be always either with the Romans, or with the foreign Ministers residing at Rome. You are sent abroad to see the manners and characters, and learn the languages, of foreign countries; and not to converse with English, in English; which would defeat all those ends. Among your graver company, I recommend (as I have done before) the Jesuits to you; whose learning and address will both please and improve you: inform yourself, as much as you can, of the history, policy, and practice of that society, from the time of its founder, Ignatius of Loyola, who was himself a madman. If you would know their morality, you will find it fully and admirably stated in *Les Lettres d'un Provin*

cial, by the famous Monsieur Pascal; and it is a book very well worth your reading. Few people see what they see, or hear what they hear; that is, they see and hear so inattentively and superficially, that they are very little the better for what they do see and hear. This, I dare say, neither is nor will be your case. You will understand, reflect upon, and consequently retain, what you see and hear. You have still two years good, but no more, to form your character in the world decisively; for, within two months after your arrival in England, it will be finally and irrevocably determined, one way or another, in the opinion of the public. Devote, therefore, these two years to the pursuit of perfection; which ought to be everybody's object, though in some particulars unattainable: those who strive and labour the most will come the nearest to it. But, above all things, aim at it in the two important arts of speaking and pleasing; without them, all your other talents are maimed and crippled. They are the wings upon which you must soar above other people; without them you will only crawl with the dull mass of mankind. Prepossess by your Air, Address, and Manners; persuade by your tongue; and you will easily execute what your head has contrived. I desire that you will send me very minute accounts from Rome; not of what you see, but of whom you see: of your pleasures and entertainments. Tell me what companies you frequent most, and how you are received. *Mi dica anche se la lingua Italiana va bene, e se la parla facilmente; ma in ogni caso bisogna parlarla sempre per poter alla fine parlarla bene e pulito. Le donne l'insegnano meglio assai dei maestri. Addio Caro Ragazzo, si ricordi del Garbo, della Gentilezza, e della Leggiadria: cose tanto necessarie ad un Cavaliere.*[1]

LETTER CLXXVII.

DEAR BOY, London, December the 19th, O. S 1742.

THE knowledge of mankind is a very useful knowledge for everybody; a most necessary one for you, who are destined to an active, public life. You will have to do with all sorts of characters; you should, therefore, know them thoroughly, in

[1] Tell me how you get on in Italian, and whether you speak it easily. In any case you must always speak it, so as to be able at last to speak it properly and in a polished manner. The ladies teach it much better than masters. Adieu, dear boy; recollect grace, courtesy, elegance, those matters so necessary for a gentleman

order to manage them ably. This knowledge is not to be gotten systematically; you must acquire it yourself, by your own observation and sagacity: I will give you such hints as I think may be useful landmarks in your intended progress.

I have often told you (and it is most true) that, with regard to mankind, we must not draw general conclusions from certain particular principles, though, in the main, true ones. We must not suppose that because a man is a rational animal, he will, therefore, always act rationally; or because he has such or such a predominant passion, that he will act invariably and consequentially in the pursuit of it. No: we are complicated machines; and though we have one main spring, that gives motion to the whole, we have an infinity of little wheels, which, in their turns, retard, precipitate, and sometimes stop that motion. Let us exemplify. I will suppose Ambition to be (as it commonly is) the predominant passion of a Minister of State; and I will suppose that Minister to be an able one. Will he, therefore, invariably pursue the object of that predominant passion? May I be sure that he will do so and so, because he ought? Nothing less. Sickness, or low spirits, may damp this predominant passion; humour and peevishness may triumph over it; inferior passions may, at times, surprise it, and prevail. Is this ambitious Statesman amorous? Indiscreet and unguarded confidences, made in tender moments, to his wife or his mistress, may defeat all his schemes. Is he avaricious? Some great lucrative object, suddenly presenting itself, may unravel all the work of his ambition. Is he passionate? Contradiction and provocation (sometimes, it may be too, artfully intended) may extort rash and inconsiderate expressions, or actions, destructive of his main object. Is he vain, and open to flattery? An artful, flattering favourite may mislead him; and even laziness may, at certain moments, make him neglect or omit the necessary steps to that height which he wants to arrive at. Seek first, then, for the predominant passion of the character which you mean to engage and influence, and address yourself to it; but without defying or despising the inferior passions: get them in your interest too, for now and then they will have their turns. In many cases you may not have it in your power to contribute to the gratification of the prevailing passion; then take the next best to your aid. There are many avenues to every man; and when you cannot get at him through the great one, try the serpentine ones, and you will arrive at last.

There are two inconsistent passions, which, however, fre-

quently accompany each other, like man and wife; and which, like man and wife too, are commonly clogs upon each other. I mean Ambition and Avarice: the latter is often the true cause of the former; and then is the predominant passion. It seems to have been so in Cardinal Mazarin; who did anything, submitted to anything, and forgave anything, for the sake of plunder. He loved and courted Power like a usurer; because it carried Profit along with it. Whoever should have formed his opinion, or taken his measures, singly, from the ambitious part of Cardinal Mazarin's character, would have found himself often mistaken. Some, who had found this out, made their fortunes by letting him cheat them at play. On the contrary, Cardinal Richelieu's prevailing passion seems to have been Ambition, and his immense riches, only the natural consequences of that Ambition gratified; and yet, I make no doubt but that Ambition had now and then its turn with the former, and Avarice with the latter. Richelieu (by the way) is so strong a proof of the inconsistency of human nature, that I cannot help observing to you, that, while he absolutely governed both his King and his Country, and was, in a great degree, the arbiter of the fate of all Europe, he was more jealous of the great reputation of Corneille, than of the power of Spain; and more flattered with being thought (what he was not) the best Poet, than with being thought (what he certainly was) the greatest Statesman in Europe; and affairs stood still, while he was concerting the criticism upon the *Cid*. Could one think this possible, if one did not know it to be true? Though men are all of one composition, the several ingredients are so differently proportioned in each individual, that no two are exactly alike; and no one, at all times, like himself. The ablest man will sometimes do weak things; the proudest man, mean things; the honestest man, ill things; and the wickedest man, good ones. Study individuals, then; and if you take (as you ought to do) their outlines from their prevailing passion, suspend your last finishing strokes till you have attended to and discovered the operations of their inferior passions, appetites, and humours. A man's general character may be that of the Honestest Man of the world; do not dispute it; you might be thought envious or ill-natured: but, at the same time, do not take this probity upon trust, to such a degree as to put your life, fortune, or reputation, in his power. This honest man may happen to be your rival in power, in interest, or in love; three passions that often put honesty to most severe trials, in which it is too often cast: but first analyze this honest man yourself:

and then, only, you will be able to judge how far you may, or may not, with safety, trust him.

Women are much more like each other than men; they have, in truth, but two passions, Vanity and Love: these are their universal characteristics. An Agrippina may sacrifice them to Ambition, or a Messalina to Lust; but such instances are rare; and, in general, all they say, and all they do, tends to the gratification of their Vanity, or their Love. He who flatters them most pleases them best; and they are most in love with him, who they think is the most in love with them. No adulation is too strong for them; no assiduity too great; no simulation of passion too gross: as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt, is unpardonable, and never forgotten. Men are, in this respect, tender too, and will sooner forgive an injury than an insult. Some men are more captious than others; some are always wrong-headed: but every man living has such a share of Vanity, as to be hurt by marks of slight and contempt. Every man does not pretend to be a Poet, a Mathematician, or a Statesman, and considered as such; but every man pretends to common sense, and to fill his place in the world with common decency; and, consequently, does not easily forgive those negligencies, inattentions, and slights, which seem to call in question, or utterly deny him, both these pretensions.

Suspect, in general, those who remarkably affect any one virtue; who raise it above all others, and who, in a manner, intimate that they possess it exclusively. I say, suspect them, for they are commonly impostors: but do not be sure that they are always so; for I have sometimes known Saints really religious, Blusterers really brave, Reformers of manners really honest, and Prudes really chaste. Pry into the recesses of their hearts yourself, as far as you are able, and never implicitly adopt a character upon common fame; which, though generally right as to the great outlines of characters, is always wrong in some particulars.

Be upon your guard against those, who, upon very slight acquaintance, obtrude their unasked and unmerited friendship and confidence upon you; for they probably cram you with them only for their own eating: but, at the same time, do not roughly reject them upon that general supposition. Examine further, and see whether those unexpected offers flow from a warm heart and a silly head, or from a designing head and a cold heart; for Knavery and Folly have often the same symptoms. In the first case, there is no danger in accepting them,

valeant quantum valere possunt. In the latter case, it may be useful to seem to accept them, and artfully to turn the battery upon him who raised it.

There is an incontinency of friendship among young fellows who are associated by their mutual pleasures only, which has, very frequently, bad consequences. A parcel of warm hearts and unexperienced heads, heated by convivial mirth, and possibly a little too much wine, vow, and really mean at the time, eternal friendships to each other, and indiscreetly pour out their whole souls in common, and without the least reserve. These confidences are as indiscreetly repealed, as they were made; for new pleasures, and new places, soon dissolve this ill-cemented connection; and then very ill uses are made of these rash confidences. Bear your part, however, in young companies; nay, excel, if you can, in all the social and convivial joy and festivity that become youth. Trust them with your love-tales, if you please; but keep your serious views secret. Trust those only to some tried friend, more experienced than yourself, and who, being in a different walk of life from you, is not likely to become your rival; for I would not advise you to depend so much upon the heroic virtue of mankind as to hope, or believe, that your competitor will ever be your friend, as to the object of that competition.

These are reserves and cautions very necessary to have, but very imprudent to show; the *volto sciolto* should accompany them.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

DEAR BOY,

GREAT talents and great virtues (if you should have them) will procure you the respect and the admiration of mankind; but it is the lesser talents, the *leniores virtutes*, which must procure you their love and affection. The former, unassisted and unadorned by the latter, will extort praise; but will, at the same time, excite both fear and envy; two sentiments absolutely incompatible with love and affection.

Cæsar had all the great vices, and Cato all the great virtues, that men could have. But Cæsar had the *leniores virtutes*, which Cato wanted; and which made him beloved, even by his enemies, and gained him the hearts of mankind, in spite of their reason; while Cato was not even beloved by his friends, notwithstanding the esteem and respect which they

could not refuse to his virtues; and I am apt to think that if Cæsar had wanted, and Cato possessed, those *leniores virtutes*, the former would not have attempted (at least with success) and the latter could have protected the liberties of Rome. Mr Addison, in his Cato, says of Cæsar (and I believe with truth),

> Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country.

By which he means those lesser but engaging virtues, of gentleness, affability, complaisance, and good-humour. The knowledge of a Scholar, the courage of a Hero, and the virtue of a Stoic, will be admired; but if the knowledge be accompanied with arrogance, the courage with ferocity, and the virtue with inflexible severity, the man will never be loved. The heroism of Charles XII. of Sweden (if his brutal courage deserves that name) was universally admired, but the man nowhere beloved. Whereas Henry IV. of France, who had full as much courage, and was much longer engaged in wars, was generally beloved upon account of his lesser and social virtues. We are all so formed, that our understandings are generally the *dupes* of our hearts, that is, of our passions; and the surest way to the former is through the latter, which must be engaged by the *leniores virtutes* alone, and the manner of exerting them. The insolent civility of a proud man is (for example), if possible, more shocking than his rudeness could be; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him; and that his goodness alone bestows upon you, what you have no pretence to claim. He intimates his protection, instead of his friendship, by a gracious nod, instead of a usual bow; and rather signifies his consent that you may, than his invitation that you should, sit, walk, eat, or drink with him.

The costive liberality of a purse-proud man, insults the distresses it sometimes relieves; he takes care to make you feel your own misfortunes, and the difference between your situation and his; both which he insinuates to be justly merited: yours, by your folly; his, by his wisdom. The arrogant pedant does not communicate, but promulgates, his knowledge. He does not give it you, but he inflicts it upon you; and is (if possible) more desirous to show you your own ignorance, than his own learning. Such manners as these, not only in the particular instances which I have mentioned, but likewise in all others, shock and revolt that little pride and vanity, which every man has in his heart; and obliterate in us the obligation for the favour conferred, by reminding us of the motive which produced and the manner which accompanied it.

These faults point out their opposite perfections, and your own good sense will naturally suggest them to you.

But besides these lesser virtues, there are what may be called the lesser talents or accomplishments, which are of great use to adorn and recommend all the greater; and the more so, as all people are judges of the one, and but few are of the other. Everybody feels the impression which an engaging address, an agreeable manner of speaking, and an easy politeness, make upon them: and they prepare the way for the favourable reception of their betters. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, December the 26th, O. S. 1749.

THE New Year is the season, in which custom seems more particularly to authorize civil and harmless lies, under the name of compliments. People reciprocally profess wishes, which they seldom form; and concern, which they seldom feel. That is not the case between you and me, where truth leaves no room for compliments.

Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes,[1] was said formerly to one, by a man who certainly did not think it. With the variation of one word only, I will with great truth say it to you. I will make the first part conditional, by changing, in the second, the *nam* into *si*. May you live, as long as you are fit to live, but no longer! or, may you rather die before you cease to be fit to live, than after! My true tenderness for you, makes me think more of the manner, than of the length, of your life, and forbids me to wish it prolonged by a single day, that should bring guilt, reproach, and shame upon you. I have not malice enough in my nature to wish that to my greatest enemy. You are the principal object of all my cares, the only object of all my hopes: I have now reason to believe that you will reward the former, and answer the latter; in that case, may you live long, for you must live happy; *de te nam cætera sumes*. Conscious virtue is the only solid foundation of all happiness; for riches, power, rank, or whatever, in the common acceptation of the word, is supposed to constitute happiness, will never quiet, much less cure, the inward pangs of guilt. To that main wish, I will add those of the good old nurse of Horace, in his Epistle to Tibullus: *Sapere*, you have it in a good degree already. *Et fari ut possit*

[1] May the gods prolong your life, for other things you must get from yourself.

quæ sentiat.[1] Have you that? More, much more, is meant by it than common speech, or mere articulation. I fear that still remains to be wished for, and I earnestly wish it you. *Gratia* and *Fama* will inevitably accompany the above-mentioned qualifications. The *Valetudo* is the only one that is not in your own power; Heaven alone can grant it you, and may it do so abundantly! As for the *mundus victus, non deficiente crumenâ*, do you deserve, and I will provide them.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I consider the fair prospect which you have before you. You have seen, read, and learned more, at your age, than most young fellows have done at two or three and twenty. Your destination is a shining one, and leads to rank, fortune, and distinction. Your education has been calculated for it; and, to do you justice, that education has not been thrown away upon you. You want but two things, which do not want conjuration, but only care, to acquire; Eloquence and Manners: that is, the graces of speech and the graces of behaviour. You may have them; they are as much in your power as powdering your hair is: and will you let the want of them obscure (as it certainly will do) that shining prospect which presents itself to you? I am sure you will not. They are the sharp end, the point, of the nail that you are driving, which must make way first, for the larger and more solid parts to enter. Supposing your moral character as pure, and your knowledge as sound, as I really believe them both to be, you want nothing for that perfection, which I have so constantly wished you, and taken so much pains to give you, but Eloquence and Politeness. A man who is not born with a poetical genius, can never be a Poet, or, at best, an extreme bad one: but every man, who can speak at all, can speak elegantly and correctly if he pleases, by attending to the best Authors and Orators; and, indeed, I would advise those who do not speak elegantly, not to speak at all; for, I am sure, they will get more by their silence than by their speech. As for Politeness; whoever keeps good company, and is not polite, must have formed a resolution, and take some pains not to be so; otherwise he would naturally and insensibly acquire the air, the address, and the turn of those he converses with. You will, probably, in the course of this year, see as great a variety of good company, in the several Capitals you will be at, as in any one year of your life; and consequently must (I should hope) catch some of their manners, almost whether you will or not; but, as I dare say you will endea-

[1] And that he may be able to express his sentiments.

your to do it, I am convinced you will succeed, and that I shall have the pleasure of finding you, at your return here, one of the best-bred men in Europe.

I imagine, that when you receive my letters, and come to those parts of them which relate to Eloquence and Politeness, you say, or at least think, What, will he never have done upon these two subjects? Has he not said all he can say upon them? Why the same thing over and over again?—If you do think or say so, it must proceed from your not yet knowing the infinite importance of these two accomplishments; which I cannot recommend to you too often, nor inculcate too strongly. But if, on the contrary, you are convinced of the utility, or rather the necessity, of these two accomplishments, and are determined to acquire them, my repeated admonitions are only unnecessary; and I grudge no trouble, which can possibly be of the least use to you.

I flatter myself, that your stay at Rome will go a great way towards answering all my views: I am sure it will, if you employ your time, and your whole time, as you should. Your first morning hours, I would have you devote to your graver studies with Mr Harte; the middle part of the day, I would have employed in seeing Things; and the evenings, in seeing People. You are not, I hope, of a lazy, inactive turn, in either body or mind; and, in that case, the day is full long enough for everything; especially at Rome, where it is not the fashion, as it is here and at Paris, to embezzle at least half of it at table. But if, by accident, two or three hours are sometimes wanting for some useful purpose, borrow them from your sleep. Six, or at most seven, hours sleep is, for a constancy, as much as you or anybody can want: more is only laziness and dozing; and is, I am persuaded, both unwholesome and stupifying. If, by chance, your business, or your pleasures, should keep you up till four or five o'clock in the morning, I would advise you, however, to rise exactly at your usual time, that you may not lose the precious morning hours; and that the want of sleep may force you to go to bed earlier the next night. This is what I was advised to do when very young, by a very wise man; and what, I assure you, I always did in the most dissipated part of my life. I have very often gone to bed at six in the morning, and rose, notwithstanding, at eight; by which means I got many hours, in the morning, that my companions lost; and the want of sleep obliged me to keep good hours the next, or at least the third, night. To this method I owe the greatest part of my reading; for from twenty to forty

I should certainly have read very little, if I had not been up while my acquaintances were in bed. Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. That was the rule of the famous and unfortunate Pensionary De Witt: who, by strictly following it, found time, not only to do the whole business of the Republic, but to pass his evenings at assemblies and suppers, as if he had had nothing else to do or think of.

Adieu, my dear friend, for such I shall call you, and as such I shall, for the future, live with you. I disclaim all titles which imply an authority, that, I am persuaded, you will never give me occasion to exercise.

Multos, et felices, most sincerely, to Mr Harte.

LETTER CLXXX.

DEAR BOY, London, January the 8th, O. S. 1750.

I HAVE seldom or never written to you upon the subject of Religion and Morality: your own reason, I am persuaded, has given you true notions of both; they speak best for themselves; but, if they wanted assistance, you have Mr Harte at hand, both for precept and example: to your own reason, therefore, and to Mr Harte, shall I refer you, for the Reality of both; and confine myself, in this letter, to the decency, the utility, and the necessity of scrupulously preserving the appearances of both. When I say the appearances of religion, I do not mean that you should talk or act like a Missionary, or an Enthusiast, nor that you should take up a controversial cudgel against whoever attacks the sect you are of; this would be both useless, and unbecoming your age: but I mean that you should by no means seem to approve, encourage, or applaud, those libertine notions, which strike at religions equally, and which are the poor threadbare topics of half Wits, and minute Philosophers. Even those who are silly enough to laugh at their jokes are still wise enough to distrust and detest their characters: for, putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must still be allowed to be a collateral security, at least, to Virtue; and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one. Whenever, therefore, you happen to be in company with those pretended *Esprits forts*, or with thoughtless libertines, who laugh at all religion to show

their wit, or disclaim it to complete their riot, let no word or look of yours intimate the least approbation; on the contrary, let a silent gravity express your dislike: but enter not into the subject, and decline such unprofitable and indecent controversies. Depend upon this truth, That every man is the worse looked upon, and the less trusted, for being thought to have no religion; in spite of all the pompous and specious epithets he may assume, of *Esprit fort*, Free-thinker, or Moral Philosopher; and a wise Atheist (if such a thing there is) would, for his own interest, and character in this world, pretend to some religion.

Your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. There are, however, wretches in the world profligate enough to explode all notions of moral good and evil; to maintain that they are merely local, and depend entirely upon the customs and fashions of different countries: nay, there are still, if possible, more unaccountable wretches; I mean those who affect to preach and propagate such absurd and infamous notions, without believing them themselves. These are the devil's hypocrites. Avoid, as much as possible, the company of such people; who reflect a degree of discredit and infamy upon all who converse with them. But as you may sometimes, by accident, fall into such company, take great care that no complaisance, no good-humour, no warmth of festal mirth, ever make you seem even to acquiesce, much less to approve or applaud, such infamous doctrines. On the other hand, do not debate, nor enter into serious argument, upon a subject so much below it: but content yourself with telling these *Apostles*, that you know they are not serious; that you have a much better opinion of them than they would have you have; and that you are very sure they would not practise the doctrine they preach. But put your private mark upon them, and shun them for ever afterwards.

There is nothing so delicate as your Moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of Injustice, Malignity, Perfidy, Lying, &c., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. A strange concurrence of circumstances has sometimes raised very bad men to high stations; but they have been raised like criminals to a pillory, where their persons and their crimes, by being more conspicuous, are only the more known, the more detested, and the more pelted and insulted. If, in any case whatsoever, affectation

and ostentation are pardonable, it is in the case of morality; though, even there, I would not advise you to a pharisaical pomp of virtue. But I will recommend to you a most scrupulous tenderness for your moral character, and the utmost care not to say or do the least thing that may, ever so slightly, taint it. Show yourself, upon all occasions, the advocate, the friend, but not the bully, of Virtue. Colonel Chartres, whom you have certainly heard of (who was, I believe, the most notorious blasted rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crimes, amassed immense wealth), was so sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, that I heard him once say, in his impudent, profligate manner, that though he would not give one farthing for Virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character; because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it: whereas he was so blasted that he had no longer an opportunity of cheating people. Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

There is one of the vices above-mentioned, into which people of good education, and, in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall, from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity, and self-defence; I mean Lying: though it is inseparably attended with more infamy and loss than any other. The prudence and necessity of often concealing the truth insensibly seduces people to violate it. It is the only art of mean capacities, and the only refuge of mean spirits. Whereas concealing the truth, upon proper occasions, is as prudent and as innocent, as telling a lie, upon any occasion, is infamous and foolish. I will state you a case in your own department. Suppose you are employed at a foreign Court, and that the Minister of that Court is absurd or impertinent enough to ask you what your instructions are; will you tell him a lie; which, as soon as found out, and found out it certainly will be, must destroy your credit, blast your character, and render you useless there? No. Will you tell him the truth, then, and betray your trust? As certainly, No. But you will answer, with firmness, That you are surprised at such a question; that you are persuaded he does not expect an answer to it; but that, at all events, he certainly will not have one. Such an answer will give him confidence in you; he will conceive an opinion of your veracity, of which opinion you may afterwards make very honest and fair advantages. But if, in negotiations, you are looked upon as a liar, and a trickster, no confidence will be placed in you, nothing will be communicated to you, and you will be in the situation of a man who has been burnt in the cheek; and who, from that mark, can-

not afterwards get an honest livelihood if he would, but must continue a thief.

Lord Bacon very justly makes a distinction between Simulation and Dissimulation; and allows the latter rather than the former: but still observes, that they are the weaker sort of Politicians who have recourse to either. A man who has strength of mind, and strength of parts, wants neither of them. *Certainly* (says he) *the ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity; but then they were like horses well managed; for they could tell, passing well, when to stop, or turn: and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required some dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to pass that the former opinion spread abroad, of their good faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible.* There are people who indulge themselves in a sort of lying, which they reckon innocent, and which in one sense is so; for it hurts nobody but themselves. This sort of lying is the spurious offspring of vanity, begotten upon folly: these people deal in the marvellous; they have seen some things that never existed; they have seen other things which they never really saw, though they did exist, only because they were thought worth seeing. Has anything remarkable been said or done in any place, or in any company? they immediately present and declare themselves eye or ear witnesses of it. They have done feats themselves, unattempted, or at least unperformed, by others. They are always the heroes of their own fables; and think that they gain consideration, or at least present attention, by it. Whereas, in truth, all they get is ridicule and contempt, not without a good degree of distrust: for one must naturally conclude, that he who will tell any lie from idle vanity, will not scruple telling a greater for interest. Had I really seen anything so very extraordinary as to be almost incredible, I would keep it to myself, rather than, by telling it, give any one body room to doubt for one minute of my veracity. It is most certain that the reputation of chastity is not so necessary for a woman, as that of veracity is for a man: and with reason: for it is possible for a woman to be virtuous though not strictly chaste; but it is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity. The slips of the poor women are some times mere bodily frailties; but a lie in a man is a vice of the mind, and of the heart. For God's sake, be scrupulously jealous of the purity of your moral character; keep it immaculate, unblemished, unsullied; and it will be unsuspected. Defamation and calumny never attack, where

there is no weak place; they magnify, but they do not create.

There is a very great difference between that purity of character, which I so earnestly recommend to you, and the Stoical gravity and austerity of character, which I do by no means recommend to you. At your age, I would no more wish you to be a Cato, than a Clodius. Be, and be reckoned, a man of pleasure, as well as a man of business. Enjoy this happy and giddy time of your life; shine in the pleasures and in the company of people of your own age. This is all to be done, and indeed only can be done, without the least taint to the purity of your moral character: for those mistaken young fellows, who think to shine by an impious or immoral licentiousness, shine only from their stinking, like corrupted flesh, in the dark. Without this purity, you can have no dignity of character, and without dignity of character it is impossible to rise in the world. You must be respectable, if you will be respected. I have known people slattern away their character, without really polluting it; the consequence of which has been, that they have become innocently contemptible; their merit has been dimmed, their pretensions unregarded, and all their views defeated. Character must be kept bright, as well as clean. Content yourself with mediocrity in nothing. In purity of character, and in politeness of manners, labour to excel all, if you wish to equal many. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, January the 11th, O. S. 1750.

YESTERDAY I received a letter from Mr Harte, of the 31st December, N. S., which I will answer soon; and for which I desire you to return him my thanks now. He tells me two things, that give me great satisfaction: one is, that there are very few English at Rome; the other is, that you frequent the best foreign companies. This last is a very good symptom; for a man of sense is never desirous to frequent those companies where he is not desirous to please, or where he finds that he displeases. It will not be expected in those companies, that, at your age, you should have the *Garbo*, the *Disinvoltura*, and the *Leggiadria* of a man of five-and-twenty, who has been long used to keep the best companies; and therefore do not be discouraged, and think yourself either slighted or laughed at, be-

cause you see others, older and more used to the world, easier, more familiar, and consequently rather better received in those companies than yourself. In time your turn will come; and if you do but show an inclination, a desire to please, though you should be embarrassed, or even err in the means (which must necessarily happen to you at first), yet the will (to use a vulgar expression) will be taken for the deed; and people, instead of laughing at you, will be glad to instruct you. Good sense can only give you the great outlines of good breeding; but observation and usage can alone give you the delicate touches and the fine colouring. You will naturally endeavour to show the utmost respect to people of certain ranks and characters, and consequently you will show it; but the proper, the delicate manner of *showing* that respect, nothing but observation and time can give.

I remember, that when, with all the awkwardness and rust of Cambridge about me, I was first introduced into good company, I was frightened out of my wits. I was determined to be what I thought civil; I made fine low bows, and placed myself below everybody; but when I was spoken to, or attempted to speak myself, *obstupui, steterunt*que *comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.*[1] If I saw people whisper, I was sure it was at me; and I thought myself the sole object of either the ridicule or the censure of the whole company: who, God knows, did not trouble their heads about me. In this way I suffered, for some time, like a criminal at the bar; and should certainly have renounced all polite company for ever, if I had not been so convinced of the absolute necessity of forming my manners upon those of the best companies, that I determined to persevere, and suffer anything, or everything, rather than not compass that point. Insensibly it grew easier to me; and I began not to bow so ridiculously low, and to answer questions without great hesitation or stammering: if, now and then, some charitable people, seeing my embarrassment, and being *désœuvré* themselves, came and spoke to me, I considered them as angels sent to comfort me; and that gave me a little courage. I got more soon afterwards, and was intrepid enough to go up to a fine woman, and tell her that I thought it a warm day; she answered me, very civilly, that she thought so too; upon which the conversation ceased, on my part, for some time, till she, good-naturedly resuming it, spoke to me thus: 'I see your embarrassment, and I am sure that the few words you said to

[1] I was astounded, my hair stood on end, and my words stuck in my throat.

me cost you a great deal; but do not be discouraged for that reason, and avoid good company. We see that you desire to please, and that is the main point; you want only the manner, and you think that you want it still more than you do. You must go through your noviciate before you can profess good breeding; and, if you will be my Novice, I will present you to my acquaintance as such.'

You will easily imagine how much this speech pleased me, and how awkwardly I answered it; I hemm'd once or twice (for it gave me a bur in my throat) before I could tell her that I was very much obliged to her; that it was true, that I had a great deal of reason to distrust my own behaviour, not being used to fine company; and that I should be proud of being her Novice, and receiving her instructions. As soon as I had fumbled out this answer, she called up three or four people to her, and said,[1] *Savez vous* (for she was a foreigner, and I was abroad) *que j'ai entrepris ce jeune homme, et qu'il le faut rassurer? Pour moi, je crois en avoir fait la conquête, car il s'est émancipé dans le moment au point de me dire, en tremblant, qu'il faisoit chaud. Il faut que vous m'aidiez à le dérouiller. Il lui faut nécessairement une passion, et s'il ne m'en juge pas digne, nous lui en chercherons quelque autre. Au reste, mon Novice, n'allez pas vous encanailler avec des filles d'Opéra, et des Comédiennes qui vous épargneront les fraix et du Sentiment et de la Politesse, mais qui vous en couteront bien plus à tout autre égard. Je vous le dis encore; si vous vous encanaillez, vous êtes perdu, mon ami. Ces Malheureuses ruineront et votre fortune et votre santé, corromperont vos mœurs, et vous n'aurez jamais le ton de la bonne compagnie.* The company laughed at this lecture, and I was stunned with it. I did not know whether she was serious or in jest. By turns I was pleased, ashamed, encouraged, and dejected. But when I found, afterwards, that both she, and those to whom she had presented me, countenanced and protected me in company, I gradually got more assurance, and began not to be ashamed of endeavouring to be civil. I

[1] 'Do you know that I have undertaken this young man, and he must be encouraged? As for me, I think I have made a conquest of him; for he just now ventured to tell me, although tremblingly, that it is warm. You will assist me in polishing him. He must necessarily have a passion for somebody; if he does not think me worthy of being the object, we will seek out some other. However, my Novice, do not disgrace yourself by frequenting Opera girls and Actresses; who will not require of you Sentiments and Politeness, but will be your ruin in every respect. I repeat it to you, my friend, if you should get into low mean company, you will be undone. Those creatures will destroy your fortune and your health, corrupt your morals, and you will never acquire the style of good company.

copied the best masters, at first servilely, afterwards more freely, and at last I joined habit and invention.

All this will happen to you, if you persevere in the desire of pleasing, and shining as a man of the World; that part of your character is the only one about which I have at present the least doubt. I cannot entertain the least suspicion of your moral character; your learned character is out of question. Your polite character is now the only remaining object that gives me the least anxiety; and you are now in the right way of finishing it. Your constant collision with good company will, of course, smooth and polish you. I could wish that you would say, to the five or six men or women with whom you are the most acquainted, That you are sensible that, from youth and inexperience, you must make many mistakes in good breeding; that you beg of them to correct you, without reserve, wherever they see you fail; and that you shall take such admonitions as the strongest proofs of their friendship. Such a confession and application will be very engaging to those to whom you make them. They will tell others of them, who will be pleased with that disposition, and, in a friendly manner, tell you of any little slip or error. The Duke de Nivernois[1] would, I am sure, be charmed, if you dropped such a thing to him; adding, that you loved to address yourself always to the best masters. Observe, also, the different modes of good breeding of several nations, and conform yourself to them respectively. Use an easy civility with the French, more ceremony with the Italians, and still more with the Germans; but let it be without embarrassment, and with ease. Bring it, by use, to be habitual to you; for if it seems unwilling and forced, it will never please. *Omnis Aristippum decuit Color, et Res.*[2] Acquire an easiness and versatility of manners, as well as of mind; and, like the Camelson, take the hue of the company you are with.

There is a sort of veteran women of condition, who, having lived always in the *grand monde*, and having possibly had some gallantries, together with the experience of five and twenty or thirty years, form a young fellow better than all the rules that can be given him. These women, being past their bloom, are extremely flattered by the least attention from a young fellow; and they will point out to him those manners and *attentions* that pleased and engaged them when they were in the pride of

[1] At that time Ambassador from the Court of France, at Rome.

[2] Every colour he wore and every circumstance sat gracefully on Aristippus.

their youth and beauty. Wherever you go, make some of those women your friends; which a very little matter will do. Ask their advice, tell them your doubts or difficulties, as to your behaviour: but take great care not to drop one word of their experience; for experience implies age, and the suspicion of age, no woman, let her be ever so old, ever forgives.

I long for your picture, which Mr Harte tells me is now drawing. I want to see your countenance, your air, and even your dress; the better they all three are, the better; I am not wise enough to despise any one of them. Your dress, at least, is in your own power, and I hope that you mind it to a proper degree. Yours, Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, January the 18th, O. S. 1750.

I CONSIDER the solid part of your little edifice as so near being finished and completed, that my only remaining care is about the embellishments; and that must now be your principal care too. Adorn yourself with all those graces and accomplishments, which, without solidity, are frivolous; but without which, solidity is to a great degree useless. Take one man, with a very moderate degree of knowledge, but with a pleasing figure, a prepossessing address, graceful in all that he says and does, polite, *liant*, and, in short, adorned with all the lesser talents; and take another man, with sound sense and profound knowledge, but without the above-mentioned advantages; the former will not only get the better of the latter, in every pursuit of every *kind*, but in truth there will be no sort of competition between them. But can every man acquire these advantages? I say, Yes, if he please; supposing he is in a situation, and in circumstances, to frequent good company. Attention, observation, and imitation, will most infallibly do it. When you see a man, whose first *abord* strikes you, prepossesses you in his favour, and makes you entertain a good opinion of him, you do not know why; analyze that *abord*, and examine within yourself the several parts that composed it; and you will generally find it to be the result, the happy assemblage of modesty unembarrassed, respect without timidity, a genteel but unaffected attitude of body and limbs, an open, cheerful, but unsmirking countenance, and a dress, by no means negligent, and yet not foppish. Copy him, then, not servilely, but as some of the greatest masters of painting have copied others;

insomuch that their copies have been equal to the originals, both as to beauty and freedom. When you see a man, who is universally allowed to shine as an agreeable, well-bred man, and a fine gentleman (as, for example, the Duke de Nivernois), attend to him, watch him carefully; observe in what manner he addresses himself to his superiors, how he lives with his equals, and how he treats his inferiors. Mind his turn of conversation, in the several situations of morning visits, the table, and the evening amusements. Imitate, without mimicking him; and be his duplicate, but not his ape. You will find that he takes care never to say or do anything that can be construed into a slight or a negligence, or that can, in any degree, mortify people's vanity and self-love: on the contrary, you will perceive that he makes people pleased with him, by making them first pleased with themselves: he shows respect, regard, esteem, and attention, where they are severally proper; he sows them with care, and he reaps them in plenty.

These amiable accomplishments are all to be acquired by use and imitation; for we are, in truth, more than half what we are by imitation. The great point is, to choose good models, and to study them with care. People insensibly contract, not only the air, the manners, and the vices of those with whom they commonly converse, but their virtues, too, and even their way of thinking. This is so true, that I have known very plain understandings catch a certain degree of wit, by constantly conversing with those who had a great deal. Persist, therefore, in keeping the best company, and you will insensibly become like them; but if you add attention and observation, you will very soon be one of them. This inevitable contagion of company shows you the necessity of keeping the best, and avoiding all other; for in every one something will stick. You have hitherto, I confess, had very few opportunities of keeping polite company. Westminster School is, undoubtedly, the seat of illiberal manners and brutal behaviour. Leipsig, I suppose, is not the seat of refined and elegant manners. Venice, I believe, has done something; Rome, I hope, will do a great deal more; and Paris will, I dare say, do all that you want: always supposing that you frequent the best companies, and in the intention of improving and forming yourself; for without that intention, nothing will do.

I here subjoin a list of all those necessary ornamental accomplishments (without which, no man living can either please, or rise in the world), which hitherto I fear you want, and which only require your care and attention to possess.

To speak elegantly, whatever language you speak in, without which nobody will hear you with pleasure, and, consequently, you will speak to very little purpose.

An agreeable and distinct elocution; without which nobody will hear you with patience: this everybody may acquire, who is not born with some imperfection in the organs of speech. You are not; and therefore it is wholly in your power. You need take much less pains for it than Demosthenes did.

A distinguished politeness of manners and address; which common sense, observation, good company, and imitation, will infallibly give you, if you will accept of it.

A genteel carriage, and graceful motions, with the air of a man of fashion. A good dancing-master, with some care on your part, and some imitation of those who excel, will soon bring this about.

To be extremely clean in your person, and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will. Your negligence of dress, while you were a schoolboy, was pardonable, but would not be so now.

Upon the whole, take it for granted, that, without these accomplishments, all you know, and all you can do, will avail you very little. Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, January the 25th, O. S. 1750.

IT is so long since I have heard from you, that I suppose Rome engrosses every moment of your time; and if it engrosses it in the manner I could wish, I willingly give up my share of it. I would rather *prodesse quam conspici*. Put out your time but to good interest; and I do not desire to borrow much of it. Your studies, the respectable remains of antiquity, and your evenings' amusements, cannot, and indeed ought not, to leave you much time to write. You will probably never see Rome again; and therefore you ought to see it well now: by seeing it well, I do not mean only the buildings, statues, and paintings, though they undoubtedly deserve your attention; but I mean seeing into the constitution and government of it. But these things certainly occur to your own common sense.

How go your pleasures at Rome? Are you in fashion there; that is, do you live with the people who are? The only

way of being so yourself, in time. Are you domestic enough in any considerable house to be called *le petit Stanhope?* Has any woman of fashion and good breeding taken the trouble of abusing and laughing at you amicably to your face? Have you found a good *décrotteuse?* For these are the steps by which you must rise to politeness. I do not presume to ask if you have any attachment, because I believe you will not make me your *Confident;* but this I will say eventually, that if you have one, *il faut bien payer d'attentions et de petits soins,* if you would have your sacrifice propitiously received. Women are not so much taken by beauty as men are, but prefer those men who show them the most attention.

[1] Would you engage the lovely fair?
With gentlest manners treat her;
With tender looks and graceful air,
In softest accents greet her.

Verse were but vain, the Muses fail,
Without the Graces' aid;
The God of Verse could not prevail
To stop the flying maid.

Attention by attentions gain,
And merit care by cares;
So shall the nymph reward your pain,
And Venus crown your prayers.

PROBATUM EST.

A man's address and manner weigh much more with them than his beauty; and without them, the *Abbati* and the *Monsignori* will get the better of you. This address and manner should be exceedingly respectful, but at the same time easy and unembarrassed. Your chit-chat or *entregent* with them, neither can nor ought to be very solid; but you should take care to turn and dress up your trifles prettily, and make them every now and then convey indirectly some little piece of flattery. A fan, a riband, or a headdress, are great materials for gallant dissertations, to one who has got *le ton léger et aimable de la bonne compagnie.* At all events, a man had better talk too much to women, than too little; they take silence for dulness unless where they think the passion they have inspired occasions it; and in that case they adopt the notion, that,

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
The beggar that is dumb, we know,
Deserves a double pity.

A propos of this subject; What progress do you make in that language, in which Charles the Fifth said that he would

[1] These three stanzas are the late Earl of Chesterfield's.

choose to speak to his mistress? Have you got all the tender diminutives, in *etta*, *ina*, and *ettina*; which, I presume, he alluded to? You already possess, and I hope take care not to forget, that language which he reserved for his horse. You are absolutely master, too, of that language in which he said he would converse with men—French. But, in every language, pray attend carefully to the choice of your words, and to the turn of your expression. Indeed, it is a point of very great consequence. To be heard with success, you must be heard with pleasure: words are the dress of thoughts; which should no more be presented in rags, tatters, and dirt, than your person should. By the way; Do you mind your person and your dress sufficiently? Do you take great care of your teeth? Pray have them put in order by the best operator at Rome. Are you be-laced, be-powdered, and be-feathered, as other young fellows are, and should be? At your age, *il faut du brillant, et même un peu de fracas, mais point de médiocre, il faut un air vif, aisé, et noble. Avec les hommes, un maintien respectueux et en même tems respectable; avec les femmes, un caquet léger, enjoué, et badin, mais toujours fort poli.*[1]

To give you an opportunity of exerting your talents, I send you, here enclosed, a letter of recommendation from Monsieur Villettes, to Madame de Simonetti at Milan: a woman of the first fashion and consideration there: and I shall, in my next, send you another, from the same person to Madame Clerici, at the same place. As these two Ladies' houses are the resort of all the people of fashion at Milan, those two recommendations will introduce you to them all. Let me know, in due time, if you have received these two letters, that I may have them renewed, in case of accidents.

Adieu, my dear friend! Study hard; divert yourself heartily: distinguish, carefully, between the pleasures of a man of fashion and the vices of a scoundrel; pursue the former, and abhor the latter, like a man of sense.

[1] At your age one ought not to be commonplace but distinguished, even so as to attract a little notice, with a manner at once animated, easy, and dignified. With men your behaviour should be at the same time respectful and self-respecting; with women chatter in a light, gay, and bantering, but always highly polished manner.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 5th, O. S. 1750.

VERY few people are good economists of their Fortune, and still fewer of their Time; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of these two important articles. Young people are apt to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and yet have enough left; as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of, but always too late! Old Mr Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury, in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the First, used to say, *Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.* To this maxim, which he not only preached, but practised, his two grandsons, at this time, owe the very considerable fortunes that he left them.

This holds equally true as to time; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example; you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment; you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first; those persons are not at home: instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house, and possibly alone, return home, write a letter, beforehand, for the ensuing post, or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Mallebranche, Locke, or Newton, by way of dipping, but some book of rational amusement, and detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyere, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill employed. Many people lose a great deal of time by reading; for they read frivolous and idle books, such as the absurd Romances of the two last centuries; where characters, that never existed, are insipidly displayed, and sentiments, that were never felt, pompously described: the oriental ravings and extravagancies of the Arabian Nights, and Mogul Tales; or the new flimsy *brochures* that now swarm in France, of Fairy Tales, *Réflexions sur le Cœur et l'Esprit, Métaphysique de l'Amour, Analyse des beaux Sentiments;* and such sort of idle frivolous stuff, that nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body.

Stick to the best established books in every language; the celebrated Poets, Historians, Orators, or Philosophers. By these means (to use a city metaphor) you will make fifty *per cent.* of that time, of which others do not make above three or four, or probably nothing at all.

Many people lose a great deal of their time by laziness; they loll and yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not time to begin anything then, and that it will do as well another time. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age, you have no right nor claim to laziness; I have, if I please, being *emeritus*. You are but just listed in the world, and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you propose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Dispatch is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to Dispatch, than Method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow. Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accompts, and keep them together in their proper order; by which means they will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated. Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them up in their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of your mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner, in which many people read scraps of different authors, upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short common-place book of what you read, to help your memory only, and not for pedantic quotations. Never read History without having maps, and a chronological book, or tables, lying by you, and constantly recurred to; without which, History is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life; that is, to rise early, and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before. This secures you an hour or two, at least, of reading or reflection, before the common interruptions of the morning begin; and it will save your constitution, by forcing you to go to bed early, at least one night in three.

You will say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, only fit for dull

people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it; and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you both more time and more taste for your pleasures; and so far from being troublesome to you, that after you have pursued it a month it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside. Business whets the appetite, and gives a taste to pleasures, as exercise does to food: and business can never be done without method: it raises the spirits for pleasures; and a *spectacle*, a ball, an assembly, will much more sensibly affect a man who has employed, than a man who has lost, the preceding part of the day; nay, I will venture to say, that a fine lady will seem to have more charms to a man of study or business, than to a saunterer. The same listlessness runs through his whole conduct, and he is as insipid in his pleasures as inefficient in everything else.

I hope you earn your pleasures, and consequently taste them; for, by the way, I know a great many men, who call themselves Men of Pleasure, but who, in truth, have none. They adopt other people's indiscriminately, but without any taste of their own. I have known them often inflict excesses upon themselves, because they thought them genteel; though they sat as awkwardly upon them as other people's clothes would have done. Have no pleasures but your own, and then you will shine in them. What are yours? Give me a short history of them. *Tenez-vous votre coin à table, et dans les bonnes compagnies? y brillez-vous du coté de la politesse, de l'enjouement, du badinage? Etes-vous galant? Filez-vous le parfait amour? Est-il question de fléchir par vos soins et par vos attentions les rigueurs de quelque fière Princesse?*[1] You may safely trust me; for, though I am a severe censor of Vice and Folly, I am a friend and advocate for Pleasures, and will contribute all in my power to yours.

There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business. In love, a man may lose his heart with dignity; but if he loses his nose, he loses his character into the bargain. At table, a man may with decency have a distinguishing palate; but indiscriminate voraciousness degrades him to a glutton. A man may play with decency; but if he games, he is disgraced. Vivacity and wit make a man shine in company; but trite jokes and loud laughter reduce him to

[1] Do you keep your own corner at table in the best circles? Are you noted for politeness, gaiety, banter? Are you gallant? Do you play the whining lover? Are you trying by all kinds of delicate attentions to win some haughty princess?

a buffoon. Every virtue, they say, has its kindred vice; every pleasure, I am sure, has its neighbouring disgrace. Mark carefully, therefore, the line that separates them, and rather stop a yard short, than step an inch beyond it.

I wish to God that you had as much pleasure in following my advice, as I have in giving it you; and you may the easier have it, as I give you none that is inconsistent with your pleasure. In all that I say to you, it is your interest alone that I consider: trust to my experience; you know you may to my affection. Adieu.

I have received no letter yet, from you or Mr Harte.

LETTER CLXXXV.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 8th, O. S. 1750.

You have by this time, I hope and believe, made such a progress in the Italian language that you can read it with ease; I mean the easy books in it: and indeed, in that, as well as in every other language, the easiest books are generally the best; for, whatever author is obscure and difficult, in his own language, certainly does not think clearly. This is, in my opinion, the case of a celebrated Italian author; to whom the Italians, from the admiration they have of him, have given the epithet of *il divino;* I mean *Dante.* Though I formerly knew Italian extremely well, I could never understand him; for which reason I had done with him, fully convinced that he was not worth the pains necessary to understand him.

The good Italian authors are, in my mind, but few; I mean authors of invention; for there are, undoubtedly, very good Historians, and excellent Translators. The two Poets worth your reading, and, I was going to say, the only two, are Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is altogether unquestionably a fine Poem, though it has some low and many false thoughts in it: and Boileau very justly makes it the mark of a bad taste, to compare *le Clinquant du Tasse à l'Or de Virgile.*[1] The image with which he adorns the introduction of his Epic Poem, is low and disgusting; it is that of a froward, sick, puking child, who is deceived into a dose of necessary physic by *du bon bon.* The verses are these:

[1] The tinsel of Tasso with the gold of Virgil.

Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo asperso
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso:
Succhi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve.[1]

However, the Poem, with all its faults about it, may justly be called a fine one.

If fancy, imagination, invention, description, &c. constitute a Poet, Ariosto is, unquestionably, a great one. His Orlando, it is true, is a medley of lies and truths, sacred and profane, wars, loves, enchantments, giants, mad heroes, and adventurous damsels: but then, he gives it you very fairly for what it is, and does not pretend to put it upon you for the true *Epopée*, or Epic Poem. He says,

Le Donne, i Cavalier, l'arme, gli amori
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese, io canto.[2]

The connections of his stories are admirable, his reflections just, his sneers and ironies incomparable, and his painting excellent. When Angelica, after having wandered over half the world alone with Orlando, pretends, notwithstanding,

——ch'el flor virginal così avea salvo,
Come seco portò dal matern' alvo;[3]

the Author adds, very gravely,

Forse era ver, ma non però credibile
A chi del senso suo fosse Signore.[4]

Astolpho's being carried to the moon, by St John, in order to look for Orlando's lost wits, at the end of the 34th book, and the many lost things that he finds there, is a most happy extravagancy, and contains, at the same time, a great deal of sense. I would advise you to read this Poem with attention. It is, also, the source of half the tales, novels, and plays, that have been written since.

The *Pastor Fido* of Guarini is so celebrated, that you should read it; but in reading it you will judge of the great propriety of the characters. A parcel of shepherds and shepherdesses, with the *true pastoral simplicity*, talk metaphysics, epigrams, *concetti* and quibbles, by the hour, to each other.

[1] So the fond mother her sick infant blinds,
Sprinkling the edges of the cup she gives
With sweets; delighted with the balm it finds
Round the smooth rim, the medicine it receives,
Drinks the delusive draught, and thus deluded, lives.—WHARTON.

[2] Ladies and knights, high deeds of war and love,
Sweet favours, and bold enterprises I sing.

[3] i. e. that she was still a virgin.

[4] i. e. perhaps true, but not credible.

The *Aminta del Tasso* is much more what it is intended to be, a Pastoral; the shepherds, indeed, have their *concetti*, and their antitheses, but are not quite so sublime and abstracted as those in *Pastor Fido*. I think that you will like it much the best of the two.

Petrarca is, in my mind, a sing-song love-sick Poet; much admired, however, by the Italians: but an Italian, who should think no better of him than I do, would certainly say, that he deserved his *Laura* better than his *Lauro*; and that wretched quibble would be reckoned an excellent piece of Italian wit.

The Italian Prose writers (of invention I mean), which I would recommend to your acquaintance, are *Machiavello* and *Boccaccio*; the former, for the established reputation which he has acquired, of a consummate Politician (whatever my own private sentiments may be of either his politics or his morality): the latter, for his great invention, and for his natural and agreeable manner of telling his stories.

Guicciardini, Bentivoglio, Davila, &c., are excellent Historians, and deserve being read with attention. The nature of History checks, a little, the flights of Italian imaginations; which, in works of invention, are very high indeed. Translations curb them still more; and their translations of the Classics are incomparable; particularly the first ten, translated in the time of Leo the Xth, and inscribed to him, under the title of the *Collana*. That original *Collana* has been lengthened since; and, if I mistake not, consists, now, of one hundred and ten volumes.

From what I have said you will easily guess that I meant to put you upon your guard; and not to let your fancy be dazzled and your taste corrupted, by the *concetti*, the quaintnesses, and false thoughts, which are too much the characteristics of the Italian and Spanish authors. I think you are in no great danger, as your taste has been formed upon the best ancient models; the Greek and Latin authors of the best ages, who indulge themselves in none of the puerilities I have hinted at. I think I may say, with truth, that true wit, sound taste, and good sense, are now as it were engrossed by France and England. Your old acquaintances, the Germans, I fear are a little below them; and your new acquaintances, the Italians, are a great deal too much above them. The former, I doubt, crawl a little; the latter, I am sure, very often fly out of sight.

I recommended to you, a good many years ago, and I believe you then read, *La Manière de bien penser dans les Ouvrages d' Esprit, par le Père Bouhours*; and I think it is very well worth

your reading again, now that you can judge of it better. I do not know any book that contributes more to form a true taste; and you find there, into the bargain, the most celebrated passages, both of the ancients and the moderns; which refresh your memory with what you have formerly read in them separately. It is followed by a book much of the same size, by the same author, entitled, *Suite des Pensées ingénieuses.*

To do justice to the best English and French authors, they have not given in to that false taste; they allow no thoughts to be good that are not just and founded upon truth. The Age of Lewis XIV. was very like the Augustan; Boileau, Moliere, la Fontaine, Racine, &c., established the true and exposed the false taste. The reign of King Charles II. (meritorious in no other respect) banished false taste out of England, and proscribed Puns, Quibbles, Acrostics, &c. Since that, false wit has renewed its attacks, and endeavoured to recover its lost empire, both in England and France, but without success: though, I must say, with more success in France than in England: Addison, Pope, and Swift, having vigorously defended the rights of good sense; which is more than can be said of their contemporary French authors; who have of late had a great tendency to *le faux brillant, le rafinement, et l'entortillement.*[1] And Lord Roscommon would be more in the right now, than he was then, in saying, that

> The English bullion of one sterling line,
> Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.

Lose no time, my dear child, I conjure you, in forming your taste, your manners, your mind, your everything: you have but two years time to do it in; for, whatever you are, to a certain degree, at twenty, you will be, more or less, all the rest of your life. May it be a long and a happy one! Adieu.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, February the 22nd, O. S. 1750.

IF the Italian of your letter to Lady Chesterfield was all your own, I am very well satisfied with the progress which you have made in that language in so short a time; according to that gradation, you will, in a very little time more, be master of it. Except at the French Embassador's, I believe you hear

[1] False brill'ancy, subtilty, intricacy.

only Italian spoken: for the Italians speak very little French, and that little, generally, very ill. The French are even with them, and generally speak Italian as ill; for I never knew a Frenchman in my life who could pronounce the Italian *ce ci*, or *ge gi*. Your desire of pleasing the Roman Ladies will of course give you, not only the desire, but the means, of speaking to them elegantly in their own language. The Princess Borghese, I am told, speaks French both ill and unwillingly; and therefore you should make a merit to her of your application to her language. She is, by a kind of prescription (a longer than she would probably wish) at the head of the *beau monde* at Rome; and can, consequently, establish or destroy a young fellow's fashionable character. If she declares him *amabile e leggiadro*, others will think him so, or, at least, those who do not, will not dare to say so. There are in every great town some such women, whose rank, beauty, and fortune have conspired to place them at the head of the fashion. They have generally been gallant, but within certain decent bounds. Their gallantries have taught, both them and their admirers, good breeding; without which they could keep up no dignity; but would be vilified by those very gallantries which put them in vogue. It is with these women, as with Ministers and Favourites at Court; they decide upon fashion and characters, as these do on fortunes and preferments. Pay particular court, therefore, wherever you are, to these female sovereigns of the *beau monde*: their recommendation is a passport through all the realms of politeness. But then, remember that they require minute, officious attentions. You should, if possible, guess at and anticipate all their little fancies and inclinations; make yourself familiarly and domestically useful to them, by offering yourself for all their little commissions, and assisting in doing the honours of their houses, and entering with seeming unction into all their little grievances, hustles, and views; for they are always busy. If you are once *ben ficcato*[1] at the Palazzo Borghese, you will soon be in fashion at Rome; and being in fashion, will soon fashion you; for that is what you must now think of very seriously.

I am sorry that there is no good dancing-master at Rome, to form your exterior air and carriage; which, I doubt, are not the genteelest in the world. But you may, and I hope you will, in the mean time, observe the air and carriage of those who are reckoned to have the best, and form your own upon them. Ease, gracefulness, and dignity, compose the air and

[1] Securely installed.

address of a Man of Fashion; which is as unlike the affected attitudes and motions of a *petit maître*, as it is to the awkward, negligent, clumsy, and slouching manner of a booby.

I am extremely pleased with the account Mr Harte has given me of the allotment of your time at Rome. Those five hours every morning, which you employ in serious studies with Mr Harte, are laid out with great interest, and will make you rich all the rest of your life. I do not look upon the subsequent morning hours, which you pass with your *Cicerone*, to be ill disposed of; there is a kind of connection between them: and your evening diversions, in good company, are, in their way, as useful and necessary. This is the way for you to have both weight and lustre in the world; and this is the object which I always had in view in your education.

Adieu, my friend! Go on and prosper.

Mr Grevenkop has just received Mr Harte's letter of the 19th, N. S.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

London, March the 8th, O. S. 1750.

YOUNG as you are, I hope you are in haste to live; by living, I mean living with lustre and honour to yourself, with utility to society; doing what may deserve to be written, or writing what may deserve to be read: I should wish both. Those who consider life in that light will not idly lavish one moment. The present moments are the only ones we are sure of, and as such the most valuable; but yours are doubly so at your age; for the credit, the dignity, the comfort, and the pleasure of all your future moments, depend upon the use you make of your present ones.

I am extremely satisfied with your present manner of employing your time; but will you always employ it as well? I am far from meaning always in the same way; but I mean as well in proportion, in the variation of age and circumstances. You now study five hours every morning; I neither suppose that you will, nor desire that you should, do so for the rest of your life. Both business and pleasure will justly and equally break in upon those hours. But then, will you always employ the leisure they leave you, in useful studies? If you have but an hour, will you improve that hour, instead of idling it away? While you have such a friend and monitor with you as Mr Harte, I am sure you will. But suppose that business and situations should, in

six or seven months, call Mr Harte away from you; tell me truly what may I expect and depend upon from you, when left to yourself? May I be sure that you will employ some part of every day in adding something to that stock of knowledge which he will have left you? May I hope that you will allot one hour in the week to the care of your own affairs, to keep them in that order and method which every prudent man does? But, above all, may I be convinced that your pleasures, whatever they may be, will be confined within the circle of good company and people of fashion? Those pleasures I recommend to you; I will promote them, I will pay for them; but I will neither pay for, nor suffer, the unbecoming, disgraceful, and degrading pleasures (they cannot be called pleasures) of low and profligate company. I confess, the pleasures of high life are not always strictly philosophical; and I believe a Stoic would blame my indulgence: but I am yet no Stoic, though turned of five-and-fifty; and I am apt to think that you are rather less so at eighteen. The pleasures of the table, among people of the first fashion, may indeed sometimes, by accident, run into excesses; but they will never sink into a continued course of gluttony and drunkenness. The gallantry of high life, though not strictly justifiable, carries, at least, no external marks of infamy about it. Neither the heart nor the constitution is corrupted by it; neither nose nor character lost by it; manners, possibly, improved. Play, in good company, is only play, and not gaming; not deep, and consequently not dangerous, nor dishonourable. It is only the inter-acts of other amusements.

This, I am sure, is not talking to you like an old man, though it is talking to you like an old friend: these are not hard conditions to ask of you. I am certain you have sense enough to know how reasonable they are on my part, how advantageous they are on yours; but have you resolution enough to perform them? Can you withstand the examples and the invitations of the profligate, and their infamous missionaries? For I have known many a young fellow seduced by a *mauvaise honte*, that made him ashamed to refuse. These are resolutions which you must form, and steadily execute for yourself, whenever you lose the friendly care and assistance of your *Mentor*. In the mean time, make a greedy use of him: exhaust him, if you can, of all his knowledge; and get the Prophet's mantle from him, before he is taken away himself.

You seem to like Rome; how do you go on there? Are you got into the inside of that extraordinary government? Has your Abbate Foggini discovered many of those mysteries to

you? Have you made an acquaintance with some eminent Jesuits? I know no people in the world more instructive. You would do very well to take one or two such sort of people home with you to dinner every day: it would be only a little *minestra*[1] and *macaroni* the more; and a three or four hours conversation *de suits* produces a thousand useful informations, which short meetings and snatches at third places do not admit of; and many of those gentlemen are by no means unwilling to dine *gratis*. Whenever you meet with a man eminent in any way, feed him, and feed upon him at the same time; it will not only improve you, but give you a reputation of knowledge, and of loving it in others.

I have been lately informed of an Italian book, which I believe may be of use to you, and which, I dare say, you may get at Rome, written by one Alberti, about fourscore or a hundred years ago, a thick quarto. It is a classical description of Italy; from whence I am assured that Mr Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references. I am told that it is an excellent book for a traveller in Italy.

What Italian books have you read, or are you reading? Ariosto I hope is one of them. Pray apply yourself diligently to Italian; it is so easy a language, that speaking it constantly, and reading it often, must in six months more make you perfectly master of it: in which case you will never forget it; for we only forget those things of which we know but little.

But, above all things, to all that you learn, to all that you say, and to all that you do, remember to join *the Graces*. All is imperfect without them; with them, everything is at least tolerable. Nothing could hurt me more than to find you unattended by them. How cruelly should I be shocked if, at our first meeting, you should present yourself to me without them? Invoke, then, and sacrifice to them every moment: they are always kind, where they are assiduously courted. For God's sake, aim at perfection in everything: *Nil actum reputans si quid supereseet agendum*. Adieu. Yours, most tenderly.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 19th, O. S. 1750.

I ACKNOWLEDGE your last letter of the 24th February, N. S. In return for your earthquake, I can tell you that we have had

[1] Soup.

here more than our share of earthquakes, for we had two very strong ones in eight-and-twenty days. They really do too much honour to our cold climate; in your warm one, they are compensated by favours from the sun, which we do not enjoy.

I did not think that the present Pope was a sort of man to build seven modern little chapels at the expense of so respectable a piece of antiquity as the *Colliseum*. However, let his Holiness's taste of *Virtù* be ever so bad, pray get somebody to present you to him before you leave Rome: and without hesitation kiss his slipper, or whatever else the *étiquette* of that Court requires. I would have you see all those ceremonies; and I presume that you are by this time ready enough at Italian to understand and answer *il Santo Padre* in that language. I hope, too, that you have acquired address and usage enough of the world to be presented to anybody without embarrassment or disapprobation. If that is not yet quite perfect, as I cannot suppose that it is entirely, custom will improve it daily, and habit at last complete it. I have for some time told you that the great difficulties are pretty well conquered. You have acquired knowledge, which is the *Principium et Fons;* but you have now a variety of lesser things to attend to, which collectively make one great and important object. You easily guess that I mean the Graces, the Air, Address, Politeness, and, in short, the whole *tournure* and *agrémens* of a Man of Fashion; so many little things conspire to form that *tournure*, that though separately they seem too insignificant to mention, yet aggregately they are too material (for me, who think for you down to the very lowest things) to omit. For instance; Do you use yourself to carve, eat, and drink genteelly, and with ease? Do you take care to walk, sit, stand, and present yourself gracefully? Are you sufficiently upon your guard against awkward attitudes, and illiberal, ill-bred, and disgusting habits; such as scratching yourself, putting your fingers in your mouth, nose, and ears? Tricks always acquired at schools, often too much neglected afterwards, but, however, extremely ill-bred and nauseous. For I do not conceive that any man has a right to exhibit, in company, any one excrement more than another. Do you dress well, and think a little of the *brillant* in your person? That too is necessary, because it is *prévenant*. Do you aim at easy, engaging, but at the same time civil or respectful, manners, according to the company you are in? These, and a thousand other things which you will observe in people of fashion better than I can describe them, are absolutely necessary for every man; but still more for you, than for almost any man living.

The showish, the shining, the engaging, parts of the character of a fine gentleman, should (considering your destination) be the principal objects of your present attention.

When you return here, I am apt to think that you will find something better to do than to run to Mr Osborne's at Gray's Inn to pick up scarce books. Buy good books, and read them; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads, for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. What curious books I have—they are indeed but few—shall be at your service. I have some of the Old Collana, and the Macchiavel of 1550. Beware of the *Bibliomanie*.

In the midst of either your studies or your pleasures, pray never lose view of the object of your destination; I mean the political affairs of Europe. Follow them politically, chronologically, and geographically, through the newspapers, and trace up the facts which you meet with there, to their sources: as, for example, consult the Treaties of *Neustadt* and *Abo*, with regard to the disputes, which you read of every day in the public papers, between Russia and Sweden. For the affairs of Italy, which are reported to be the objects of present negotiations, recur to the quadruple alliance of the year 1718, and follow them down through their several variations to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; in which (by the by) you will find the very different tenures by which the Infant Don Philip, your namesake, holds Parma and Placentia. Consult, also, the Emperor Charles the Sixth's Act of Cession of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily in 1736. The succession to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily being a point which, upon the death of the present King of Spain, is likely to occasion some disputes,[1] do not lose the thread of these matters; which is carried on with great ease, but, if once broken, is resumed with difficulty.

Pray tell Mr Harte, that I have sent his packet to Baron Firmian by Count Einsiedlen, who is gone from hence this day for Germany, and passes through Vienna in his way to Italy; where he is in hopes of crossing upon you somewhere or other. Adieu, my friend! Χαριτες, Χαριτες.[2]

[1] The then King of Spain was Ferdinand VI. He died in 1759, and the King of Naples succeeded him in Spain, and made his own son Ferdinand King of Naples, though only eight years old.

[2] The Graces! the Graces!

LETTER CLXXXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, March the 29th, O. S. 1750.

YOU are now, I suppose, at Naples, in a new scene of *Virtù*, examining all the curiosities of Herculaneum, watching the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, and surveying the magnificent churches and public buildings by which Naples is distinguished. You have a Court there into the bargain, which I hope you frequent and attend to. Polite manners, a versatility of mind, a complaisance even to enemies, and the *volto sciolto*, with the *pensieri stretti*, are only to be learned at Courts; and must be well learned by whoever would either shine or thrive in them. Though they do not change the nature they smooth and soften the manners of mankind. Vigilance, dexterity, and flexibility supply the place of natural force; and it is the ablest mind, not the strongest body, that prevails there. Monsieur and Madame Fogliani will, I am sure, show you all the politeness of Courts; for I know no better-bred people than they are. Domesticate yourself there while you stay at Naples, and lay aside the English coldness and formality. You have also a letter to Comte Mahony, whose house I hope you frequent, as it is the resort of the best company. His sister, Madame Bulkeley, is now here, and had I known of your going so soon to Naples, I would have got you, *ex abundanti*, a letter from her to her brother. The conversation of the moderns in the evening is full as necessary for you as that of the ancients in the morning.

You would do well, while you are at Naples, to read some very short history of that kingdom. It has had great variety of masters, and has occasioned many wars; the general history of which will enable you to ask many proper questions, and to receive useful informations in return. Inquire into the manner and forms of that government; for constitution it has none, being an absolute one; but the most absolute governments have certain customs and forms, which are more or less observed by their respective tyrants. In China it is the fashion for the Emperors, absolute as they are, to govern with justice and equity; as in the oriental monarchies it is the custom to govern by violence and cruelty. The King of France, as absolute, in fact, as any of them, is by custom only more gentle; for I know of no constitutional bar to his will. England is now the only monarchy in the world that can properly be said to have a constitution; for the people's rights and liberties are secured by laws. I can-

not reckon Sweden and Poland to be monarchies, those two Kings having little more to say than the Doge of Venice. I do not presume to say anything of the constitution of the Empire to you, who are *jurisperitorum Germanicorum facile princeps*.[1]

When you write to me, which, by the way, you do pretty seldom, tell me rather whom you see, than what you see. Inform me of your evening transactions and acquaintances; where and how you pass your evenings; what English people you meet with, and a hint of their characters; what people of learning you have made acquaintance with; and if you will trust me with so important an affair, what *belle passion* inflames you. I interest myself most in what personally concerns you most; and this is a very critical year in your life. To talk like a virtuoso, your canvass is, I think, a good one, and *Raphael Harte* has drawn the outlines admirably; nothing is now wanting but the colouring of Titian, and the Graces, the *morbidezza*[2] of Guido; but that is a great deal. You must get them soon, or you will never get them at all. *Per la lingua Italiana sono sicuro ch'ella n'è adesso professore, a segno tale ch'io non ardisco dirle altra cosa in quella lingua se non.*[3] *Addio.*

LETTER CXC.

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 26th, O. S. 1750.

As your journey to Paris approaches, and as that period will, one way or another, be of infinite consequence to you, my letters will henceforwards be principally calculated for that meridian. You will be left there to your own discretion, instead of Mr Harte's; and you will allow me, I am sure, to distrust a little the discretion of eighteen. You will find in the Academy a number of young fellows much less discreet than yourself. These will all be your acquaintances; but look about you first and inquire into their respective characters, before you form any connections among them; and, *cæteris paribus*, single out those of the most considerable rank and family. Show them a distinguishing attention; by which means you will get into their respective houses, and keep the best company. All those French young fellows are excessively *étourdis*: be

[1] The very chief of German legists. [2] Delicate tints.
[3] As to Italian, I feel sure that you have already mastered it, since otherwise I should not venture to tell you anything else in that language.

upon your guard against scrapes and quarrels: have no corporal pleasantries with them, no *jeux de main*, no *coups de chambrières*,[1] which frequently bring on quarrels. Be as lively as they, if you please, but at the same time be a little wiser than they. As to letters, you will find most of them ignorant; do not reproach them with that ignorance, nor make them feel your superiority; it is not their fault they are all bred up for the army; but, on the other hand, do not allow their ignorance and idleness to break in upon those morning hours which you may be able to allot to your serious studies. No breakfastings with them, which consume a great deal of time; but tell them (not magisterially and sententiously) that you will read two or three hours in the morning, and that for the rest of the day you are very much at their service. Though, by the way, I hope you will keep wiser company in the evenings.

I must insist upon your never going to what is called the English coffee-house at Paris, which is the resort of all the scrub English, and also of the fugitive and attainted Scotch and Irish: party quarrels and drunken squabbles are very frequent there; and I do not know a more degrading place in all Paris. Coffee-houses and taverns are by no means creditable at Paris. Be cautiously upon your guard against the infinite number of fine-dressed and fine-spoken *chevaliers d'industrie* and *aventuriers*, which swarm at Paris; and keep everybody civilly at arm's length, of whose real character or rank you are not previously informed. Monsieur le Comte or Monsieur le Chevalier in a handsome laced coat, *et très bien mis*, accosts you at the play, or some other public place; he conceives at first sight an infinite regard for you, he sees that you are a stranger of the first distinction, he offers you his services, and wishes nothing more ardently than to contribute, as far as may be in his little power, to procure you *les agrémens de Paris*. He is acquainted with some ladies of condition, *qui préfèrent une petite société agréable, et des petits soupers aimables d'honnêtes gens, au tumulte et à la dissipation de Paris*;[2] and he will with the greatest pleasure imaginable have the honour of introducing you to these ladies of quality. Well, if you were to accept of this kind offer, and go with him, you would find *au troisième* a handsome, painted, and p—d strumpet, in a tarnished silver or gold second-hand robe; playing a sham party at cards for livres, with three or four sharpers well dressed enough, and dignified by the titles

[1] I.e. practical jokes, horse-play.

[2] Who prefer a little pleasant society, and charming little suppers with respectable people, to the tumult and dissipation of Paris.

of Marquis, Comte, and Chevalier. The lady receives you in the most polite and gracious manner, and with all those *compliments de routine* which every French woman has equally. Though she loves retirement and shuns *le grand monde*, yet she confesses herself obliged to the Marquis for having procured her so inestimable, so accomplished, an acquaintance as yourself; but her concern is how to amuse you, for she never suffers play at her house above a livre; if you can amuse yourself with that low play till supper, *à la bonne heure*. Accordingly you sit down to that little play, at which the good company takes care that you shall win fifteen or sixteen livres, which gives them an opportunity of celebrating both your good luck and your good play. Supper comes up, and a good one it is, upon the strength of your being to pay for it. *La Marquise en fait les honneurs au mieux*,[1] talks sentiments, *mœurs, et morale;* interlarded with *enjouement*, and accompanied with some oblique ogles, which bid you not despair in time. After supper, pharaon, lansquenet, or quinze happen accidentally to be mentioned: the Chevalier proposes playing at one of them for half an hour; the Marquise exclaims against it, and vows she will not suffer it, but is at last prevailed upon by being assured *que ce ne sera que pour des riens*. Then the wished-for moment is come, the operation begins: you are cheated, at best, of all the money in your pocket, and if you stay late, very probably robbed of your watch and snuff-box, possibly murdered for greater security. This, I can assure you, is not an exaggerated but a literal description of what happens every day to some raw and inexperienced stranger at Paris. Remember to receive all these civil gentlemen, who take such a fancy to you at first sight, very coldly, and take care always to be previously engaged, whatever party they propose to you. You may happen sometimes in very great and good companies to meet with some dexterous gentlemen, who may be very desirous, and also very sure, to win your money, if they can but engage you to play with them. Therefore lay it down as an invariable rule never to play with men, but only with women of fashion, at low play, or with women and men mixed. But at the same time, whenever you are asked to play deeper than you would, do not refuse it gravely and sententiously, alleging the folly of staking what would be very inconvenient to one to lose, against what one does not want to win; but parry those invitations ludicrously, *et en badinant*. Say that if you were sure to lose, you might possibly play, but that as you may as well win, you

[1] The Marquise does the honours in the best way.

dread *l'embarras des richesses* ever since you have seen what an incumbrance they were to poor Harlequin, and that therefore you are determined never to venture the winning above two Louis a day: this sort of light trifling way of declining invitations to vice and folly, is more becoming your age, and at the same time more effectual, than grave philosophical refusals. A young fellow who seems to have no will of his own, and who does everything that is asked of him, is called a very good-natured, but at the same time is thought a very silly, young fellow. Act wisely, upon solid principles, and from true motives, but keep them to yourself, and never talk sententiously. When you are invited to drink, say you wish you could, but that so little makes you both drunk and sick, *que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

Pray show great attention, and make your court to Monsieur de la Guérinière; he is well with Prince Charles, and many people of the first distinction at Paris; his commendations will raise your character there, not to mention that his favour will be of use to you in the Academy itself. For the reasons which I mentioned to you in my last, I would have you be *interne* in the Academy for the first six months; but after that I promise you that you shall have lodgings of your own *dans un hôtel garni*, if in the mean time I hear well of you, and that you frequent, and are esteemed in, the best French companies. You want nothing now, thank God, but exterior advantages, that last polish that *tournure du monde*, and those graces, which are so necessary to adorn and give efficacy to the most solid merit. They are only to be acquired in the best companies, and better in the best French companies than in any other. You will not want opportunities, for I shall send you letters that will establish you in the most distinguished companies, not only of the *beau monde*, but of the *beaux esprits* too. Dedicate therefore, I beg of you, that whole year to your own advantage and final improvement, and do not be diverted from those objects by idle dissipations, low seduction, or bad example. After that year, do whatever you please: I will interfere no longer in your conduct. For I am sure both you and I shall be safe then. Adieu.

LETTER CXCI

MY DEAR FRIEND, London, April the 30th, O. S. 1750.

MR HARTE, who in all his letters gives you some dash of panegyric, told me in his last a thing that pleases me extremely; which was, that at Rome you had constantly preferred the established Italian assemblies to the English conventicles set up against them by dissenting English ladies. That shows sense, and that you know what you are sent abroad for. It is of much more consequence to know the *Mores multorum hominum* than the *Urbes*. Pray continue this judicious conduct, wherever you go, especially at Paris, where, instead of thirty, you will find above three hundred English, herding together, and conversing with no one French body.

The life of *les Milords Anglois* is regularly, or if you will irregularly, this. As soon as they rise, which is very late, they breakfast together, to the utter loss of two good morning hours. Then they go by coachfulls to the Palais, the Invalides, and Notre-Dame; from thence to the English coffee-house, where they make up their tavern party for dinner. From dinner, where they drink quick, they adjourn in clusters to the play, where they crowd up the stage, drest up in very fine clothes, very ill made by a Scotch or Irish tailor. From the play to the tavern again, where they get very drunk, and where they either quarrel among themselves, or sally forth, commit some riot in the streets, and are taken up by the watch. Those who do not speak French before they go are sure to learn none there. Their tender vows are addressed to their Irish laundress, unless by chance some itinerant English woman, eloped from her husband, or her creditors, defrauds her of them. Thus they return home, more petulant, but not more informed, than when they left it; and show, as they think, their improvement, by affectedly both speaking and dressing in broken French.

Hunc tu *Romane* caveto.[1]

Connect yourself, while you are in France, entirely with the French; improve yourself with the old, divert yourself with the young; conform cheerfully to their customs, even to their little follies, but not to their vices. Do not however remonstrate or preach against them, for remonstrances do not suit with your age. In French companies in general you will not find much learning, therefore take care not to brandish yours in their

[1] Roman, beware of this man!

faces. People hate those who make them feel their own inferiority. Conceal all your learning carefully, and reserve it for the company of *les Gens d'Eglise*, or *les Gens de Robe*; and even then let them rather extort it from you, than find you over-willing to draw it. You are then thought, from that seeming unwillingness, to have still more knowledge than it may be you really have, and with the additional merit of modesty into the bargain. A man who talks of, or even hints at, his *bonnes fortunes*, is seldom believed, or if believed, much blamed: whereas a man who conceals with care is often supposed to have more than he has, and his reputation of discretion gets him others. It is just so with a man of learning; if he affects to show it, it is questioned, and he is reckoned only superficial; but if afterwards it appears that he really has it, he is pronounced a pedant. Real merit of any kind, *ubi est non potest diu celari*; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known. You will in general find the women of the *beau monde* at Paris more instructed than the men, who are bred up singly for the army, and thrown into it at twelve or thirteen years old; but then that sort of education, which makes them ignorant of books, gives them a great knowledge of the world, an easy address, and polite manners.

Fashion is more tyrannical at Paris than in any other place in the world; it governs even more absolutely than their King, which is saying a great deal. The least revolt against it is punished by proscription. You must observe and conform to all the *minuties* of it, if you will be in fashion there yourself; and if you are not in fashion, you are nobody. Get therefore, at all events, into the company of those men and women *qui donnent le ton*; and though at first you should be admitted upon that shining theatre only as a *persona muta*, persist, persevere, and you will soon have a part given you. Take great care never to tell in one company what you see or hear in another, much less to divert the present company at the expense of the last; but let discretion and secrecy be known parts of your character. They will carry you much farther, and much safer, than more shining talents. Be upon your guard against quarrels at Paris; honour is extremely nice there, though the asserting of it is exceedingly penal. Therefore *point de mauvaises plaisanteries, point de jeux de main, et point de raillerie piquante.*[1]

Paris is the place in the world where, if you please, you

[1] No mischievous jokes, no horse-play, no sarcasm.

may the best unite the *utile* and the *dulce*. Even your pleasures will be your improvements, if you take them with the people of the place, and in high life. From what you have hitherto done everywhere else, I have just reason to believe that you will do everything you ought at Paris. Remember that it is your decisive moment; whatever you do there will be known to thousands here, and your character there, whatever it is, will get before you hither. You will meet with it at London. May you and I both have reason to rejoice at that meeting! Adieu.

LETTER CXCII.

DEAR BOY, London, May the 8th, O. S. 1750.

AT your age the love of pleasures is extremely natural, and the enjoyment of them not unbecoming; but the danger, at your age, is mistaking the object, and setting out wrong in the pursuit. The character of a man of pleasure dazzles young eyes; they do not see their way to it distinctly, and fall into vice and profligacy. I remember a strong instance of this a great many years ago. A young fellow, determined to shine as a man of pleasure, was at the play, called the *Libertine destroyed*, a translation of *le Festin de Pierre* of Molière's. He was so struck with what he thought the fine character of the Libertine, that he swore he would be the *Libertine destroyed*. Some friends asked him whether he had not better content himself with being only the Libertine, without being *destroyed*? to which he answered with great warmth, 'No, for that being destroyed was the perfection of the whole.' This, extravagant as it seems in this light, is really the case of many an unfortunate young fellow, who, captivated by the name of pleasures, rushes indiscriminately, and without taste, into them all, and is finally *destroyed*. I am not stoically advising, nor parsonically preaching to you, to be a Stoic at your age; far from it: I am pointing out to you the paths to pleasures, and am endeavouring only to quicken and heighten them for you. Enjoy pleasures, but let them be your own, and then you will taste them: but adopt none; trust to nature for genuine ones. The pleasures that you would feel, you must earn; the man who gives himself up to all, feels none sensibly. Sardanapalus, I am convinced, never in his life felt any. Those only who join serious occupations with pleasures, feel either as they should do. Alcibiades, though addicted to the most shameful excesses, gave some time

to philosophy, and some to business. Julius Cæsar joined business with pleasure so properly, that they mutually assisted each other; and though he was the husband of all the wives at Rome, he found time to be one of the best Scholars, almost the best Orator, and absolutely the best General there. An uninterrupted life of pleasures is as insipid as contemptible. Some hours given every day to serious business must whet both the mind and the senses, to enjoy those of pleasure. A surfeited glutton, an emaciated sot, and an enervated, rotten whoremaster, never enjoy the pleasures to which they devote themselves; they are only so many human sacrifices to false Gods. The pleasures of low life are all of this mistaken, merely sensual, and disgraceful nature; whereas those of high life, and in good company (though possibly in themselves not more moral), are more delicate, more refined, less dangerous, and less disgraceful; and in the common course of things not reckoned disgraceful at all. In short, pleasure must not, nay cannot, be the business of a man of sense and character; but it may be, and is, his relief, his reward. It is particularly so with regard to the women, who have the utmost contempt for those men, that, having no character nor consideration with their own sex, frivolously pass their whole time in *ruelles*, and at *toilettes*. They look upon them as their lumber, and remove them whenever they can get better furniture. Women choose their favourites more by the ear than by any other of their senses, or even their understandings. The man whom they hear the most commended by the men, will always be the best received by them. Such a conquest flatters their vanity, and vanity is their universal if not their strongest passion. A distinguished shining character is irresistible with them; they crowd to, nay, they even quarrel for, the danger, in hopes of the triumph. Though by the way (to use a vulgar expression) she who conquers only catches a tartar, and becomes the slave of her captive. *Mais c'est la leur affaire.* Divide your time between useful occupations and elegant pleasures. The morning seems to belong to study, business, or serious conversations with men of learning and figure; not that I exclude an occasional hour at a *toilette*. From sitting down to dinner, the proper business of the day is pleasure, unless real business, which must never be postponed for pleasure, happens accidentally to interfere. In good company, the pleasures of the table are always carried to a certain point of delicacy and gratification, but never to excess and riot. Plays, operas, balls, suppers, gay conversations in polite and cheerful companies, properly conclude the evenings; not to

mention the tender looks that you may direct, and the sighs that you may offer, upon these several occasions, to some propitious or unpropitious female Deity, whose character and manners will neither disgrace nor corrupt yours. This is the life of a man of real sense and pleasure; and by this distribution of your time, and choice of your pleasures, you will be equally qualified for the busy, or the *beau monde*. You see I am not rigid, and do not require that you and I should be of the same age. What I say to you, therefore, should have the more weight, as coming from a friend, not a father. But low company, and their low vices, their indecent riots, and profligacy, I never will bear, nor forgive.

I have lately received two volumes of Treatises, in German and Latin, from Hawkins, with your orders, under your own hand, to take care of them for you, which orders I shall most dutifully and punctually obey; and they wait for you in my library, together with your great collection of rare books, which your mamma sent me upon removing from her old house.

I hope you not only keep up, but improve in, your German, for it will be of great use to you when you come into business, and the more so, as you will be almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it. Pray speak it constantly to all Germans, wherever you meet them, and you will meet multitudes of them at Paris. Is Italian now become easy and familiar to you? Can you speak it with the same fluency that you can speak German? You cannot conceive what an advantage it will give you, in negotiations, to possess Italian, German, and French, perfectly, so as to understand all the force and *finesse* of those three languages. If two men of equal talents negotiate together, he who best understands the language in which the negotiation is carried on, will infallibly get the better of the other. The signification and force of one single word is often of great consequence in a treaty, and even in a letter.

Remember the *graces*, for without them *ogni fatica è vana*. Adieu.

END OF VOL. I.

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